









## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MOUNTAINTER, in our next.

MASTER MATHIAS, ditto.

ROHILLA, ditto.

PURDY, ditto.

HOWELL.—The drawing is exceedingly good but the narrative is not up to our mark. There is time for a better “accompaniment” before the next Number, and if we receive it we will put the drawing in hand.

MUGGINS reports how he rode to the “fixture” and found an elephant without a mahout or howdah, and then how he found the former and how the former found the latter,—how the howdah came off and how he, Muggins, went back again. This is hardly *matériel* for a paper, but we shall be happy to hear from Muggins again. The drawing is good, but our draftsmen would prefer it in pen and ink.

WE TAKE the liberty of requesting our correspondents, generally, to let us have their contributions a little earlier.



THE  
INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

N<sup>o</sup>. VII.

SEPTEMBER 1846.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

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1846.



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## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

From the commencement of next year the price of the **INDIA SPORTING REVIEW** will be Rs 25 per annum. The comparatively limited circulation of the Work and the expense of the embellishments render this advance imperative. It is hardly necessary to say that where subscriptions have been paid, the change will not take effect until the period paid for has expired.

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### ERRATA.—No. V.

Page 26 line 8—read *left* instead of *right* bank.

MOZUFFURPORE MEETING.—FOURTH DAY, 28th Dec.

4th Race.—Purse of 100 Rs. for Ponies—after Entrance 2 G. M., read “distance  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.”

W. II. HAMILTON, Secy.

Mozuffurpore, 3d Oct. 1846.

### No VI.

Page 146 for *Chákur*, read *Chákur*.

” for *Manneel*, read *Mandul*.

### IN PROSPECTUS OF DACCA RACES—1846.

#### FOURTH DAY.

1st Race—for “Cup or Specie” read “Cup in Specie.”

13th Rule—for “Specified by the *Owner*” read “Specified by the *Donor*.”

16th Rule—for “noon after the” read “noon of the.”

C. B.,  
Secretary.

In the article on Buffalo Shooting, by LEATHER-STOCKINGS, in the present No., after the passage about killing buffaloes on elephants in jungle, the following passage is to be added:—

“I have heard some folks talk about *spearing* Buffaloes, but excepting young ones I have never seen it done. I remember once attempting it, but the Buffalo ran off with my spear, and was never heard of again. In my opinion I should say—spearing Buffaloes and killing them with the common hog-spear is impossible, I have never heard of an authenticated instance. I have seen a sharp steel instrument made in the shape of an half moon, into which is inserted a bamboo shaft (the same as a hog-spear) balanced with lead, and the horseman rides up close behind the Buffalo, and endeavours to strike him, while running on the muscles at the hocks on the hind legs, and thus to hamstring or hock him. The moment the muscle is touched I have seen the huge animal stand quite disabled, he is then easily despatched with a bullet through his head.”



THE

# INDIA SPORTING REVIEW

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SEPTEMBER 1886.

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## FANCIFUL REALITIES;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM SCENERY, SPORT AND INCIDENTS COMMON  
TO ALL OBSERVERS IN INDIA.

Rejecting for once the established Horatian method of increasing the "interest of the tale" by at once plunging "in medias res", let an attempt be made to describe "ab initio" the outline of a few scenes common to almost all who have ever sought in such pursuits for relaxation from official tedium or discovered the simple truth that it is

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the Doctor for a nauseous draught."

An ingenious Frenchman has remarked that, "*le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*:" will any one be kind enough to give to the following pages the credit of the converse of this paradox without the questionable benefit of the negative?

### THE COURSE.

Halfway up the arch of night a whitish streak of gray light has appeared—scarcely connected with the still dusky E-



whence gleams with silvery clearness "the bright morning star." Now this pale grey light spreads and now it has faded away—the first dawn has broken. The good Mussulman is already repeating the seventy attributes of the Eternal—Night is ending and another day is about to add its portion of joy and sorrow to the leaves of the Book of Life.

The false dawn has disappeared—the eastern sky has assumed a whiter tinge—gradually suffused with a rosy tint which is again lost in the pale hue of daylight, growing brighter until the eastern clouds, and halfway up the arch of heaven are flaming with golden rays, and the sun bursts upon the arena and starts on his fiery career.

A wide plain of hard sand, (furrowed by summer torrents and edged by the dark brown soil, on which the highest spring tides, periodically deposit the debris of weeds which, in the interval have accumulated on the margin of the quiet waters of an arm of the sea,) stretches as far as human eye can distinguish : on the one side dotted by a few patches of a green wiry plant,\* abundant on salt lands—and varied with the stunted camel thorn and the meagre growth of fragrant but unsightly baubul, and on the other side mingled with a far wider level of white glittering salt.

The ear can scarcely recognize the murmur of the distant sea whose placid waters are seen occasionally gliding up between these dazzling plateaus, over a darker surface of brown mud. A graceful herd of agile antelopes are seen dashing at their wildest speed across this surface, executing half in terror, half in sport, those elegant but wondrous bounds, when the body seems awhile suspended in the air as if arrested by an irresistible pang and stiffened into marble,† or, magnified by the morning mist, a gaunt and brindled wolf is seen watching the graceful group, or stalking off discon-

\* This plant is usually known to Europeans as the Caper plant, and is used by the natives as a pickle. Another plant indigenous to these salt lands is one from which potash is frequently prepared, but this is only plentiful on land overflowed by the spring tides.

† The graphic language of the East, applies a synonyme to this species of Antelope—taken metaphorically from this act—distinguishing the race from the common red Antelope known as the Goat Antelope to Europeans and which rarely attains with male, a height of 27 inches or in the female of 24—while the black buck is usually from 31 to 34 high, in the male, and 23 to 27 inches in the small specimens; in the Goat Antelope, both sexes carry horns, scimitar-shaped and raking back from the forehead in the male, and straight with the facial lines in the female specimen, while the black buck is distinguished at a distance by his colour as much as by his spiral horns.

erted by their rapid manœuvres. Coarse and unsymmetrical as the wolf is to careless eyes, his form and action comprize all the mechanical advantages of "racing points," and his intelligent countenance and unwearied pursuit evince all the qualities which distinguish the best-bred hound. His strength and speed can overmatch the swiftest Arab horses, or the boldest and best trained greyhounds. An accident may, indeed, bring him within spear's length, but such chance should not induce the risk of injuring the well-being of a trusty steed, over treacherous sand or more destructive mud; nor insure the death of a gallant greyhound unaided by the well poised spear and ready hand of the master.

Day-light is fast growing bright and distant objects becoming more distinct. Two horsemen are slowly wandering across the plain accompanied by a dusky attendant, whose united hands can with difficulty restrain the constant efforts of two coarse, wiry, bony greyhounds. Suddenly an object creeping cautiously among the bushes, at least a quarter of a mile off, has attracted the keen eye of the elder rider, who setting spurs to his horse, hurries in that direction, calling as soon as the identity of the chase is discernible, to loose the dogs. The next moment, the eager hounds are stretching at their utmost speed after the first horseman, followed not too closely to alarm them by the other. Now their quick sight, has caught the skulking prey, and he no less rapidly has exchanged his tactics and is fleeing for life over the hard plain—How well they stride along, side by side, bound for bound—neck and neck, a glorious race! now they near him, now the red dog makes his fiery assault, but the wary fox, swinging round his rudder-like brush, is off upon the other tack, almost retracing the direction he came from—while the eager dogs have hurried some distance way before they can turn and follow.—Now they see him again, far a-head—the race is renewed—beautiful now—he has reached some bushes, round and round he moves in varied but sagacious turns, by wily stops, wheeling and taking every advantage the ground will admit of his more eager and overpacing enemies. Now they both dart on him. Ah! the black has seized him, but for an instant, she falls over and over and he, on his legs instantly is once more making off over the plain towards his earth, renovated in wind and strength by the manœuvre with which he has so ably weakened his pursuers. Once more they near him side by side, one or two turns and he is picked up by the black dog, while the red swinging round upon the victim, drags him almost in pieces, sullen and silent, but not unavenged. His jaws have closed upon the red dog's lips.

## THE BLACK BUCK.

The noontide fervour of a tropical sun spreads, from its insufferable splendour, a strange haze over the landscape. A few villages, dimly indistinct from distance and the "mirage" feigning trees where none afford an asylum to the heat-sickened passenger, or giving promise of water upon soil whose drought scarce retains upon its surface the heaviest of monsoon rains, form a misty and undefineable horizon. A plain of deep black soil gaping into a thousand fissures, is divided into large fields, (from which the scanty harvest of wheat or maize, half demolished while unripe by the impoverished owners aided by many a biped and quadruped wanderer, has been recently removed) by allotments of uncultivated ground. The scanty vesture of coarse withered grass, half hides and partly reveals several deep holes, whose crumbling edges of brittle sun-dried earth are as pitfalls to the heedless step.

Over such a plain is slowly traversing a light country cart, drawn by two lazy oxen, whose loitering pace is often arrested to brouse on the withered grass, or a casual bunch of dried straw, or by the foot sliding into the numerous fissures with which the whole surface is intersected.

Unconscious of danger, invisible to the occupants of this vehicle, but forming the interesting objects of pursuit—a graceful herd of Antelope are reposing in a wide field, some half hid among the tufts of camel-thorn and other weeds which quickly spread upon these ill-cultivated plains, some cropping the scanty herbage and a few does absorbed in the contemplation of a stately buck whose dusky sides are strongly contrasted with the pure white of his lower figure, and who with his long sinuous horns, raking back upon his neck is apparently displaying his proportions as much to his own satisfaction as to the admiration and envy of his comrades.

This fact has been communicated to the occupants of the cart by the wild gestures of a half clothed native, pointing with one hand, which grasps his arrows and bow of split bamboo to the supposed position of the herd, and with the other performing sundry half-serious, half-grotesque pantomimes suggestive of number, size and simultaneously of satisfaction at his discovery. The wary herd are conscious of a plot against their peace: the cart is slowly wheeling into the same field with them—the slumberers have roused themselves, the feasters raise their heads and the flirtation appears less interesting to all parties than the object upon which all eyes are now curiously fixed—a few jolts over

a cart-rut have at once alarmed and satisfied them, and given opportunity to the hunter to skulk from within, to the side of the wheel furthest from his prey and with rifle and rest in hand, he is advancing in a crouching attitude with the vehicle. Now the slow procession has advanced abreast of the herd, which, as though satisfied that a cart is no more than a cart, have resumed the feast and flirtation, except a few older does who are gradually but quietly receding into the adjoining field. The Patriarch prepares to follow, half-faces slowly round, the fatal death-dealer is levelled and the sharp sound of the bullet striking—ends the anxious suspense.

Away scour the herd, the gallant victim scrambling on his legs follows as "light as though he felt no wound." One moment, and the long boots and spurs are drawn over the hunter's lower garments; the horse and spear are quickly brought and the next minute he is following at racing speed, the track of the affrighted prey—now he nears the herd—now the stricken victim has left it and the eager horse and merciless rider are careering after him—over ground where nothing but the quick sighted activity of the practised steed appears to prevent a fall; more than a mile, perhaps more than two have been passed in stern and headlong chase, commensurate with the energy of the victim, the characteristic difficulties of the soil and the position of the wound. Now they swerve to the right, now to the left; the hunter leaning from the saddle makes a rapid pass with the lengthened spear and amid a cloud of dust the quarry has fallen in a pool of his own red blood, while horse and man are still hurried forward at a pace which the treacherous nature of the soil will not suffer to be too suddenly arrested.

Haply the death-dealer, levelled with a skilful glance and practised hand, dispatched the missile with too correct an aim. The buck has fallen, strikes frantically with his legs and horns till the knife and muttered prayer of a bearded attendant, sanctify a meal for the followers of the prophet—while the hunter crouched behind the weapon still laid on rest reserves his second shot for the herd, as they circle round to gaze upon the unwonted figure which in using the rest, the cart being far away, the hunter presents, and though his position generally ensures a fair shot for the reserve barrel, he often finds ungratified that "pride of art" which delights in repeated slaughter.

#### THE BOAR.

Near a half-dried pool of considerable extent, round whose irregular margin winds a narrow road marked by a few cart ruts in the light red sand—only at that spot emerging from

a thick cover of stunted shrubs and again losing itself amid the black leaves of the feathery tamarisk mingled with that stunted species of acacia with which almost all waste lands in Guzerat are covered—three or four horsemen are indolently loitering. Various cut and strangely coloured garments adorn the upper man, long jack boots of unblackened leather, or thick gaiters of Samber skin defend the lower limbs and well padded with cotton, or wound over by the picturesque turban, the trusty hunting cap,

“Of tough bull’s hide  
Which Death so oft has turn’d aside.”

when he would have approached in the crashing fall or in the fatal “livery of the burnished sun” surmounts the whole costume.

A few led horses in every attitude of excitement, listlessness or rest, their dusky attendants carrying rifles or hunting spears, and a few other natives near the principal figures, holding the ready weapons complete a picturesque but peculiarly Indian group.

A distant shouting has become more distinct; yell, hoop and hurried exclamations are now plainly heard. Birds of all sorts are flying from the jungle, and troops of the red Antelope, with the short scimitar-shaped horn upon the pert heads of the males, and a similar strait black ornament on the female, are bounding from the cover and may be traced for miles over the undulating meadows. Hares, half senseless from dread are fleeing from the cover, their long transparent ears feelingly alive to the horrid sound, and the backward glance of terror, mark their alarm. Swiftly, too, the wary foxes equally aware of danger, speed into the open, then turning occasionally to listen and observe quickly betake them to the nearest safe shelter. Jackalls more slowly retreat, and even avail themselves of the strong effects of terror in their more timid associates, the hares, to attempt a capture.

Now the hunters are full in view: occasionally a hare or an antelope less active or less awake to a sense of danger than his fellows, rushes along the line, the mark for a hundred hurtling sticks, the subject of a hundred jokes or facetious remarks as he is missed in succession by each of his assailants, and if struck, the object of contention to a dozen active youths.

The listless attitudes of the riders are exchanged for the most ardent attention. Every bush has become an object of

eager inspection. The horses best known for their prowess in the hunting field are aware that the crisis is near.

*Stare loco nescit: micat auribus et tremit artus.*

The line is closing up and every animal appears to have been scared from the cover: suddenly a dead silence has fallen on the noisy crew. All pause with breathless anxiety and then, a shout, one vast continuous yell—"Hoor jaiêche," "Dookur jhatah hei;" while the shaking of the thorny cover is followed by the simultaneous appearance of a dozen porkers of different ages rushing headlong into the meadows. Half the horses are at speed, two or three of the youngest of the party are far away after the sounder. "Hold-hard"—"come back"—"the Boar has not broken"—can scarce restrain them. Silence has again ensued, till a rush along the line proclaims that the hoary villain had charged, but had been foiled in his attempt to break through. Again, the shouts cleave the air and parallel with the beaters—"Pater Annuli—" the boar of the sounder, a huge, bristly monster is seen deliberately making his way towards the open, evidently with a view to a retreat, nearly two miles distant in the thickets behind an intervening river.

Now the sport begins—all the horsemen eagerly follow over the thorny jungle and the broken ground, some leaping every obstacle and some brushing through till their steeds stream with blood from the number and size of the thorns and brambles—already a stud runs masterless, and those who bear the fury are reduced to four or five practised hands cool and thoughtful, and killed in the dangerous game, confident in their staunch and well managed favorites.

The gallant game has reached the open and perceiving himself the object of hot pursuit is scouring over the plain at his utmost speed. Now, a young and active horseman on an eager chesnut appears to be winning the spear, for outstripping his comrades, he closes rapidly with the prey—alas, a deep ravine appears in sight and the cunning chace rolling down the bank is galloping along the sandy bed, at right angles to his former course, while the fiery chesnut speeding down a narrow steep track has crossed and is flying over the next field, his rider still unconscious, that he has lost his chance of the game—until recalled by the shouts of some older and more cautious friend to the course of the Boar. Again the chase is up. The older hunters well acquainted with the habits of their victim, wheeling to their right, behold him nearly a quarter of a mile ahead, climbing a neighbouring hill. Once more the race is

renewed, another light weight as the party close with the Boar rushes to the fore: the Boar, with a startling grunt, wheels round a thick bush as the spear is lengthened for the "premier coup," while the horse half frightened and unchecked, leaves his discomfited owner among the thorns.

The game now lies between three practised and far-famed rivals (*metuendi hastâ*) and the others can only be spectators for they know "*the spear*" and the deathblow will be almost simultaneous. Neck and neck, they near the chase: a deep but narrow water-course lies before; the Boar bounds over like a greyhound, followed by two, knee to knee, while the third hesitating (his horse is young and impatient) falls on the further bank and before he can recover his position sees the eager hunters make a turn or two, side by side rapid as their wheeling prey, then first one and then the other lunging from the saddle pass off and dividing come round again to the attack, while the Boar reeling from the fierce assault, rushes with hoarse grunt upon the third and nearest horsemen, whom the catastrophe at the ravine and consequently discomfited array have left partly unprepared for defence. Horse and man roll upon the plain, over the enraged quarry, who rapidly recovering his legs, makes a similar attack upon a fourth, but more ready cavalier, the slowness of whose old charger prevented more successful competition in the race: the horse unchecked is slightly averted, the spear grasped firmly in the middle and the Boar arrested in his charge, sinks down to his "death of foam and blood."

\* \* \* \*

Incidents as varied as the scenes of their occurrence and as true to fact as a narrative in which particular has been substituted for general description, may multiply sketches like their memory; like the kaliedescope, may present numbered images of beauty, though the component parts be but worthless glass; and though the grave and the learned may deplore hours passed in such frivolous pursuits, the relation of which brings no thrill to their dull sympathies, yet haply there are those, whose memory shall bear them away to the dreamy regions of past enthusiasm, as they while away a monotonous hour of idleness by perusing the recollections of

THE STRANGER.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF SPORT.

## No. II.

## BUFFALOE SHOOTING.

I promised to send you a few lines on Buffalo shooting, and I now sit down to fulfil that promise. It will be acknowledged by all who have hunted the wild Boar and the Buffalo, that there is no comparison between the two; the latter is *tame* sport compared to the former; yet there are some exciting scenes in Buffalo shooting that are well deserving of notice. I shall proceed in the same manner to describe a few scenes I have witnessed in my day.

My *first* Buffalo was killed out of a herd of forty or fifty. I well remember riding with poor B., and seeing for the first time a dark cloud in the open maidan, which, as we approached, turned out to be a forest of noble horns. B. immediately dismounted, and we left our horses concealed behind a small belt of jungle. We then procured two common bullock carts and had them piled with straw. B. got into one, and concealed himself in it with a couple of double barrel guns. The other cart was intended for me; B. left me with strict orders not to move until he had made a retrograde movement, and got the herd between us. I waited for more than an hour, and seeing B.'s cart well on the other side, I stowed myself, a single rifle, and a double barrel in the cart, and ordered the *gariwan* to drive towards the herd. The Buffaloes were so used to see the ryuts removing the produce of their field in carts, that they had no suspicion of their danger. They allowed me to approach within 50 yards before they took any notice of me; the huge Bull then took the alarm, and the whole herd stood up and faced us. I must confess the formidable phalanx of horns was any thing but pleasant to look upon for one in my situation. I suddenly felt the cart go bump against the ground, the two bullocks stood terrified gazing at the Buffaloes, and the driver who a few minutes ago had talked so vauntingly of what he could do, ran with all his might towards a field of wheat, and concealed himself by lying flat in it. There I was for the first time in my life within fifty yards of wild Buffaloes, ignorant of their habits, and expecting every moment to see the formidable Bull charge down on the cart. I grasped the rifle and waited with breathless anxiety watching his movements. All



this time B. was getting very impatient, wondering why the devil I did not fire; at last I saw him raise his hat on the ramrod of his gun, and wave it,—this was our preconcerted signal. I slowly descended from the cart; the instant the Buffaloes got a sight of my person, to my astonishment they simultaneously made a sudden start, and wheeling round, after describing a semicircle, with out-stretched necks, they approached within thirty yards of me. The terrified Bullocks made a bound, and with the noose by which they were tied to the cart, they dragged it several yards from me; and the *gariwan* finding the Buffaloes by this movement had approached unpleasantly near to the wheat field, took to his heels a second time, and ran as if the devil was after him. I inwardly cursed B. for leading me into such a scrape, but finding there was no help I determined to sell my life as dearly as I could.

The Bull still headed the herd; he had laid his horns back on his neck, and was looking uncommonly savage. I took up the rifle, and with deliberate aim as I thought, fired at his broad chest, but my nerves were shaky for the ball hit his right fore-leg, and fortunately—snapt it in two. The herd to my great relief turned round and went straight towards B's cart. I expected every moment to see him and his cart, tossing on their horns, but to my astonishment I saw him run forward—meet the herd and *fire*. The Buffaloes turned, when within twenty paces of him, and B. emptied his barrels as they passed him. The Bull I had wounded attempted to follow the herd, but after a few bounds, he contented himself with a slow walk, and at last laid himself down in some water. We then observed another Buffalo tail off from the herd, and gradually slacken his pace to a walk. B. sung out for the horses, he put some bullets into his pockets, tied his powder flask round his waist, and after loading his gun, jumped on his Arab, and bid me follow him. I shouted that the Bull I had wounded was unable to move. "That is just the reason my good fellow why we should leave him," answered B. and rode on towards the herd. I mounted and rode after him;—we soon came up to the last Buffalo, and perceived that she was badly hit in the flank. "Leave her and *ride*," cried B. The chase then commenced in right good earnest: in a few minutes we found ourselves close to the herd, and though the Buffaloes were going their best at their long shuffling gallop, I soon felt that my old horse could head them whenever I pleased. After following them more than a mile, I began to wonder what B. meant by this chase, when I presently perceived three *butchas* or calves gradually dropping to the rear, bellowing most lus-

tily, with their tongues hanging out, regularly done. We soon got between them and their mammas: one cow turned round, as if to rescue her young, B. immediately drew up his horse, and firing, wounded her in the guts; she immediately turned and joined the herd. I had been several times during the chase tempted to fire, but never having attempted this feat off my horse, I was afraid to do so,—but he stood the report of B.'s gun so well, that I determined to try him. I dashed up to the herd and placing myself along side of the last Buffaloe, I drew both triggers with the muzzle of my gun almost touching her side, she staggered and after going a few yards *fell*. Well done shouted B., and jumping off his horse, he sent a ball through her head, and finished her. She owned a very decent pair of horns. Leaving orders to bring the head to our tents, we rode back and found that the ryuts had secured the calves. We then went to our elephants, which were just in sight, and getting on the *guddies* or pads, for *howdas* we had none, we determined to polish off our two wounded Buffaloes.

The first Buffaloe we met was the cow B. had wounded in the flank: she raised herself on her legs and attempted a charge, but we hit her right and left, and soon finished her. We had now the Bull to deal with, and B. warned me to be cool and collected as he was a well-known savage brute. We loaded our guns and went up; the bull took a roll in the water, and then stood up. "He is determined to fight, so look out" said B. The next moment the brute lowered his head and came straight down at B.'s elephant. The *mahoot* was alarmed, the *hatee* swung round, and running across the plain, she went as fast as her legs could carry her. There was B. with one arm round the *mahoot's* middle, and with the other grasping his gun, swearing at the *mahoot* and the elephant, and calling them every name to be found in the Bengallee vocabulary of abuse. I turned to my *mahoot* and asked what was to be done. He was a plucky fellow, and replied that his *hatee* formerly belonged to Cockerell saib, that she did not care for a tiger, so there was no fear. So up we went; the monster as if in defiance was digging his horns into the mud, and tossing them up. He made the same kind of charge at me—the elephant stood as steady as a rock, and the rifle ball in his side soon turned him. I loaded again and went up a second time, the brute was bleeding and dreadfully savage; he charged directly. I missed him, he made good his charge. The elephant turned round and received the dig in the fleshy part of her posteriors. The Buffaloe stood driving away with his horn, the *mahoot* lost his presence of mind, the elephant screamed.

and rolled from side to side and I was in a regular mess. After a few moments my senses returned, I held the *muhoot* with one hand and leaning back, with the other, I managed to point the gun and *fire*. The ball entered the loin, the brute fell back on his haunches and sunk to the ground. By this time B. had come up, and a round or two despatched the monster. The elephant had a wound 5 or 6 inches deep, which took some time to heal. We had captured 3 calves, bagged 2 cows, and killed the great bull; and what was more I had learnt the *cart dodge*, which has afforded me much sport with Buffaloes. There are many who attempt to get within shot of Buffaloes or Elephants, and of course come back disappointed—for in herds they always run, the instant they catch a sight of the *hatees*. If no carts are procurable I have known a herd of cows answer just as well, the villagers willingly drive them towards the Buffaloes, and it is only necessary to creep along behind the cows, until you find yourself within shot. The Buffaloes take very little notice of the cows, and allow them to approach without taking the alarm. In fact Buffalo shooting in the plains is very similar to deer-stalking;—every tree—every bush must be made use of: the sagacity of the American hunter, as well as the coolness and steady nerves of the Ceylon Elephant shooter, are requisite. I must here pay a tribute to the memory of poor B—y, “he has since gone to that bourne from which no travellers return,” but his memory is still cherished by all who knew him; he was the most hospitable—the keenest and finest hearted sportsman that ever existed.

When Buffaloes are found in jungle, the only way to get at them is on elephants. I recollect once with three others finding a herd in an open maidan, and manœuvring to drive them into a well-known *Null* jungle. We stationed our elephants so as to cut them off from going further up the plain, and then rode after them on horse back, doing our best to drive them in the direction of the jungle. The chase was a long one, they made a circuit of two or three miles before we could manage it, but at last we had the satisfaction to see them enter the jungle quite exhausted. The elephants came up, and we went after the Buffaloes, they were so tired that we found them all lying down in the *Null*, and bounding up within five or six yards of us. With great ease we killed that day *seven*, one or two with single bullets. It was very odd that the Buffaloes would not on any account leave the jungle, the herd was scattered, and tired as they were, they appeared to shun the open country and prefer sticking to the jungle. They kept dodging from one side of the jungle to the

other, and were easily shot; for every one charged, the moment it saw the elephants. If there is a jungle within reach, I would strongly advise Buffalo shooters to try this plan. I have seen it answer admirably several times with herds, and if they only have the patience to ride the Buffaloes and *tire* them, they will soon make to the jungle of their own accord.

You are perhaps aware that the *solitary* Buffalo, that has been kicked out of the herd by one stronger than himself is called an *Urna*, and affords the best sport. If an old Bull, he is always savage and charges at every object he sees. I remember meeting one of these animals when out with L.; we had two cowardly elephants, and but one gun between us. The moment we approached within shot, the Buffalo charged, and both elephants ran, and we tried them over and over, and every time they turned tail and fled across the maidan, until we found ourselves fairly driven into the village. Not long after I was told of an *urna* not far from the place where we had met this one, and as I was alone I determined to try what I could do on horseback. I placed a number of bullets in my pockets and fastening the powder flask round my waist, I took my double-barrel and rode up to the *urna*. He was quietly grazing and allowed me to approach within thirty yards before he deigned to take any notice of me. He then took a good look at my horse, and charged, I got out of his way, and when he stopped, I fired and hit him in the neck. In this way he continued to make several short charges at me, and I as often moved away and fired; after he had been hit half a dozen times, he made up his mind to run, I chased him for miles, until he took me to a part of the country where I had never been, and then he sunk down exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood in a piece of water near a tree. I left my horse with some ryuts, and creeping up managed to get up to the tree, and from behind it hit the brute with both barrels in his head, and so killed him. He was an immense brute, and had run I afterwards found more than 10 miles. My horse was dead beat and my hands were useless for several days—the weight of the gun had so hurt my wrists. I am positive that a man may make sure of killing *any* Buffalo, if he is only determined to ride him until he is blown—but it is cruel work for the steed, and I would not advise any man to try it, who has any affection for his horse.

It is an easy thing to kill Buffaloes if the rider is acquainted with the country, and knows the different *nullahs* or rivers. I have often run Buffaloes up to the bank of a *nullah*, and when they disappeared down the bank, I have jumped off my horse, and shot them either while swimming across,

or when in the act of mounting the opposite bank; in fact most of the Buffaloes I have seen killed by riding them have been done in this way; but a knowledge of the country is necessary.

Very good sport may be had during the rains, when the plains are under water, and the Buffaloes have one or two high spots like islands to resort to. They keep swimming or wading from one island to another, and are often shot in the water. They sometimes stand at bay in one of the islands, and charge down at every boat that comes near. During this season of the year they are hunted in *dinghees* or small boats, and I have repeatedly seen them charge down at a *dinghee* and upset it—when the boatmen and the luckless hunter are obliged to dive like ducks to save themselves. I have often been the whole day after a Buffalo paddling from one *jheel* to another. I remember once after a long chase during which an *urna* had been badly wounded, he swam to a village which stood on a narrow neck of land, where he kept running between the houses, charging every man, woman and child he met, and goring several cows. In this manner, he ran to the end of the tongue of land and there stood; we were in *dinghees* following him close along shore. The moment he saw us, down went his head, and with two or three bounds he made a regular fierce charge. The boatmen jumped off our boats and made them roll in such a manner that we could hardly fire. One fortunate ball broke the Buffalo's leg, this not only stopped his charge, but when he attempted to get out, we found he was *stuck* fast in the mud. The moment the Natives found this was the case, the crowd that rushed out of the village was truly astonishing;—spears, sticks, knives, hatchets, ploughs—in fact every thing in the shape of iron was thrown at the brute,—who

Foiled—bleeding—breathless—furious to the last,  
Full in the centre stood the Bull at bay  
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast.

It was with the greatest difficulty we could get the fellows to move away to enable us to despatch him. At last with a ball from W. just

Where the vast neck mingles with the spine  
He slowly fell, and without a struggle died.

The crowd like vultures fought for his flesh, and in an hour not a vestige of him was left, save the head and horns in our boat.

I must finish this rambling paper with an account of an *urna* we killed on the 28th of February last. S. and I got

up early and went out with a few beaters to shoot quail. We had shot a few, when we perceived *fresh* traces of a Buffaloe, and the ryuts told us one had just passed. It was foggy and we could not see far, so we went on shooting. I happened to look over some *bennah* jungle and saw an immense head and an awful pair of horns, and what was worse the Buffaloe had espied us, and was looking bolt at us. We immediately marched back, drew our shot—put in bullets and sent a man for our favourite elephant *Pearee*, and our rifles and extra guns. In about half an hour the elephant and guns arrived—S. had the seat of honor next the *mahoot*, and I had a most uncomfortable seat on the back bone of the *hatee* behind S. We went round intending to turn the Buffaloe toward our tents, but found the manœuvre quite unnecessary, for just as we had got within 300 yards of him, down he came. It was one of the finest sights I have seen—S. fired and turned him—and as he was passing by the elephant, charging at some of our men who were standing in the maidan, I gave him a ball from my large gun which struck him in the hip below the loin; this lamed him and made him so sick that he laid down in some *bennah* jungle. We loaded and went up again—he charged directly—we fired alternately—one watching while the other loaded—five or six balls hit him about his head. He then made a furious charge and very nearly wounded poor *Pearee*—the horn passing within an inch or two of her hind legs. At last a ball from S. brought him down—he was an immense brute—he had fourteen balls in him and his horns were worth keeping.

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LEATHER STOCKINGS.

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## EXTRACTS FROM A SPORTING JOURNAL.

*June 13th, 1844.*—This morning I found the skeleton of some poor creature killed by a tiger. The beast must have caught the poor fellow by the head, for the hair and some skin appeared to have been carried into the wounds on each side of the head. The cloths, &c. were in good order, not rotten though torn to pieces, I suppose it was done some two months since. Found a herd of about twelve elephants, but they were too wild to get near them: one had been wounded, the mud it had put into the wound had dropped out and was covered with matter, by which I discovered it had been wounded and gave up the chase.

*14th.*—Started this morning to go up to the hills (Nielgherries) and on the road fell in with a pack of jungle dogs chasing a calf bison; I shot the bison and the dogs took possession, and as I thought they had the best right to it, I let them have it, there were six of them. About a mile further I came on some fresh track of elephants, and as one appeared very large indeed, I determined to go and have a look at them. Sent a man back to order the tent and kit to be taken to Karghurry, as the herd appeared to be going that direction. I followed them for seven or eight miles through very high grass, and at last found them in a very awkward place, a kind of ravine. I thought it impossible they could make their exit at any other place than the one by which they entered, and the way by which I had to enter. It was a large herd, and it seemed to me prudent to advance, only where large trees were to be seen to afford a good shield in case they made a rush for the opening. I did not intend to hurt the females, and wanted merely to see amongst them if there was any ivory to be had. I found they were all females and had turned to come away, when one came rushing at us, but when she saw we were not frightened at her and did not run away, she lost heart and luckily for herself bolted in the herd. To my utter surprise they all faced the hill (precipice) and began crawling up. There was a very little fellow not more than a month old, who could not manage it, and his old mother could not help him, and at last she was obliged to leave him, though between them they made the most awful noise ever heard. As soon as all the big ones were gone I laid the gun down and crept up to ~~the~~ butcha, who hearing the grass move thought it was some of his order kind, I suppose, for he came grunting close up till I gently laid hold of his delicate little trunk: the little

beast snatched it out of my hand, rolled it up, and in a second rushed against me and knocked me down and ran over me, I caught him by the tail though, and he was so strong that he pulled me about with him quite easily. I would not let go, however, and he then turned round and struck me with his trunk which made me only laugh; but he soon gave me reason to change my tune, for he took his rough foot and struck me with amazing force on the hand as I tried to catch his trunk again, and laid the whole back of my hand bare of skin. I had only two men with me, and we had much trouble getting him to the tent, which luckily was only about two miles off.

15th.—Started off in the direction of the Nielgherry Hills. I shall sleep at the foot and ascend to-morrow, only taking coolies to carry my kit; there is no road up near where I am going.

16th.—The whole day getting up the ghaut: very dangerous and difficult indeed, it was dark by the time we got up about half a mile from the top, and the people were so tired and frightened that they wanted to persuade me to allow them to sleep there, but I feared some of them would fall in their sleep, so what with helping and encouraging them we got up all safe. At first we did not feel cold, but after a short time a roaring fire was delicious, and the smell of cooking by no means disagreeable. I know I enjoyed a spotted deer's liver and bacon with plenty of potatoes, and two bottles of beer as much as most dinners I have eaten.

17th.—Yesterday's tramp brought us to Turnard, a place that used to be very famous for Ibex and Sambur, and still there are a few. In 1838 I had very excellent sport here.

Took a cup of coffee, and put on some warm clothes and went out before day-light to look for the Ibex. If there be any thing more delightful than to be on the edge of the ghauts on a fine clear morning with a good rifle and knowing yourself to be a good shot,—I don't know what it is, but it must be something very delightful indeed. There is no controlling one's eyes or thoughts, both fly away in the lovely distance, and mine were some forty miles off, where the land and sky seem to meet when a Toda who had joined me in the ramble pulled me suddenly back, and pointed down the hill close under foot. I laid down and peered over and there stood within reach of my rifle thirteen Ibex. A large buck and a small one stood side by side. I could not put the rifle to my shoulder, as the Ibex must have seen it, so was obliged to put the stock against my knee, at the risk of hurting myself and setting fire to my clothes. I let fly at the two bucks and missed them as I thought,



at a few yards; however, I jumped up and hit the big buck on the back of the head, and killed him, and there I found the wound of the first shot, and I suppose the little elfap had a bullet through him as he stood on one side of the large buck. The Toda went after it, but whether he got it or not I do not know.

18th.—Heard of the death of the poor little hattce which I left in the low country. I saw eleven Ibex this morning, but lost them in the mist. Went into Ootacamund.

1st August 1844.—Went out to Peermund; raining all day; killed a Sambur from the road—a wonderfully long shot.

2d.—Started out at about 4 A. M. and had a shot at an Ibex, but missed it, owing I think to being obliged to fire from a perfectly perpendicular direction above it. Hills covered with mist after 9 o'clock, so obliged to come off them, being cold and wet and unable to see fifty yards.

3d.—Saw two elephants, five bison and sixteen sambur this morning, and killed only one female sambur. The devil's in the animals I cannot get near them in any way. Killed a very large sow this evening: my horse fell with me down the side of a very steep hill; luckily I had a saddle that has pons to hold the stirrup leathers, opening with a hinge which let them out, or I should have been dragged down the hill with the horse, who was brought up by a few strong bushes full twenty yards down! It was rather awful to see him going, and the job of getting him up again was not a pleasant one.

4th.—Raining incessantly all day. About 5 P. M. the sun came out, and as the jungle cocks were crowing in all directions I loaded a gun with shot and went after them. The fallen leaves and every thing being wet no foot-fall could be heard, and the very first thing I fell in with was a large bear who came so close that I was afraid he would have seen me, not but that I was much more than a match for master bruin with the shot if he had been uncivil, by letting him come very close, but the dripping of every leaf had made the gun wet and it might have missed fire. Some time after this I shot a jungle sheep (so called on the Nielgherries, though no more like a sheep than I am or bruin just passed,) and was dragging it by the legs out of the water into which it had fallen or rather bounded when shot, and stooping down to put the gun one side to give both hands liberty when I distinctly saw the fore legs of a tiger only ten or twelve paces off. So I quietly picked up the gun and went away backwards nearly, and came out of the chola. In the morning I went to look and sure enough the beast was gone that I had killed, and as it had not been dragged I feel sure the same tiger took it, carrying it above reach of the ground. Writing of this puts me in

mind of two other little adventures somewhat of the same sort. At Segoor, a little village under the Nielgherries where tigers ere the hot season abound, I was waiting whilst breakfast was getting ready, and as pea fowl and jungle fowl were calling close at hand, I drew one of the balls of a double-barrelled gun and loaded with shot, intending to shoot any thing. I roamed into the jungle close to the tent and presently I saw a great quantity of what I thought some very white dust being thrown into the air in large handfulls. I could not imagine what they could be, unless it was an elephant which I made sure it was, and began sneaking up accordingly, I carefully got close and behold there lay two fine tigers rolling and playing about in the ashes of the burnt stem of a fallen tree, one laid with the back of its head turned towards me, but broad side on, the elbow sticking out from the body. I could almost fancy I could see its heart beat, and being most anxious to kill dead, I could not decide which to fire at, head or heart, but decided at last for the heart. The other was rolling on its back when I fired and killed the first dead, which with one tremendous heave rolled a heavy fall into a deep dry nullah. The other stared at me for a second, the head and chest a certain dead shot, but I had only shot in the barrel, and he bounded off with a short growl.

And now, Mr Editor, I will let you off for the present. I recollect my scrawl has to be deciphered, a thing not to be done without considerable wear and tear of eyes. You may call me what you like, but my name is,

ARNNEE.

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## THE DEATH OF THE ARAB.

The sun has set in cloudless skies  
 And chill and damp the mists arise,  
 Homeward, with jaded steps and slow,  
 Their task complete, the peasants go :  
 From every hut the vapours steal  
 Where smokes the grateful evening meal.  
 In circling flight, o'er yon blue mere,  
 The wild fowl wing their glad career :  
 From ruined walls and temple lone  
 And mosque with creepers thick o'ergrown,  
 The panther moves with stealthy pace,  
 Nor doubts, some prey his search shall grace.  
 Hushed is the hum of men—around  
 In mockery of the human sound

The hungry jackals howl :  
 Seek we the snowy canvass shade,  
 By the dark mangoe grove displayed,  
 Now midnight wanderers prowl.  
 But stay, tho' long the sun has set  
 One lonely horseman tarries yet.  
 Beside him, pierced to inmost core,  
 Lies stark and stiff, the old grey boar,  
 And stretched upon the plain,  
 With breathless flanks and faded eye,  
 Quelled in the hour of victory,  
 The Arab courser, slain.

For seven long years in every chase  
 Poor Ráma first had gained the race.  
 Where rolls the mighty Megna's tide,  
 Or swells the Brahmaputra's\* pride,  
 Where tapering grass the foe concealed,  
 Or ravag'd crops his haunt revealed :  
 By watery rush, and cooling shade,  
 Where the wild hog his den had made,  
 O'er yielding sand, or velvet plain,  
 His speed had ne'er been tried in vain.  
 And on that day from early morn,  
 While other steeds had droop'd, toil-worn,  
 Six grisly foes had Ráma met,  
 And tusk had failed to injure yet.

\* Vulgicè the Burrampooter.

Just as, they deem'd the sport was o'er  
 Burst on the plain a gallant boar :  
 With form so huge, with tusks so keen,  
 None had the oldest hunter seen.  
 Little he recks of boding ill,  
 Of weapon keen, or rider's skill,  
 Unused the tiger's wrath to fear,  
 How could he shrink from bending spear ?  
 Short the delay—they meet, they meet—  
 The old boar, and the courser fleet,  
 The man, all-poised to give the blow,  
 With tusks sharp set, the bristly foe.  
 Full on the brute, the whiles he passed  
 Fell the stern stroke, the first, the last,\*  
 What though with deadly aim impell'd  
 Its wonted way the good blade held !  
 Strong e'en in death, the flanks between  
 The savage plants his tushes keen,  
 And with grim joy in vengeance ta'en,  
 Falls 'neath the tottering Arab, slain.  
 'Tis done—'tis th' icy chill of death  
 In quivering limbs, and deep drawn breath,  
 A sob—a pang—and side by side  
 The old boar, and the Arab died !

His master's grief himself may tell  
 For the good steed he loved so well :  
 And while he smote his heaving chest,  
 His manly woes he thus express'd.  
 " Noblest the desert's sons among,  
 " Bengala's plains thy praises rung ;  
 " Thy lightning glance, thy foot of speed  
 " Unmatched by aught of Arab breed.  
 " Not, when the feathered songsters fly  
 " So brightly beams the falcon's eye,  
 " Nor, when the tiger crouches near  
 " So swiftly bound the timid deer ;  
 " Nor boar in fancied daring free,  
 " Nor bison fierce, I feared with thee.  
 " With thee, I confident could dare  
 " Envenomed rage, or blind despair.  
 " When the huge bull would reckless prove  
 " The vengeance of the deadly groove :

Right on De Ponne, the whiles he pass'd,  
 Fell that stern dint, the first, the last !—*Lord of the Isles.*

"Unmoved, with calm expanded eye,  
 "Thou saw'st the winged lightnings fly.  
 "While rang report, and bullet fled,  
 "Unmoved, thou heard'st the thunders sped.  
 "For task and horn to thee were nought,  
 "What time the meed of praise was sought.  
 "Safe on thy back, I ne'er could blench  
 "From deep ravine, or yawning trench,  
 "And blithesome, would thy flight compare  
 "To feathered shaft, or bird of air,  
 "Or fondly deem thou might'st excel  
 "The swiftness of the wild gazelle.\*  
 "Then, when at bay the old boar stood,  
 "And on each horse his charge made good,  
 "What steed, like thee, so prompt to wheel,  
 "Just as my hand impelled the steel  
 "And charge, till low the foe was laid,  
 "Untired, unshaken, undismayed?  
 "My much-lov'd steed! Golconda's mine,  
 "Viewed by thy side, in vain would shine,  
 "And all Sofala's treasures be  
 "Unheeded, if compared with thee.  
 "The spoils of Ophir's golden coast,  
 "The Brahman's hope, the Rajah's boast,  
 "The wealth of kings, the pride of power,  
 "Ne'er would outweigh one single hour,  
 "When, seated on my living throne,  
 "I deem'd the boundless plain mine own,  
 "And shook, o'er landscape far and near,  
 "The terrors of my sceptre spear.  
 "Perchance—for far Arabia's coast  
 "Sends o'er the sea a myriad host—  
 "Other loved steeds I shall possess  
 "And their bright flowing manes caress.  
 "But none that with thy form shall vie  
 "And tusk and gash, like thee, defy.  
 "None, to whom others panting yield  
 "So oft, the trophies of the field,  
 "Or bold to charge, and fast to speed  
 "Shall think to match my favorite steed.

\* It is still doubted whether any Arab has ever run down an antelope. There is an authenticated account of such an event in "The Old Forest Ranger," and we have heard of the like as having been done in the Kishnagur district, *but not by one horse*. We sincerely hope that such of our friends as possess favourite Arabs, will never put them to feats so much beyond their strength.

"Be friend, and house, and home forgot  
 "When, Ráma, thou'rt remembered not.  
 "O soulless, he who'd fain despise  
 "The warrior's or the hunter's prize !  
 "O craven heart and dull !  
 "That ne'er some vigorous warmth display'd  
 "Ne'er long'd to poise the glittering blade,  
 "By Southern Buckra's woodland shade  
 "Or Harisankra's Null.  
 "Ne'er shall the youth in battle flee  
 "Whom please the arts of venerie,  
 "Ne'er shall he, craven-hearted, yield  
 "When the proud Khalsa dare the field,  
 "Nor shrink the invading Seikh before  
 "Who shrank not from the old grey boar.

EXILE.

## THE PRINCIPAL GAME ANIMALS OF THE NORTH WESTERN PROVINCES.

In continuation of my last, I send you an Index of the principal Game animals found in the North Western Provinces of India, and which chiefly occupy the Sportsman's attention. Cannot some of your Sporting friends on the southern side favor us with a similar report, for judging from various accounts they must have animals, such as the Gour or Bison, that are totally unknown to us.

In all the various kind of Deer, the Natives draw no distinction, thus the Maka or Jerow, Jhûnk or Chetul, and Barasinga, are indiscriminately used, whether having spreading horns or not.

*Index of the principal Animals found in the North Western Provinces, together with the measurement taken from the nose to the tip of the tail, which will be found generally correct.*

English Names.	Hindoostanee.	Average Height.		Average Length.		Remarks.
		Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	
Elephant, ... ..	Hathi, ... ..	9	8	15	6	Found throughout Bengal, Chittagong, Sylhet, and all along the Terai in dense jungle. The shooting of them is not sought after, as at Ceylon, where it forms the chief sport; however the Sportsmen will sometimes come across an old tusker, who it may be necessary to destroy, and generally on these occasions, he proves himself a most formidable opponent: they are found in herds of 10 and 15—doing an immense deal of mischief to cultivation.
Rhinoceros, ... ..	Gaindā, ... ..	7	6	11	3	In reality the body of this animal is little inferior in bulk to the above, but his legs are much shorter; they possess an impenetrable hide, and are of a ferocious/sulky disposition; fond of swampy grounds, or along the banks of a River, or Nullah, never in herds, generally in pairs, but oftener singly; without being useful like the Elephant, they are hurtful, committing great devastation, wherever they take up their abode.
Tiger, ... ..	Bagh, ... ..	3	5	9	7	It is difficult to say where they are not to be found, all throughout Bengal, Orissa, Sylhet, along the Banks of the Ganges, on many of the principal Churs or islands connected with that River, and the Burrampoor, together with the long belt of jungle at the foot of the Hills, called the Terai, but nowhere do they acquire the same size, as in Bengal, where they have

English Names.	Hindoostanee.	Average Height.		Average Length.		Remarks.
		Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	
Leopard, ... ..	Tindua, ... ..	3	1	7	9	been killed, measuring nearly 11 feet in length, and 4 in height. This sport is pursued on Elephants, and proves at times very exciting, but is oftener uncommonly tame from the natural propensity of the animal to sneak away on almost every occasion. The most extraordinary instance I know of, is 40 Tigers being killed in one month; not one showed cowardice, but all died fighting. I mention this, merely, as being something singular in the sport.
Hyena, ... ..	Lakarbaghur, ... ..	2	1	3	6	There is very little difference between this animal and the tiger: though less powerful, he is superior to him in the extreme pliability of his spine, thus conferring a degree of velocity, and agility unknown to the tiger. On this account, together with the astonishing rapidity with which he climbs the loftiest trees, this sport is often attended with great danger. They are found throughout India.
Buffaloe, ... ..	Urnee, ... ..	5	6	8	8	Hardly noticed by Sportsmen, as affording no sport. Very numerous to the Eastward, Sylhet, and Assam, also along the Sea Coast, where I am inclined to think they are not only larger, but more ferocious than those found at the foot of the Rajmehal Hills, and along the Terai. They are fond of extensive plains bordered by jungle or very high grass, are generally in large herds, and very savage. The pursuit of them is followed in various ways, on elephants, horseback,



English Names.	Hindostanee.	Average Height.		Average Length.		Remarks.
		Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	
Bear, ... ..	...	5	1	...	6	foot, and dingie (small boats,) the two last are however very dangerous, for the most unerring Sportsman cannot always hope, from the excessive thickness of the hide, to be successful with one shot.
Hog, ... ..	Suar, ... ..	5	10	4	8	The species found in India are the Black, and are very common in all the Hilly tracts; they afford more amusement from their antick tricks than sport: however, from mismanagement I have seen some fearful wounds inflicted.
Stag, ... ..	Saumbur, ... ..	4	5	...	8	Hog Hunting, when pursued on horseback, is without doubt the noblest sport in the world, not only perfect horsemanship, but a steady quick eye is indispensable to a Hog Hunter. The largest and fiercest are met with in Bengal: those in Upper India, and which I have seen towards Nagpoor, afford good runs, but no sport. The largest Hog I ever saw, in the killing of which I had a hand, stood 3-4: next to him, was a wood hog 3-1, a most determined fellow.
						The noblest and largest of the Deer species, found throughout all the Hilly tracts of India, up to the Himalias, where they assume a different name: viz., the Jerow: they are gregarious, uncommonly shy, and endowed with an extraordinary degree of hearing: however they are easily followed, having regular foot-paths all over the country: during the day they are generally at rest in dense forest, or else under a rock, or long

English Names.	Hindoostanee.	Average Height.		Average Length.		Remarks.
		Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	
.....	Surrow, ... ..	3	2	4	11	
Chamois, ... ..	Goorul, ... ..	3	1	4	4	<p>grass sheltered from the sun, but close to water. The Stags, are very muscular, and, when wounded, formidable; inflicting severe wounds.</p> <p>I have never been able to trace the English name of this species of Deer, if it can be called such. However, here it is, and the pursuit of it, forms one of the most dangerous and hazardous of our sports, inhabiting, as it does, dark and gloomy caverns over the most precipitous rocks, or roaring cataracts, when one hasty fire brings the infuriated beast down on you, and unless possessed of sufficient presence of mind to check his advance, you may expect as good two inches of Hartshorn, as will sicken you of Surrow shooting for ever.</p> <p>All ground is accessible to him; he passes along the narrowest and most difficult places with perfect ease, and the fiendish disposition of the animal demands great caution.</p> <p>The most fascinating of all our sports; that is, when properly pursued, for half the pleasure consists in following where the animal will lead you: they are found (for they are oftener in herds than singly) on the most rugged mountains, and always on the southern aspect, as they dislike the cold north wind: approach them cautiously, and never fire unless you are certain, for nothing is lost by a little delay, as they invariably (if startled) will stop after going a short way, and afford you a beautiful shot, whereas, one hasty unsuccessful fire, will drive the whole herd away, scampering in every direction, while</p>

English Names.	Hindoostanee.	Average Height.		Average Length.		Remarks.
		Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	
Wild Sheep, ... ..	Bhurrell, ... ..	2	10	5	3	<p>others in the vicinity will be seen rushing fearlessly and headlong down perpendicular descents, bounding from rock to rock—as if on level ground.</p> <p>Far in the interior of the Hills, in perpetual snow, not near the habitation of man, sheep shooting at first sounds very tame work, but I had soon occasion to change my mind, for from a chase one day, from 11 to 4 P. M. after a herd, over the most precipitous ground, I soon obtained an idea what sheep-shooting was. It is seldom, (so wary are they) that you can bring them within range of a rifle, and when started, they ascend to such a height that there is no following them, the air being so rarified. During the winter months they descend, and will be seen by the villages of Ussal, Bunnassees and Kusalee. Numbers are now destroyed by the natives.</p> <p>Not seen on this side of the Uglawur, but beyond it, about six miles in the rugged mountainous parts of the Bhagaruttee, by the village of Undewalla. I have seen as many as 30 feeding together in one spot: they are very shy animals, one glimpse of a person sends the whole herd away, headed by an old Buck.</p> <p>Of a morning and evening, they will be seen feeding on the summit of Hills, but during the day they retire to inaccessible places.</p> <p>You may always know when you are in the vicinity of these animals, by the strong odour they throw all round.</p>
Wild Goat, ... ..	Jehr, ... ..	2	10	5	1	

English Names.	Hindoostanee.	Average Height.		Average Length.		Remarks.
		Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	
Musk Deer,... ..	Beenah, ... ..	2	6	3	10	<p>The four last, chiefly occupy the Sportsman's attention, as being the most tantalizing and hazardous in the extreme; hazardous, from the nature of the ground they all inhabit, and the pace that is requisite to follow them at over fearful cliffs, some hundred feet clear fall on either side, or over a roaring cataract, where you cannot make yourself audible, to the person immediately in your rear—such ground, a Sportsman must expect, who is bent on following these animals; there is no holding back, onwards he must go: yet with all this, there is no sport compared to it; at the same time, it should never be undertaken foolishly, for unless the Sportsman be possessed of a steady hand, keen eye, ready to take advantage of any circumstance, or situation he may be placed in, with sufficient strength and activity, together with self-possession in pursuit of them, he runs great risks; for one false step, or moment of irresolution, seals his fate, and hurls him lifeless on the rocks below: no description given, can in reality give the most distant idea of it; it must be seen, and undertaken with a true Sportsman-like feeling, before any insight can be formed of its nature, and then, it will be pronounced one of the finest sports in the world.</p> <p>This species resembles the Roe Buck: in general appearance they are very scarce, and oftener found singly in long grass and brush wood, seldom or ever resorting to bare rocks: so indolent are they, that many fall an easy prey to the villagers, who catch them in nets, on account of the bags of musk for which the animal is so celebrated.</p>

English Names.	Hindoostanee.	Average Height.		Average Length.		Remarks.
		Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	
Barking Deer, ... ..	Kakur, ... ..	2	3	3	4	By far the smallest of the Mountain Deer, and found in many parts of India, especially in the Midnapoor and Cuttack districts, where it is called the "Kouung." They are found much lower down than any of the other species, and proves an easy prey, from a peculiar bark, both to man and beast: they also afford an easy shot; their favorite resort are patches of long grass, in the vicinity of some village close to a stream, and when roused they seldom go far, invariably returning after a few hours to the same spot.
Blue, or White footed Deer, ... ..	Nal Ghaw, ... ..	4	2	5	6	The shooting of this animal can by no means be considered sport, being a heavy, dull beast: they are very plentiful in some of the wooded districts of Oude, Bundelkand, Burtpoor and Gwalior. I never remember having seen any in Bengal.
Antelope, ... ..	Hiran, ... ..	3	4	4	2	Very plentiful in Upper India, especially in Rajpootana, where they are allowed to go about unmolested in herds of 200 and 300, prefer large plains in the vicinity of cultivation, committing great devastation: they are uncommonly shy, and difficult of approach, the surest way is to mount a quiet pony, and thus go round them in circles, decreasing every circle, till you get within 50 yards: in this way, I have shot several. Eastward of the Ganges towards Bengal I believe they are not seen.

English Names.	Hindoostanee.	Average Height.		Average Length.		Remarks.
		Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	
Spotted Deer, ...	Chetul, ...	3	6	4	8	This beautiful animal is found in many parts of Bengal, and Orissa; the largest I ever saw were in the jungles of Cuttack, and progressing upwards: they are first met with at Rajmehal, and are found where there is sufficient cover along the whole line of the Ganges up to Hurdwar, also on the large uncultivated churs: they are generally in small herds of 10 and 15, affording by no means an easy shot, for, from the nature of the ground they are found in, high grass, or thick jungle, you seldom can obtain a fair shot.
Hog Deer, ...	Varā, ...	2	10	3	8	Very plentiful in the Terai, and along some of the streams in Rohilkund, found in small patches of jungle or jow on the banks of a river, they afford a very easy shot, except from a Howdah, when it is rather difficult at first, from the peculiar gait of the animal, in pushing its head into every bush, and sticking up its rump.
Hare, ...	Kurgosh, ...	...	...	1	8	Weight 5 lbs. 2 oz.—Found throughout India; in some districts very plentiful. I have known as many killed as 40 in one day: (the hares about Jubbulpore are remarkably large and strong,) but no hare should be shot within 10 miles of a station, where there are dogs.

## SPORTING REMINISCENCE.

It was on a Sunday morning at the latter end of March, 1845, that, while in bed waiting for some coffee and listening to the matutinals of sundry partridges and a long nosed Alligator, called a Bassyal, which kept continually rising to the surface of the water close to my pinnace, sighing like a lover, my bearer placed the following note in my hands :—

MY DEAR SPECS.—If you are going to stay at Girjahpore for another week or so, the Patriach, Tom, Paddy Crampton and self, intend paying you a visit and scraping acquaintance with the Buffaloes that are colonizing the large chur opposite your shop: we will send down two elephants, and with your two, shall do well, as the Patriarch says he has no objection to ride behind and keep a good look out astern. My howdah got smashed last week, so I must trust to you for the loan of a charjamah. Send an answer at once, and believe me your's,

MARK TAPLEY.

On the following Tuesday night my friends arrived, and on Wednesday morning early after having washed the interior with an infusion of the best Mocha, we set to work. The chur we had to draw was about seven miles long, and varied in width from three hundred yards to three miles, and except a few patches of cultivation where ryots had settled was covered with nhâl and kussia, and occasional patches of hoghla in the more swampy parts. We beat the jungle till noon without finding anything but partridges and had acceded to the Patriarch's proposal—our elephants and men being pretty well knocked up—of retiring to a cow-shed in a small village to give them rest and refresh ourselves with a change of position and breakfast, when a ryot told us that for a consideration he would shew us what we were in search of in a very few minutes. We accordingly pushed on at best pace, and shortly came upon a large deep hollow in which were comfortably reposing fifteen buffaloes, great and small. The noise made by our men—and we ourselves were not quite dumb at first sight of the animals—and the rustling of the long grass as the elephants marched on, set the beauties in motion, and they quickly retreated to an open place, a short distance from the hollow. We as quickly followed and soon the fun commenced. An immense bull on our approach charged down on Mark's hattie; and although he received a brace of fifteens from Mark, and another brace from

Tom in the flank, he was not to be deterred: down he came to the charge a second, a third, and a fourth time; he attempted a fifth which proved fatal, for the loss of blood had made him weak, and stopped his impetuosity a little; however, down he came, when a shot between the eyes brought him on his knees, and a brace put in behind the shoulder by Tom gave him his discharge. This was the largest animal any one of the party had ever before seen, and required a deal of killing, having taken seventeen pills before the desired effect was achieved. I have unfortunately lost or mislaid his measurement, but it was enormous and I will see if I can get it for another number of the *Sporting Review*. His horns now ornament Mark's dining room, his hoofs we had polished and distributed amongst the party, and the Patriarch has the skin of his testicles dried and mounted in silver, which he occasionally uses as a drinking cup.

Whilst Mark and Tom were doing the polite to this gentleman the rest were not idle, but brought to the ground six large fellows, who shewed more of their heels than their faces: in fact there was a regular skrimmage as we were in the very middle of the herd; unfortunately a stray shot pierced the brain of a poor little calf, and the mother finding the little thing was hurt or dead, became quite mad with fury and charged like ten thousand devils the elephant on which the Patriarch and Paddy Crampton were sitting back to back, Paddy in front. Meeting with a reception from him she did not calculate upon, she came down at the hattie's rump most vigorously and gored him severely, and the Patriarch in firing unfortunately carried away a piece of the skin of the root of his tail, whereupon he bolted right through the muddy and slimy hollow where we first found the herd as hard as he could split. Paddy and the mahoot managed to stick on, but the poor Patriarch was spilt, and we at first feared he was buried in the mud, but our suspense was shortly relieved by hearing a well known voice exclaim—"Well I *am* ——" what he was *not* and I hope never will be. Instead of congratulations at his escape of course he got well battered and laughed at: he says now, that if ever he has two enemies, he trusts they may go buffalo shooting with only a guddle made of gunny and stuffed with straw to sit on; he'll never be such a fool again.

Mark polished off the cow with a ball just above the knee which brought her down, and another through the forehead which caused epileptic convulsions from which she did not recover. Out of the fifteen we first viewed, ten, including the calf, met with an untimely end; the remainder mizzled, and we were too hungry and our elephants too tired



to follow them ; besides the Patriarch had contrived to wash his hands and face, and was making such havoc with the cold fowls, &c., that we feared being put on short allowances if we continued. We killed several more cattle on the two following days, but the Patriarch would not accompany us, vowing the grub and the beer to be the only part of sporting he liked.

CHUSHMA.

## SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

### No. IV.

“Well, Sir,” said my talkative friend, as I again mounted the coach box, “I rayther think you won’t call that a bad style of woman, she looks rosier and better every time I set eyes upon her ! She wears like a m’hogany table ; the more she’s rubbed the brighter she gets : talk of painting faces, it ain’t easy to find paint the colour of her cheeks ! and as to her merry laugh and happy smile, its enough to cure the heart-burn to look at ’em. You’d think the man as owned her for a wife oughtn’t to have died so soon, Sir, and left such a nice little creetur to widder her way through the world—and you’d think to look at her as how she’d been miserable enough, and didn’t see any use in being so no longer. Well, Sir, that’s just it. She’s one of the crowd and not a bad specimen neither, and I’ll bet a new whip upon her elbowing her way as well as most on ’em : she ain’t at all hignorant about herself being the finest woman betwix this and London—and depend upon it, Sir, when her second partner comes to noo furnish the house, he’ll find as how she’s worn all the silver off her lookin-glass and wants a new ’un. You’d hardly believe, Sir, that ’ere gal’s been a widder better nor sixteen months, and yet she’s still a wearin her mournin. Now, what’s that for ? The world says it’s out of respect for “Poor Tom,” but I happen to know that ain’t gospel by no manner of means : she likes her-

self in black, it suits her complexion, *weeds* becomes her and she becomes they, and she might have become Mrs Somebody else, three times within the twelvemonth, only she'd rayther take a little longer fling. She's like a horse turned out to grass, Sir; she goes a galloppin and a kickin over the meadows quite elevated by her liberty, and she dont want to go into harness agin till she finds a collar as wont chafe her. *The "Mister Right"* hasn't turned up yet; but there's lots of what's called inligibles, a neighin arter her. She aint got a bad business; plenty of evenin customers, gents as leaves their own wives and families for the sake of a chat with her and a smile from her rosy lips. *She* aint to blame if there *are* such fools in the world; they fancies theirselves reglar lady-killers still, for it aint every man as knows when he's a runnin to seed,—like a hovergrown cabbage: she's got a smile and a lecr, Sir, for every one on 'em, and every one on 'em fancies he's her partic'lar wanity, and so he is, as long as his coin lasts; but if it warnt for that, she'd look at him as hinsipid as biled suckin pig without salt. That's the way of the world, Sir, that's natur in its original character, and while natur keeps it up there wont be much truth and honesty among women. In course every body dont see it as *I* do Sir. *I've* been let in to forfeit my *fure* too often now to be catch'd again; but arter all, they *are* a reglar set of unmakeoutables, for they twist and turn about like the dart atop of Langham Church. When you thirk you've got a woman's head straight for a jump, and are a goin at it all smooth and even as a cricket field, blest if she won't swerve bang round and refuse altogether, for, no reason at all except a pain in her temper or a partic'lar kind of feelin as is called stubbornness in donkeys, but caprice in women,—and there you are, all your plans knocked on the head and the devil a chance left for you: there's only one way I know of at all likely to get 'em on, and that's just to blind 'em; don't let 'em know you're at all sweet upon 'em and then you'll have some chance: depend upon it, Sir, if a man tells a gal he rayther likes her and has a mind to come to terms, she'll swear she hates him and means to keep a doin so—and so she will keep on a doin, until she gets the poor devil into a reg'lar net of hobligations, till he can't say his soul's his own, and mus'nt wear even hats and coats cut arter his own fancy: that's the way she'll keep him a danglin on, like a black doll over a rag-shop doer, till she's reg'larly tamed him, and shaped him as if he was made of putty, arter her own fashion, and then she'll either condescend to marry him, or else cat him dead as Dan Good, and marry somebody as dont care about her! The plan is, Sir, just to commence with a hard *bit*,

make no shew of being at all sammy, whistle and smoke as usual—and wink at other pretty gals just the same; that's the way to begin, Sir, and then you'll soon see which way the land lies; you'll hear of her a tellin some of her female friends as how she's made her choïce, and if she dont get you, she'll pay her penny and take a dive off Waterloo bridge!—Mark my words, Sir, only you tell a woman you care a bit of whipcord about that you're sweet upon her, and see if she doesn't put on her high-heeled boots directly, and make out the cove as wrote "Britons never will be slaves" to be either a loonatic or a liar! I'll just tell you a little anecdote of my own Sir.—I don't often let out the secrets about my larky days, coz I think a man as talks too much about hisself, seems as if he'd never know'd nobody else—howsomever I'll tell you, Sir, coz you seem to like my plan of gettin along the road.—When I fust commenced a coachin, I druv a day drag to Bright'n, and in them days there warnt a nicer turn out on the road than my ROYAL BLUE: in course Sir, these here noble vips have ECLIPSED it, out and out, but they hadn't the shake then for shawls and top-coats as they has now. Well, I changed at the Roebuck, Croydon, which was kept in them days by as nice a old couple as ever man need set eyes upon: they'd been married about fifty years, and had lived on all that time without seein a single gray hair in each other's heads. They've been booked for two under the turf some years now, Sir, so let 'em rest!—Well, Sir, they had a only daughter, reg'larly spiled in temper and paces, as all these only daughters *are*; howsomever she was a werry nice pretty little gal, chatty as a magpie, and none of your long mane-and-tail sort of women, plain and neat, neat and plain, as a Southdown sheep arter shearin. Her black hair was just as shiney and bright as if Jem had smooth'd it down with a wet brush, and if she hadn't a pair of lips and cheeks as fresh and as red as a corn poppy, say I can't tool my team, that's all Sir. Her eyes warnt the sort of eyes you'd call sleepy, I've seen 'em a good many times and I never see 'em look dull yet: they was reglar eyes to suit them lion-tamers, Von Humbug and them sort of people, for they used to look bang through every body at a glance and it aint no secret now, that these here men as tamed the beastesses did the business with their hopticks.—Well, Sir, I changed at the Roebuck, and it would ha' been particlery odd and unnatural if I hadn't gone into the bar, and made her acquaintance, Specially as I'd heard she know'd how to make uncommon nice grog.—Well, Sir, in course we used to laugh and talk together, and joke and all that sort of thing, and at last—I don't know

how it was—I warnt soft enough to be in *love*—but I felt as how something 'ud go werry wrong with my nerves, if I missed seeing her bright eyes a lightin up the bar parlor, and if you'll believe me, Sir, I looked for a talk with her more than I did for the glass of grog she was a mixin for me,—and once or twice a feelin came over me as if there'd be a coachman a wantin on the Royal Blue: if our governor had happened to take it into his thick head to change stables at Croydon, I'm blest if I shouldn't have got the tic doloroo—or some other nervous infection, and gone and done somethin mortal wicious: howsomever, I went a fiddle-faddlin on for about six months, a chattin and a larkin with her till thinks I to myself—she *must* notice my partickler attentions and I made up my mind to ask her if she'd take me!—So, one fine morning I took partickler care how I togged myself, and I walked in determined to have it out upon the spot, lose or win. Well, she was just a goin out for a walk and was a shovin on her bonnet before the bar lookin-glass—



So I sauntered in and says I—Miss Briggs, says I, I 've brought a little nosegay says I for you; its rayther like a tak-

in coals to Noocastle, says I, to bring anythin sweet to *you*, says I; but although you may think me a monopolizin says I, I don't see no use in mincin matters no longer says I— I'm clean gone, over head and ears Miss Briggs; I'll shy off the blinkers, and if you'll go in double harness, says I, I'll keep you company, dewoted, says I, to the last stage of life, says I, without gettin sick nor sorry, or wantin to change; and if you ever finds me a shirkin the collar, says I, turn me out to graze in a stubble field says I and cut my corn. Well, Sir, I thought I'd made a werry pretty sort of a speech, and that she'd ha' been werry much overcome with it; instead of which, if you'll believe me, Sir, she just wheel'd round, sniffed the wind, and says she, like your himperence, says she, I wonder you don't know yourself better, says she; you may have a werry clewated opinion of yourself says she when you're on the box, but you're only a coachman, says she, and you'd better try another road for you ain't werry likely to succeed on this, says she; and then she shy'd round and poked up one side of her nose, like a horse with a clover straw up his nostril. Was you ever in love, Sir?"

No, said I.

"Well, then 'Sir, I don't think I've ever been, but that was about the closestest shave I ever made to it: howsomever she turned me like rennet turns milk; all the *love* wanished like the steam of my grog, and says I—throwin down a tanner to pay for what I'd had—Miss Briggs, says I, you're an uncommon fine gal and you've a unkommon fine opinion of yourself, and I dare say you've got no end of a lookin-glass upstairs, says I, and when you looks into it says I, you're opinions hêle-wated—so I'd just advise you to go upstairs and look in it and admire yourself, for it's werry scarce your admirers 'ull be if you don't drop that ere sneering nostril and mend your manners, says I; good morning Miss Briggs, says I, and out I walked, and as I passed the bar winder I see her as white as soap-suds from rage and wexation, so I mounted my box and druv off, quite as comfortable as I was afore I'd proposed,—and now Sir make your mind up for a knock-me-down hargiment.

"About two years arter this here interestin business I met a cousin of mine as was a nuss-maid in a gent's family at Croydon, and arter we'd passed the compliments of the day, says she by the by Bill (cousins always takes liberties you know Sir, so she called me Bill) by the by Bill, says she, your old flame Betsy Briggs is a pinin and a whinin arter you like a blind puppy arter its mother,

says she. Oh! says I, Miss Briggs of the Roebuck, she is, is she? I hope as how she's well, says I—but she ain't no flame of mine, at all likely to singe my whiskers, says I—she may whine and pine till she finds herself on a level with my coach box says I—and *then* I wouldn't have her at no price, says I. Tell her when you see her, says I, with my best compliments that I'm obligated to chalk my cheeks and smoke hopium or the gals 'ud be all a fight-in for me! Tell her I'm only sorry she didn't take advantage of my offer, and save her poor dear heart such a hammerin, but its too late now, says I. For you may inform her that there's no end of a rich widder, down at Coventry, as wants me to marry her, only I don't like givin up my purfession; howsomever I've promised to come to terms if so be she'll let me drive my own carriage anywhere's except to Church, says I—so I'm afeard Miss Briggs had better put her sweet head of hair in a meal-bag says I, or she'll have the water on her brain and die raving mad out of spite, says I. Well, Sir, I dare say she told Betsy this, and I can just fancy how miserable the poor little woman's life must have been arterward, till she took and married a old foggy of a half-pay Captain, and then she was wuss, and that's the last I heerd on her. No, no, Sir, it don't do to come too much of the spoon, when you go a courtin: put your hands in your top coat pockets and whistle whenever your sweetheart sighs; if she says as how its a fine day, in course say it *is* fine (it don't do to contradict a lady you know,) but just give her to understand as how you don't care a brass farden how soon it rains cats and dogs; make a shew that you don't care nothin at all about her opinions and then see if she don't look at you straight, think a minute, and take a rasper bang into your arms—and the only trouble you'll have will be to get her to make the happy day as far off as possible. These here remarks, Sir, comes from experience, I'm too old a rabbit now to be nabbed by a ferret. There ain't no fear of that Sir; if you could only see the team of fair ones as I've given the go-by to, you'd only be a lamentin as how natur had'nt perwided you with hextra eyes that you might admire them all at once, and you might be a feelin the soft encroachment yourself Sir.—Howsomever, its as clear as the river Cam that they're all made up for disposal like composition dolls—from roof to boot—from wither to pastern: I'm a stoker if they ain't a walkin marris of sells—reg'lar take-ins as my maiden aunt used to say of Sunday tracks. Pads, flounces, and whalebones, I *could* put up with; in course *they're*

nat'ral enough, but when a man's own private experience gives him a telescope look at what's a workin in women's hearts, it puts him out of sorts with the lot and 'puts the drag on the run of his hanimal spirits till there aint no lark in him. Just fancy, Sir, *I* might ha' been a married man now with seven or eight young vips a toolin arter me, but I'm werry grateful to Providence that it didn't soak my heart too long in the milk of human kindness, or it 'ud never stood all the wear-and-tear it has gone through—and who knows but I might now ha' been a drunken cabman instead of a respectable coachman, and perhaps druv off the road altogether.

"Well!" said I, "you appear to have gleaned enough in your wanderings, to form no very flattering opinion of all that should be bright and beautiful,—the fact is you have been unfortunate and only met the scum, and, without taking the trouble to try beneath it, have formed a bad idea of lovely woman. Be more charitable my friend and let the past be so much of the road got well over."

"Well! Sir, I don't mind a tellin *you*," replied my talkative friend, "that there ain't a pin to choose atwixt us—the men are as bad as the women and a shade wusser, only it don't do to smash a lookin-glass for shewin your own ugly face. As to my only havin seen the scum, Sir, I don't know whether that ain't the cream, only called by another name. I've seen a good many women in my time and I puts 'em down in my way-bill as so many horses—some can be managed beautifully, to go quiet in double or single harness, without no breakin at all—others wants lots of breakin afore they takes the collar kindly—and others on 'em are as hobstinate as so many mules—coax 'em, larrup 'em, feed 'em, or starve 'em, it's all the same! Blest if Sir Robert hisself could persvade them to turn a hair, not even with a sieve of Free Trade Corn a starin 'em slap in the face. But, Sir, the long and short of the matter is, that times is werry much changed, and so is manners, since you and me made mud puddens in the gutters—beggin your pardon Sir—and wore our govenor's smalls cut up for jackits and weskits. I recollect the time when it 'ud have taken more than the common power of wision, to have seen a boy of fourteen a smokin his mild Hawannah in the streets of London, and now blest if every sixth whipper-snapper you meet arnt got his baccy in his teeth, and takes it as much a matter o' course as my off-wheeler does her Chifney bit,—*that's* the march of hintellect Sir has altered *that*.

I recollect the time when a man might walk up and down Regent Street without being run agin by a set of dirty looking



A DISTINGUISHED FURRINER

furriners. *Distinguished furriners*, the papers calls them, and its pretty easy distinguished they are by their dirty faces, their striped balloon continyations and their hairy phizzes: they'd ha'



know'd better than to helbow and puff their bad smoke into the English ladies' faces five and twenty year ago Sir—they'd ha' thought twice about walkin' four abreast *then*; that's the march of hintelleet, too, Sir—that is. I recollect the time when there was no travellin' done above twelve miles an hour, and *then* not without good flesh and blood; when there was none of these here rails a cuttin' up the country and a makin' Old England crossed and lined about like a schoolboy's cord'roys. *All* the march of intellect, Sir; its been a goin' it at railway pace itself, and the conseqens is Sir, that we're all a gettin' too fast for each other. "That's the time o' day" used to be an old sayin, but now it must be somethin' faster than the time o' day as 'ull do for us—and so it 'ull go on; one old fellow will diskiver *this* and another old fellow will diskiver *that*, 'till afore we're many year older, blest if neither you nor me Sir will know how long we may reckon upon the use of our eyes and limbs, for what with blowins up on land and runnin' down by water, the old gent himself 'ud be puzzled to know whether he'd find his tail in the right place when he woke up. The fact is Sir, people's a tryin to do things as aint possible, and the less likely anythin is to come to anythin the more likelier people is to run arter it. I recollect when I was a young colt, caperin about the streets, being werry much interested one day with a bill in a shop winder, as said that upstairs there was to be seen a *Hin-visible* Gal! Well, Sir, thinks I—bust my boots, *that* beats balloonin! A *hin-visible* gal to be *seen* for sixpence! Well I'm blest! that's a clincher *that* is! Howsomever, as I was always fond of lookin at visible gals, thinks I, I'll go and hold horses till I gets sixpence and then I'll get a sight of a *hin-visible* one and see what *she's* like. Well Sir, I persewered and I got sixpence, and I paid it down and I went into the room and I see a rum lookin red silk sort of a box, somethin between a meatsafe and the Lord Mayor's coach, a swingin in the middle of the room, and the feller as shewed it said as how the *In-visible* Gal was to be seen inside on it, and that's all as I could see for my money: there was a feller a spoutin and a askin all manner of quevestions, and somethin or other inside the box a answerin on him, but it warnt a gal, and if it had been it would ha' been a take-in, coz we paid our money, like fools, to see what the bill said warnt visible, so I just told the feller as owned the concern a bit of my mind. Says I, that there's a sell, mister; I'm blowed, says I, if ever you ketches me 'agin a tryin to see what never *was*, and never *can be*, says I, and a payin to do so into the bargain, says I. Well Sir, I dare say the feller thought me a himpudent young tiger; but says he,

—its all right my man says he, this here's the march of hintellect says he—there aint a person as pays a sixpunce here, says he, as don't go out a deal wiser than they comes in, and if a lesson in wisdom ain't cheap at sixpunce says he, why take your tanner back and go and spend it in arline plums and goosberries, says he, and die of kollery morbis ! Well Sir, that 'ere speecch made a werry deep impression on me and the gettin back of the tanner I've never forgot,—but depend upon it, Sir, when you hear of these here clearwayances—where you asks a young woman in a cellar what's for supper in the garret and expect her to tell you, even to pigs' chitterlings and baked tatars, its just a case of a lesson in wisdom and ain't dear at sixpunce."

"Well but," said I, "dont you think if people can afford it, its just as well to see and hear all one can and do as much good as possible for the advance of science?"—

"Oh ! in course !" said he, "that's just it, that's the way these here railways fust come into fashion. A feller with a long coat and a short jacket a top of it, waggles his pigtail and says he—let's try if we can't run a line across Ratcliff Highway or across Tooley Street,—or under Primrose Hill, says he. Now Sir, who but a madman would ha' thought of such a thing !—wouldn't that old feller have been put into a loonatic asylum in our grandfathers' time Sir ?—in course he would and sarve him right.—Yet a parcel of old fogies, who've got more money than 'manners puts their thick heads together, and thinks coz they happen to be what's called inflenshal people that they can do any thing they like, so long as they don't hurt theirselves—and so, as they aint got long to live and wants to see as much as they can in a little time, they starts railways and steam boats, and knocks up coaches, horses, coachmen, guards, horsckeepers, innkeepers, ostlers, helps, corn-chandlers and no end of people—and all coz their worn out old pins can't carry them over the ground fast enough to please 'em—that's the way these here new-fangled things comes about, and that's the way the country's overrun with beggars and railways. It can't last, Sir ; depend upon it there'll be a smash somewheres soon and take my word for it, it won't be a soft place they falls upon—it mayn't be in my time or in yours—but sooner or later, Sir there'll be a reg'lar smash and the glory of Old England 'ull go out like the snuff of a long six in a chandler's shop winder. The world's a gettin too fast, Sir, but what don't come out natr'ally, can't come to no good, as a young brother of mine told his missus, when she made him carry her prayer book and bible to Church arter her. He was an uncommon pre-

cozious boy, Tom was. I dare say you've see'd see that a Shetland pony always looks as old as a horse: likewise Tom look'd as old as a man, and might have passed for a parson only he was always a bearin up his nose, and saying somethin good.



And now Sir, we're near our journey's end—and I hopes how it may'nt be a long time afore we meet agin, for

it aint often I come across a gent like youself as agrees with me in opinion. I hopes howsomever that I haven't given offence in no way. I've always had a knack of speakin my mind and I dare say its the sort of thing as 'ull go with me to the end of my journey through life—and as all the widders and pretty gals I've been a talkin about can't hear me it doesn't much matter and I dare say them as talks less on 'em thinks wuss. Howsomever, whatever is said by you and me, or a few thousand others Sir, won't make no alteration in the marriage fees, nor werry materially affect the sale of weddin rings, so when we meet agin Sir, we'll try how our opinions agree by that time. This here's the busy town Sir. No want of chimbleys, hereabouts, and yet if you'll believe me there aint hardly a sweep in the whole place : that's another proof of the monopolizin principle Sir—they does all the sweepin by machines, thinking the soot didn't soot the constitution of the little warments as had been born and bred in it,—*that's* the march of hintellect agin Sir. I ha'n't patience with such humbug ; they might just as well take me off the road, coz the rain and snow was unhealthy—aint we used to it ? and aint them ere little black indiuiddals just as much used to it ? There's a old sayin, that “use is second natur”—and I believe its a true 'un, and yet a parcel of people go a potterin about the world, a tryin to mend everything as isn't broken, when if they was to look at their own cracked brains they'd find enough to mend at home, Sir.

“And now Sir I shall say good bye,” said my friend (as we banged in under an archway) “this here's the best hotel in Brømmagem ; it has been famous ever since I've know'd it for comfortable beds, capital wine, and a pretty barmaid, and if they aint recommendations enough they ought to be—for you may go further and fare wuss. Now Davy get this here gent's luggage out of the hind boot and take partickler care you keep the right side uppermost, if you can find it.”

After seeing my travelling wardrobe safe in the porter's hands, and pressing a small gratuity into the glove of my chatty companion, I ordered a comfortable little dinner and took myself off for a stroll round the town or some of the principal streets in it, rather sorry that I had not a further opportunity of listening to the quaint maxims of the coachman.

OUTSIDER.

*Dacca, Sept. 1st, 1846.*

## UP COUNTRY HORSES. THE COURSES OF ALLYGHUR AND MEERUT.

"Better late than never," so I will do my best to put you and the public right regarding the real weights carried by those horses, Brag, Reserve and Etonian, for the Lancer Cup of 1845, which has been misrepresented in your Review, page 175, vol. 1, headed "Presidency and Up-Country Horses." The weights were 9st. 6lb. for all Arabs; thus the great Brag carried 6lb. *less* in his great mile performance at Allyghur, instead of 8lb. more, as therein stated. *Only* 1st. or 14lb. difference! All those that did not know the real weights for the Lancer's Cup, would certainly have agreed with you, in believing the timing or measurement of the course was incorrect. But one part of that passage I cannot pass over without a word in support of as good a horse as any of his day. "It was against Knight Templar," same weights. Does this give any strength to your opinion on the incorrectness of the time or course? It's only Knight Templar's 5th year. Look up the running *on* of Flibbertigibbet and several other Arabs that I could mention. I believe the Knight to have been as good, for the distance, on that day, as he ever was, and would certainly have been near, if not quite winning, if he had had a rider on his back that could have done him justice. You believe Brag might have "come on,"—I don't think so. No better than he was on the 1st day at Meerut on the 8th February, when he got beat by Reserve in 1-54½ at the same weights. Mr. Editor, you should train a stable of horses at Meerut, and try them there, and then take the same horses to Allyghur, and try them there also. You would exclaim the "Course must be wrong;" of course you would get a chain and measure it, or some one to do it for you, and you looking on. "It's all *right*," you would say; "the watch must be wrong,"—that you also prove to be *correct*. "Oh! it's impossible, my 3-1 horse at Meerut runs in 2-54; cant be;" so give us another trial with the same *result*. The fact is, Mr. Editor, that the Meerut course is so sandy, and no foot hold, together with a hill to commence with, and also to finish with, in a two mile race, that it makes a difference of eight seconds in two miles for horses of all shape and make, the *average* I mean, of course. With light lanky horses it's ten or eleven more, with strong and well set horses it's a trifle less: thus Brag runs his mile 4 seconds quicker with the same weights, as I suppose

him to have been able to run on the 8th February in 1-55. Your old Brag was doomed not to appear in his old form (like Elepoo last season,) or no Arab in Upper India, or in any other part of India in my opinion, could have beaten him. I should like to have seen him and Elepoo meet their 1st year 1843-44 at 8st. 7lbs. each over the Calcutta Course. I am sure from the way Brag won his two and a half mile race against Mad Cap, the latter getting a start of at least 30 yards, as must be remembered by all who saw it, and he did his first half mile in 55 seconds and Brag was with him just at the post, that he must have run *his* first half mile in 53; he was never after headed and after running his first two miles in 3-58, going just as he pleased, he cantered home, pulling double over his rider, in 5m. 1s. I believe had Brag been pressed that day, he could have run two miles over Meerut in 3-54: thus the great Elepoo would have to run to the tune of 3 43 to have beaten Brag. I give *ten* seconds for the difference of the two courses.

I shall now give a few proofs of my allowance of *eight* seconds in favor of Allyghur course over Meerut, as to the timing of horses. I have no proofs to support my allowance of *ten* seconds in favor of Calcutta as a timing course over Meerut, except that I fully believe there to be two seconds in favor of Calcutta over Allyghur. Most people that have seen the two courses will agree with me, and it's well known hard courses are in favor of the timing being better, rather than soft courses. Allyghur course is rather sandy and has not much grass over it: hence its softness and want of "foot hold" makes a difference of two seconds in two miles over a course that is hard and *has* good grass, as Calcutta is known to have.

SPUR ROWELL has given an excellent account of the past Calcutta Meetings. On one passage, however, I trust I may be permitted to make a few observations. "But what is more striking is the general goodness of the time as compared with other years, there being no races the time of which could be called bad. If we except those run when the course was heavy from continued rains. In *fact* the timing of *second rate* Arabs such as Nutcut, Mavourneen, the General, &c. would enable them to *sweep any other course in India.*" I fear Spur Rowell would cut but a poor figure at Meerut, with the three horses mentioned. But I am anxious to see some of those horses go to Meerut, and then we should hear what their timing would be there. I think, however, *neither* of the horses named could run their 2 miles under 4-4, or their mile and a half better than 3-1, or 3 minutes.

It's possible they might do better, if they had Calcutta training and riding, and above all, Calcutta watches held to them.\* The only good horses from Calcutta, I mean those that had run and given as good timing very nearly as any Arabs of the present day, were Balzac and Mishap, and the latter never was right from something that happened to him on the march up—so we cannot say what he might have done. Balzac ran his one and a half mile in Calcutta 8st. 5lbs. in 2-53, and was only beaten a length or so for the Handicap two miles in 3-55—8st. 8lbs. up, vide *Sporting Magazine* for the Meeting 1839-40. He started several times at Meerut and was beaten by second rate horses; but of course he was not in such fine condition as when in Calcutta. Neither is it expected that any gentleman trainer or native trainer could cope with that first of all trainers Robert Ross. Still Balzac was looking well and his condition could not have made so much difference in his running—heaten in 4-16, 8st. 8lbs. up, for two miles by a gallo way giving him 1 lb. too—allowing two seconds for the extra 6lbs. at Allyghur, he does his mile and a half ten seconds quicker than at Meerut.

Tara's best and fastest mile and a half was on the first day at Meerut for the Give and Take Purse, won by Ellenborough R. C. in 3-9. Tara being only beaten a length with 9st. 9lbs. mile and a half being equal to 3-5. If you allow three seconds for Tara's 9lbs., he would have been able to run his mile and a half in 3-2 over Meerut: thus he is only beaten by a length in 2-55½, say 2-56, which is six seconds faster than at Meerut. The English horse Etonian's best and fastest mile and a half was in the first heat for the Lancer's Cup, won in 3-1, say, for Etonian 3-½, as he was only beaten two lengths or so. He was beaten by Holdfast by a length or more perhaps in 2-55½, say 2-56, thus he ran his mile and a half with the same weights in 5½ seconds quicker at Allyghur than at Meerut. Knight Templar only started for one race at Meerut, the Loser's Handicap, and won in a canter in 3-5 for 1½ mile. I will allow him to have been able to run the same distance with 8st. 7lbs. up—he only carried 8st. in the Loser's—in 3-2: thus he ran his mile and a half nearly six seconds quicker, at Allyghur than at Meerut—as he was well up with Tara at the finish, who won in 2-56.

Now, Mr Editor, what do you say to this? Think

\* This is an unworthy insinuation. With reference to the best time here suggested our correspondent is altogether wrong. Nutcut ran an excellent third for the Derby (2 miles) which was won in 3m. 54½s., and R. C. (1¼m. and 15 yds.) in 3m. 26s. Again he was only beaten by a head and neck by Soldan, 1¼ mile in 2m. 22s. Mavourneen was next to Nutcut in the second race above mentioned.—A. E.

you now that Brag did not run his mile in 1-51? If he had been in his proper form, he could have run his mile in 1-46 over Allyghur. In as weak and bad condition as it is well known he was in, he ran a trial three quarters of a mile in 1-21. There is no doubt but Brag is one of the most powerful Arabs that ever came round, with great bone and such a quiet beast that you might do any thing to him, even when feeding, which is the time most horses will show temper if they have any, but Brag never cared about being mauled all over, and would hardly condescend to notice you. "Well, to the proofs," very good Mr. Editor, you shall have them. I have no Magazine to refer to earlier than the Meetings of 1841-42, as one mile is the subject of my addressing you, I shall commence with it. In the December Meeting 1841, the fastest mile, and the only mile ever run by him was won by Deceiver in a match, 8st. 7lbs. each, beating Balzac by a head only in 1-58½; the fastest mile and a half, won by Borodino, was the Britannia Cup R. C. and distance, being done in 3-8, 3-9 for R. C. the other not having been taken, at any rate the time of R. C. is only down, vide Sporting Magazine. R. C. is one and a half miles and 61 yards, say 3-4 for one and half mile. The fastest two miles was won by the same horse beating Saladin 8st. 7lbs. even weights, in 4-3½: there was no two and half miles: the three miles, the fastest was run by Little Wonder in 6-15, carrying 8st. 2lbs. I will now follow the same horses to Allyghur, where they meet again in one month and thirteen days after they had ran at Meerut. The fastest mile was won by Timore in 1-52½, beating Borodino at even weights 8st. 7lbs. each, the same horse won the 1st heat of a mile and a half race in 2-53, beating Borodino by a neck. Borodino won the 2nd heat in 2-54 and the 3rd very easy in 3m. The fastest two miles were run by Potentate, the first two miles of a two and half mile race, being done in 3-54, and the two and half mile in 4-55 won by a head only, weights 8st. 7lbs. and 8st. Saladin also ran two miles in 3-55 and was beaten at Meerut in 4-3½, same weights. Deceiver also ran one and a half mile in 2-58. Borodino and Little Wonder, at nine stone each ran three miles in 6-4, won by the former by half a head. Deceiver was beaten at Meerut in 4-12 for two miles and ran a mile in 1-58½. I will suppose him to have been able to run one and half mile in 3-6, certainly not better; thus his timing is seven and half seconds quicker for one and half mile at Allyghur than at Meerut. Borodino I have shown to be 3-4 for the like distance, at Meerut his running is more extraordinary being quicker by 10 seconds in 1½ mile at Allyghur. Saladin's running at Allyghur is nine seconds quicker than



at Meerut for two miles, and seven seconds in a mile and a half, vide Saladin's running for the Lancer Cup, in which he won the first heat in 3-5, and got beaten afterwards in 3-5 and 3-9. I have shown Little Wonder to have run three miles at Meerut in 6-15 and won in a canter. I will allow him to have been able to run it in 6-8: thus with 12lbs. more on his back, he does it in 6-4. At the least I should allow eight seconds for 12lbs. in three miles, so Little Wonder runs his three miles twelve seconds quicker over Allyghur than at Meerut. Potentate was half dead at Meerut, so his running is not noticed. There was a little meeting at Allyghur and Meerut in 1842-43, but I never saw any account of the running in any Magazine. 1843-44 was blank at Allyghur. In 1844-45 there was a meeting as has been stated.

I will now give the best timing of each of the horses at Meerut for the same distances as they afterwards ran at Allyghur, to show if these horses also give any proofs of my allowance. It has been shown that Brag ran a mile four seconds quicker at Allyghur than at Meerut. The best mile and a half of Brag's at Meerut was in the second heat for the Lancer Cup, won in 3-4, say 3-5 for Brag 9st. 6lbs. up—At Allyghur, with 6lbs. less, he wins a mile and a half race in 2-56½, and not with such great difficulty as was stated, or why should he have ran so well for the Forced Handicap two days after, at the same weights for a mile and three quarters and only been beaten by a-neck in 3-27. If I allow two seconds for the 6lbs., Brag ran his one and a half mile seven seconds quicker at Allyghur than at Meerut. Holdfast's best or fastest mile and a half was his first race, first day, at Meerut R. C. being won in 3-7½, even to 3-3½ for one and a half mile. I find he beats the English Etonian at Allyghur one and a half mile heats in 2-55½ and 2-56 with 6lbs. more on his back. He had no chance for the Lancer Cup won in 3-5, 3-5 for one and a half mile. He was beaten ahead in a match 8st. 7lbs. each, by Deceiver, for one mile won in 1-58½. He was also beaten in a canter by Saladin, *getting* one stone from him for one and a half mile, and a distance. I should much like to see some *first rate* Calcutta horses go to Meerut, and have a fair chance to be got fit to run, also to have good riders on them. I doubt much if any of the Arabs of the present day could do more than our up-country horses have done. I know many will say 'what a farce' this is, and doubtless you too Mr Editor, so I will wind up this scrawl, and if you don't think it will disgrace your much admired *Review*, pray give it a corner in No. VII., and you will oblige the friends of

OLD BRAG.

## A TRIP TO THE PENCHE RIVER.

About the end of May, S—s and I left our most pitifully quiet little station, with the intention of slaying a certain tiger that had been the pest of a village called Simarceah, about ten miles off: the interview I expected with him, was by no means to be the first, for only a fortnight before, whilst in the same jungles, on foot, he sprung out upon me, and being turned by a couple of balls, knocked down two of the coolies, one of whom has since gone to "the happy hunting grounds."

Arrived at our ground, nothing could be better than the report of the head man of the village, three bullocks having been killed in as many days! However, after beating without success for four hours, we were obliged to return to our tents and claret mug. That same I'd recommend as a noble tipple, when out shooting in the hot weather. The same evening we got intelligence of a "kill" about four miles off; ordered the elephant, and coolies to beat the spot by day light, and rode out ourselves next morning. In the first beat the coolies turned out a leopard, which neither of us saw. In the second, S—s caught a glimpse of the expected one, but didn't fire; he afterwards broke through the coolies, when we countermarched them and re-beat the jungle. This time the "lord of the forest" broke about forty yards from me, my first ball breaking his back, prevented him showing any fun, but he took five balls, in his head and neck before he gave in. His skin measures  $11\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length, and  $9\frac{1}{2}$  in breadth across the shoulders. Next day S—s returned to the station, and I again beat Simarceah—still no go; two or three of the beaters said they saw the tiger taking away up a hill about a mile off, but this I shrewdly suspect was a "Mrs Harris!"—I was so disgusted at not getting him this day, that on the next I went on to Sank, a great place for bears. I have seen as many as seven turned out in one beat, but their favourite dwelling place is an immense mass of rocks, from which it is almost impossible to get them out. Go there early in the morning, you are half deafened with their grunting and howling, but neither stones, nor squibs, will make one in a hundred quit his cave.

A little way beyond this, however, I was standing at the mouth of a hole, where a shikaree was showing me he had once killed a tiger, when out rushed a whacking bear, within three yards of me: as quick as thought I gave him a couple of balls in his chest, which staggered him a little, I then gave him other two doses with my second gun, at which he

grunted most awfully—whilst I was reloading he scrambled back into his den, and it was the work of half an hour's shouting, with spears and sticks, before he would again show. When he did, to my surprise he rushed at me, as if he was all right, and I had to give him three more balls to kill him. Now this is not the first or second bear I've shot, and hitherto always found that a ball, or at most two, in the white part of the chest was instant death, but when this chap's hide was taken off, he showed my four first balls within an inch of each other in his chest and yet he was alive, and ready to fight half an hour afterwards!—He was certainly of great size.

Finding myself so near the Penche river, and no particular business calling me into the station, I sent in for my rods and tackle, and hastened on to that 'Paradise of Mahseer' M—ch—a ! You see Mr Editor, I am obliged to involve the actual locale in a certain obscurity, as not being fifty miles from a large division of the Mull Army, I think I do quite enough in merely mentioning the name of the river, leaving to its visitors the pleasing task of finding out its most favoured nooks.—Well, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 in the afternoon of an early day in June, you might have seen your humble servant carefully putting together his well-tried rod, having previously immersed his strongest tackle in a saucer of water, to soften the gut which in this climate gets so very brittle. All this is done at the tents—and now 'tis 4 P. M. There has been a slight shower in the morning, and 'tis only this moment that the sun has immerged from the mass of clouds that have shrouded him during the fore part of the day. Arrived at his favourite nook (the fishermen, not the sun) his heart is gladdened by the frequent, yea, incessant splash—splash of the minor fry, and the duller, deeper toned surge of some noble broad-backed Mahseer, as he shows his hungry nose above the surface. But you may be sure, our fisherman hasn't wasted all this time in viewing the finny tribe *a la distance*. No ! Already has the silvery line flown over his head, and, there the tempting "imitation" gently touches the water, which you could swear actually rose to meet it, so instantaneous is the rush ! and the whir—r—r—r ! whir—r—r ! ! as a silvery-sided monster skips along the crystal surface of the pool, running eighty yards of line off thereel, well nigh before you know in what direction he has gone. Here probably he begins to find the weight of line no joke, and round he sweeps with sudden dashes right towards the spot where he first felt the hook. Then, Mr Fisherman, as you value your credit, be alive ! Let not one inch of slack be felt, or good bye to fish, line, hooks, &c., for be assured your scaly friend is making

for some dark, rocky cavern, known only to such as he, where one momentary touch of its sharp edges will soon free him from the inconvenient restraint you have imposed on him. But everything must have an end, and our Mahseer is approaching his,—you have got him within a range of fifteen yards, and his frequent dashes to the surface, and those glances you catch of his white belly show that he is nearly done up; a minute more, and your nimble-handed servant has got him within the meshes of your landing net—a famous fish of 20lbs.

Such was my first fish, and with like success did I continue till dusk, when I found I had killed 124lbs of fish, varying from 5 to 25lbs. weight. Next day cold, cloudy and windy, just about as bad a day as could well be for the sport—at first not a fish would look at either fly, bait, or gram, but in the afternoon out came the sun, and whilst he lasted, I killed 113lbs., none exceeding 15lbs in weight. Thus bagging in what may be called one day's fishing 237lbs. of Mahseer. A curious circumstance occurred to me, which shows that the fish owes its death as much to the wound received from the hook, as to the fatigue caused by his strenuous exertions in attempting to get away. During the first evening I hooked a fish which getting round a rock broke away; next day when fishing at the same spot, my servant pointed me out a dead fish, in a shallow pool, which communicated with the stream: on examining him, I found in his mouth the identical hook I had lost the evening before. He was only slightly hooked in the lower jaw. After such good sport as this I thought I might now return to the station, so left M——ch——a the following day. On my way in I got a couple of young tigers, but the mother escaped me.

And now, Mr Editor, if from this maiden production of my grey goose-quill you gather aught that may savour of future promise, say so, and I'll see if I can't bring the fidgiting high-flying filly to the more sober and decent paces of the steady roadster, when to scribble away the idle hours, in giving you our exploits up here, will afford much pleasure to

THE BONE-BREAKER.

*Seonee, June, 1846.*

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## A REVIEW OF FEROZEPORE.

During my sojourn in the North West, I happened to touch at Ferozepore in 1843 and in 1844. I made some personal observations regarding the capabilities of the different jungle coverts of that station; whilst opportunity was afforded me of a resumption of my researches the following year.

This endeavour, accurately to write a record for the benefit of others—with what pretensions to completeness I leave them to judge—is the result of the above experience.

Should the attempt prove of too feeble or futile a nature for the *India Sporting Review*, I shall nevertheless not regret having passed a few hours in the recalling of former days, or, in the memory of pleasing reminiscences.

To the immediate neighbourhood, *i. e.* to within twelve miles say—will I confine myself, limiting my remarks to any information I happen to be master of, regarding the several jungle-haunts and the beasts and birds coming under the denomination of game, or affording sport which they may happen to hold.

First in my list there is Khool, nine miles on the Loodianah road. It is a small fortified village formerly capable of defence, but now in a dilapidated state from the ravages attendant on the late battles in the neighbourhood, when the maraudings of the enemy extended much further than Khool.

It boasts of a tolerable jungle of thickly-set thorn and other shrubs and grass, varying from one to two feet in height.

In it we find the following game: antelopes, gazelles, hares, partridges, quails, sand grouse, &c. in the season, and the ox-eye, or great Norfolk plover. I have picked up the feathers of the larger bustard, and there ought to be florican in some very good grass jungle there.

At the termination of the season my bags, half a dozen in number, amounted to twenty-one hares and twenty brace of birds. Herds of deer were generally afoot, and on one occasion I saw thirty to forty head of hares, and again, in a few hours' beating of the barley and gram *khets*, bounded by jungle, from forty to fifty brace of blacks. As the cover generally afforded every facility for stalking, I much regretted that I never had a rifle with me when I saw deer.

*Mundote.*—The first stage on the Loodianah road. It is rarely visited on account of the notorious fierceness and wildness of, more especially, the district inhabitants. I only shot there once, and that was on the following occasion.

*Extract from my journal kept on the line of march.*—The road from Ferozepore difficult to trace at this season of the year, being turned up in many places by the plough; country all the way bare, when not under cultivation or wooded. Across the nullah, between Khye and Mundote is some likely looking jungle for pig and hog-deer; but I saw no bush. Along the canal some wild-fowl and snipe shooting may be had.

On the morrow I intend trying what game is to be found beyond the town.

*Following day.*—The Khan Sahib having previously intimated his gracious intention of shewing us some sport with his falcons, I went out about gun-fire, when, passing through the town I observed one of the streets lined with hawkers and their charges, and on the other by quail keepers and their (fighting) charges. However, the men required not appearing, we rode on.

After reaching some tamarisk jungle, I beat for quail, of which a good sprinkling were flushed; but, from the nature of the ground, I could only get a few snap shots, before the horsemen cantered up with the hawks accoutred in the usual manner and perched on the arms of their keepers, who were mounted on wiry looking Scinde ponys, and which proved to be admirably trained to the sport. At the request of the gamekeepers, we moved on beating about for partridges, but springing none, and as the ground where game was reported to be plentiful was further on, the retracing of our steps was decided on ere the sun became hot. But first, we witnessed a fly or two at some minahs, and other minor birds which were taken in perfect style, giving us an insight into the princely diversion of *hawking*.

With a steady line of beaters one might be successful in a varied and full bag here: the cover is very prepossessing, and, cultivation—of various description—extensive; consequently there is no lack of food, nor is water a desideratum, the river Sutledge rolling at hand.

The fort of Mundote is, from a distance, of pleasing and commanding appearance, the lofty turrets towering above a thick and tall plantation, the river washing the very base of the brick bastions.

*The Island.*—An amazingly fertile tract of land, about six miles in length by two and a half broad.

It is the largest of two or three, in this part of the Sutledge, (I imagine they are all joined at a certain season,) and opposite to, and about three miles from the city, which is situated mid-way from cantonments.

Some years back the greater part of the island was under

grass and seed jungle of great height and density. Of this, much has given place to cultivation: with it the days of tigers have gone, while those of the wild boar will also soon be faded. Yet, last year, there were sounders of pig. I well recollect on one occasion, a sow and litter breaking cover in a field which I was beating for birds, and the line of beaters betaking themselves to flight in a most precipitate manner. The same year a party succeeded in spearing several, notwithstanding the great drawback to riding in the innumerable short and strong stumps of *jow*, the prevailing jungle there.

It is not necessary to mention who composed the above trio, but I cannot refrain from stating, that the leader was a veteran, not less famous as the leader of an army (or division rather), than of a field of hog-hunters.

By the aforementioned impediment of stumps much of the enjoyment of riding is precluded, otherwise 'twould be worth while casting a small pack of harriers into ground like this, to judge from the nature of which—a damp, rich soil, more or less overgrown with grass—the scent lies well. The supply of jackalls is abundant.

By reference, I find six different bags, making a total of thirty-two brace of blacks, quail, water-fowl and snipe.

Besides the game just enumerated, there are here the hog-deer, bears, bustard, florican, sand grouse, and varieties of geese, ducks, and other water-fowl, &c. including the coolen, the ordinary marsh-birds, large and small, the grey curlew, and the spur-winged plover.

In one of two large tanks or jheels, one of them of considerable depth in parts, are particularly fine fish.

Alligators are in tolerable force on the banks of the river, where the otter is also common.

I have betimes wiled away a few hours with the rod. The denizens of the water are various, from the porpoise down.

*Shonk*.—A large collection of mud walls and flat-roofed edifices of the same material, is situate three miles from Ferozepore. It seems to be a colony of coolies and cattle.

Surrounding it, and along the road from cantonments, there is a good deal of cultivated land, and wild indigo.

In this, a good few hours' shooting may be had at the quail; a few partridges, and a hare or two can be added from the dry bed of the nullah, where also bustard have occasionally been seen, and ravine deer frequently.

When the fields are bare, morning and evening are they covered with the large rock pigeon or sand grouse. The smaller species of this bird, I generally found on ground

devoid of jungle, or near to jheels. The former arrives about September, and the date of departure is in March. I have seen the latter in May during the rains, and in the cold weather. March and April therefore seem the only months during which it is not with us. The flesh of both these, as well as of a third variety (the painted I imagine,) which I fell in with on the road to Segude, approaches in excellence the delicious red grouse of Europe.

In the former-mentioned jheels, provided there be water sufficient, a couple of teal may always prove an addition to the bag.

Follow me to a favourite beat about one and a half miles inland. To my estimation it is *the beat par excellence* within miles of Ferozepore; it is a belt of grass with bushes—such as jungle-fowl delight to dwell in. It has not the honor of holding any such game as the above, but only make a steady advance in slow time, and ere many yards of ground have been gone over, you are certain to

“ See from the brake the whirring partridge spring,  
And mount exulting on triumphant wing,”

when, affording the mark this bird generally does when he rises perpendicularly from the feet, you ought to stop the career of several brace. In this place, last year the beves of quail were strong, and large herds of deer were commonly seen. The quail were of four kinds:—the common (*Tetras Cortunix*); the Coromandel (*Cortunix Textiles*); the Rain quail, and the Button (*Demopodious Dessamier*.)

Peafowl were scarce. I never saw the painted partridge (*Perdix Picta*.)

Though all the covers were well stocked in 1843, when, putting up fifty head of hares was not an unusual occurrence of a morning, I could not now warrant a good day's sport, by directing to any particular place, save perhaps the belt of grass.

Within the last couple of years, the hares have had the addition of many biped enemies—(Queen's troops being stationed at Ferozepore)—to the common quadruped; viz., hyænas, wolves, jackals, foxes, cats, the grave-diggers, mongoose, and other vermin and reptiles. Some of the men of the first European corps were determined poachers; among other instances I have seen thirty head of hares being conveyed into cautions at the same time! Dogs always accompanied the gangs, so that none might escape.

Abstract of bags for 1845: 1 deer, 10 hares, 130 birds.



*Khye*.—Distant about three miles due west of Ferozepoor cantonment, and on the left of the Scinde road.

Between the place in question and the former locality, the country is plain and uninteresting except in the rainy season, at which period the scorched grass gives place to a green coat. This is the ground for antelope, being of a sandy and undulated nature, and intersected by nullahs. I have seen thirty deer in a herd here, bounding over the expanse. I was enabled to ascertain the number they mustered, by their passing in review before me, in single file, as they are wont to do when the gaining a certain point has been determined upon by them.

'Tis a pleasing sight when the dew is yet upon the grass, to behold a herd of this beautiful and graceful animal bounding over the open space, with the activity of their race, led on by a noble black buck, with his long and spiral horns thrown back with the head, which almost rests on his brawny shoulders.

We seldom find any other object in this direction to diversify the level country, save, perhaps, a pack of wolves, a couple of jackals, the gigantic crane, the screaming scarlet-headed ibis, or what is more compatible to the wishes of the sportsman—the bustard. The favourite resort of this bird was behind Khye. I shot two fine specimens there; though far from being the largest of the number they must have stood near four feet. I experienced considerable difficulty in getting within range, and bringing to bag these out of eight or ten, which frequented the country during the months intervening between April and September.

The bustard is universally known to be a bird very difficult of approach, but when sprung can generally be marked down again from the nature of their flight. Practising various artifices, I think it is the best place to pick them off with a rifle, when visible on the plain. *En passant*, I quite disagree with PURDY, in regard to the flesh of this bird: I found it as much esteemed as the plumage was admired by several redoubtable connoisseurs.

The sand-grouse is as plentiful at Khye as elsewhere. A few brace of them, a deer, and the bustard constituted my bag at this place.

The surrounding khets of the *city*, alone remain to be explored. In these, extending to, and along the bank of the Sutledge, eight or ten couple of quail after tiffin may be awarded to a fair shot; twenty couple having fallen to my "Moore," in three or four trials.

In completion to add up, and make a grand total of the

several diminutive bags which fell to my share during eight months of 1845 alone, remains. The following is the result: 2 deer, 2 bustards, and about 270 blacks, greys, grouse, quail, snipe, and water-fowl.

Having disposed of the above, and proved, some may say, satisfactorily, that there is no shooting at Ferozepore (and neither there is in comparison to many other stations, and that this is the consequence of a general scarcity of water and jungle), I will briefly allude to the other branches of field-amusement—those of a different nature not coming within the compass of this paper.

As regards *Coursing*:—although the plains presented obstacles of somewhat formidable nature for both dogs and horses, and the necks of their riders in deep excavations, every yard or so, and many *wells*, I have witnessed runs and hares pulled down.

The aforementioned holes in the earth are made by a class of natives for the purpose of digging out the *Sander*—a species of lizard from which *oil* is extracted, but to proceed.

As to last year's *Sky Rucss*, you may recollect the winning post was transferred into the Seikh Army.

*Cricket* matches were commenced early, and kept up with spirit. I did not participate in the enjoyment of the game, therefore will leave to those who did to supply records. *Appropos*, to the members of two or three parties who managed to throw off their individual trammels of parades, and other professional duties and to make excursion into the wild woods, there to wage war against their as wild denizens, would I call for narratives, of the registering of which, the larger and nobler game reported to have been killed by them, are more worthy than the inferior kind, upon which I have dwelt—to such an extent—that I am warned of the over-growth of the article, or whatever it may be designated, and will conclude after observing that at a station where there were so few ~~as-~~times, without the resource of shooting, I could never have drawled out existence. To those only who happened to be located at Ferozepore, can it be conceived how greatly a few hours dedicated to the amusement afforded by the gun, tended to alleviate the settled stream of the inactive monotony of Indian Cantonment life.

FIELDSMAN.

JULLUNDAR DOAB, August, 1846.

## A FORTNIGHT'S SHIKAR.

Kubbur coming in of five tigers at Manchoah about 30 miles to the eastward, a band of three determined upon going out—especially as a fine tigress had been killed there in the same month last year, by two of this party who knew it as a certain kill, if true—so tents, &c. were sent out and the party started after tiffin with the thermometer nearly as high as boiling water—however, when shikar is in prospect a man never feels the heat. They arrived at the mookam about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8, at night, hungry and tired, and found nothing to eat, but *dust*, which was so thick you could hardly see an inch before you. After some time a miserable grilled chicken was produced—and with the aid of sundry bottles of beer despatched, and the party felt a little more khoosh—and turned in for the night, anxiously awaiting the coming morrow. About 8 o'clock the following morning in came our old friend Rowta, a noted shikaree, with kubbur of a fine tigress marked down in a ravine about a mile from the tents: guns were ordered to be got ready immediately and breakfast quickly despatched; however, our friend Rowta would not allow them to go out until he had satisfied himself that it was hot enough to prevent the tiger decamping—this he did by putting his face on the ground and feeling the heat, at last he gave the word off!—After proceeding about a mile they came to a fine ravine leading into the Watruck, where the animal was marked down, the party being placed in position. By the by, I may as well designate them: two have already appeared in your pages, one as PURDY and the other BURNETT, the remaining one may as well be called LANG—(the maker of his rifle.) Lang took up a position on a tree to the right, Purdy on the left, opposite—and Burnett about one hundred yards in the rear. I forgot the “Bulldog” who volunteered his services, and was placed just in front of Burnett. The party being ready, the signal was given to the beaters on the top of the ravine: after a few shouts, a tremendous roar was heard and out came a fine tigress—she charged up the bank in front of Lang (trying to escape to a neighbouring ravine) but got a shot from that gentleman which sent her roaring down towards Purdy, who hit her in the shoulder, which only brought her on the faster; he gave her the other barrel just under his tree: she was now furious and charged back again into the ravine, hoping to have some unfortunate beater, but they were all up on trees; at the first roar Purdy gave her another shot

close to the rump as she was disappearing in the bushes. Lang could now see her crawling from bush to bush—howling with rage and pain: at last she disappeared into the bottom of the ravine, where ran a fine stream of water; this revived her and she remained quiet. Every thing was now done to get her to break again—but in vain, a surly growl was the only answer to various match-locks fired: at last a man on a tree said he could see her below him—so Purdy dismounted and taking a man with a spare gun, went to the place shewn—sure enough there she was lying under a bush, looking up at him, and grinning horribly; however, a shot in the ribs and another between the shoulder-blades sent her staggering into the water again. She was now invisible; fireworks were thrown in, but without effect; they set fire to the jungle all round her—still she would not come out. Purdy now determined to go down to the assault, but the fire and smoke stopped him, so a cheroot was lighted and smoked until it should cease: after a few minutes a shout was raised by some men on a tree, who said the animal had left her lair and was making her way out—and sure enough there she was, lying in the water, head erect, about 100 yards from her former position: there was no seeing her from the top of the bank of the ravine (at least to take a certain shot) so Purdy went down towards her, accompanied by a gallant cooly named Mar Sing; another volunteer also came, by the by a sort of nokre of a neighbouring petty Rajah, who had come out to see the fun. He very valiantly volunteered to assist Purdy down the hill—however about half way down the tigress gave a roar and lashed her tail, when away went the volunteer in such a hurry, that he tripped and fell, and screamed like an hysterical old lady: he very soon afterwards was seen on the highest tree, and even that he did not fancy quite safe. But all this time the tigress has been left in a rather dangerous position for Mr Purdy, so we will return to him. He managed to get down within a few yards and put in a shot at the back of the head which made her sprawl, but she recovered and roared fearfully; another was now put in, in the same place and two more after this, and wonderful to say—after each, she came to, and looked ready to bone the first thing in sight, and a bullet at arms length, behind the ear, was required to finish her.

All the party now descended to inspect the game, and it was found that she actually had received no less than eighteen bullets, and three of them through the shoulder. The party now returned to the tents, well pleased with the day's sport, and in great hopes of a better the next day—but alas the other five tigers were fabulous, so they had to return to Ahmedabad, where

killing tigers on foot was voted so dangerous by the old ladies, that an elephant was procured from the Nawab of Cambay—the Guicowar having stingily refused to lend one.

24th May, saw Purdy and a new hand, who we will call George, again at Manchoah, much against Purdy's inclination, who wanted to send the elephant at once to Jennore on the Mhyee—the scene of such fine sport last year; however, that old villain Rowta, swore there were four tigers still there: he must have fallen in love with some village belle, by his anxiety to go there—so the elephants were kept at Manchoah. After breakfast kubbur came in from Rowta of a tiger, marked down in a ravine about two koss off in a branch of the Watruck. The elephant was immediately prepared much to the old mahout's annoyance—who looked more like a fat banyan than a mahout and honestly confessed he had never been out shikaring, or even out of Cambay—still as the elephant was lent as a favour they were obliged to make the best of it, and try and comfort the old man. After going a good three koss Rowta was viewed, who declared the tiger was all right in a large ravine, and great was the mahout's delight to find the ground was impracticable for an elephant. Purdy and George took up positions and the beaters commenced shouting and throwing in stones, but no tiger made its appearance—and they having come almost to Purdy's tree, that gentleman descended and ran on about 300 yards higher up the ravine: scarcely had he done so when a shout of "Bagh, bagh" brought him back again, half dead with running up and down the ravines: instead of a tiger, a fine panther was seen sneaking away like a cowardly brute; he took a snap shot, which all swore hit, and the animal was declared to have been tracked up by his blood, into a hole about 200 yards higher up the ravines. At this time kubbur came of a tigress and two cubs from Mar Sing, and it was determined to leave the panther and go after the nobler game—but the coolies declared so positively that the panther was badly wounded, it was thought as well to finish him before going after the others. George remained at the top of the ravine, and Purdy went down to the scene of action, taking with him some fireworks to smoke the enemy out. On arriving there, Rowta declared he could from his tree see the animal's head, so Purdy descended and peeped into the hole but saw nothing: a firework was now put in, and Purdy stood a little below on one side awaiting the assault; after a few exciting moments, a rustle was heard, the cooly alongside him was rolled over, and away went the panther, unfired at, for in the scrimmage Purdy could not get a chance at it, however, a

shot immediately told him that George had seen it: another quickly followed, and then the welcome news that the brute was killed. On examination he had only one shot through the shoulder which killed him at once—so the blood story was all humbug—merely invented to keep the party from leaving the animal. It was now too late to go after the tigress and cubs—so it was determined to attack them the next day.

25th.—After waiting anxiously till 12 o'clock, in came Routa with kubbur of,—no tiger, but another brute of a panther; they wanted to try both the elephant and the mahout, doubting one as much as the other, so she was taken out, the panther was marked down in some bastard cypress in the Watruck; after beating up and down it two or three times, a sort of scream was heard from the mahout, who declared he could see the animal just under the elephant's trunk, and instead of keeping her steady, did all he could to make her bolt; the panther dashed out and was viewed for a second. Purdy and George just had time to fire two snap shots, but did not know if they hit or not; after encouraging the old mahout and giving him a little advice, they got him to take the elephant on; about three hundred yards further on the panther was again viewed—and George hit, a snap shot; the animal then galloped across to the opposite bank, within thirty yards of the Bulldog but he missed it, and the elephant was so unsteady that Purdy could not fire, as it was going up the opposite bank. Both Purdy and George were quite disgusted at the animal getting away in such a manner, and apparently untouched. Mar Sing and Routa were put on the pugs—and the party dismounted and got under a tree to wait patiently and see if the animal would pull up: in about half an hour Mar Sing came rushing up to say, the panther was lying under a bush in a ravine close by: after a council of war, it was determined Purdy should sneak up to the animal and take a shot, and that George should remain at the mouth of the ravine. Mar Sing took Purdy along about a quarter of a mile and shewed him the very bush the animal was lying panting in. Purdy went within about three yards and then saw the animal's spots between the branches; he could not particularize any part to fire at except the belly: however, as it was neck or nothing, for the animal was moving he fired, when out the brute charged at him with a roar, but the other barrel promptly delivered in the chest, sent him staggering back. Mar Sing quickly gave another gun just in time, for the animal was preparing to charge again; four more bullets sent him rolling, dead, to the bottom.

of the ravine. On examination it was found that he had eight bullets in him, consequently both the first shots from the elephant hit—they were through the fleshy part of each hind leg. The party returned to the tents, determined to try some more ground the next day; but that also proved blank: ditto some more the day after. George was now obliged to go in to muster leaving Purdy out by himself, who determined to make the best of his way to Jennore, but was again induced by that old villain Rوتا to try three more places en route, but they were all blank.

*Tuesday, 2nd June*—Found Purdy at Balasinore within three koss of Jennore, here Lang again joined him; arriving about 8 o'clock in the morning, just as Purdy was setting out after a bear and tiger said to be marked down about two koss to the north: on arriving at the ground the pugs of a large bear were seen, but in an open sandy nullah—a most unlikely place for a bear to mookam in, so the party remained on the elephant, as the fresh pugs of a tiger had also been seen. After following the nullah up for about a mile, it began to look more likely, and at last an old bear was seen making off, having been disturbed by the noise. Lang fired a shot, but was unsuccessful: just at this time up came some coolies saying they had two tigers marked down in a hill, about a koss to the eastward; of course Bruin was left to his fate—and the elephant was put in motion for the scene of action. A parah was shot en route by Purdy; after going on foot two koss, they saw some coolies up in trees who told them the tigers were all right in the stones, on the side of the hill: this looked as though they were panthers again; and the old mahout appeared delighted that the dreaded hour of seeing a real tiger had not arrived. The elephant was put in position, and stones thrown in; but devil a thing came out. At last when the party had given it up as hopeless, out dashed a fine panther, which escaped with two snap shots, but whether struck or not it was impossible to say: he was seen to go into a hole about five hundred yards further on, so the elephant was sent down below, to the plain, and Purdy, Lang and the Bulldog mounted the hills to the assault. Lang first got sight of him under a large stone—his rump and half his back could be seen; he immediately signalized to Purdy, who got round to the entrance and awaited his coming out; Lang fired a shot into his back, when out he came with a roar at Purdy and the Bulldog, who both hit him and rolled him over; but he got up and tried to get into another den about thirty yards further on but could not succeed, and seeing Mr. Purdy, made a desperate charge at him, but a

well aimed shot in the neck doubled him up ; another animal was now reported in the first den, and sure enough an animal's tail could be distinctly seen under the stone : a few fireworks brought him out, and he was severely wounded by Purdy and rolled into a nullah, where there were large stones, and under one of these he got, and died—for no smoke would drive him out ; it getting late, and having to go three koss to Jennore it was determined to leave him : the coolies the next morning brought in kubbur that he was dead in the hole, but being all rock, could not be dug out.

*Wednesday, 3rd.*—Kubbur came in of a tiger across the Mhyee about a koss to the southward—the elephant and guns were immediately sent off and the party quickly followed them, and found the tiger had been marked down under a large rock from which there were three ways of escape, so it was a doubtful bag : presently the pugs were found going up the nullah, so the animal must have sneaked out unseen ; after following up the pugs for near a mile the animal was found to have gone into a large sort of den. All the beaters were instantly up in trees, and the elephant taken up—nothing could be seen for some time ; at last Mr Purdy saw the animal's stripes and fired, but no roar followed and he found he had made a mistake ; presently a pair of tigers were seen, and Lang put a well aimed ball just below one, which sent the brute roaring into the den : the mahout could not stand this, and persuaded the elephant to be off at a gallop ; however, he got his courage back, and stopped her. The animal was now seen looking very spoony on the opposite side, a few more shots put an end to it, and it proved to be a very fine tigress. After this the party went on the pugs of two more tigers, however they went towards the rocky bed of the Mhyee river, so it was voted useless.

*Thursday, 4th.*—Sent the tents to Reyna, about three koss to the southward—a famous shikar ground of last year. Here Routa came in with kubbur of a big tiger marked down on a hill ; it proved only an imaginary one, for after beating the whole hill and peeping into every hole large enough to contain a fox even, nothing was found. A half grown cub was seen galloping away in the plain after the first shout of the beaters : the party then returned to the encamping ground—but as the tents had not arrived, it was determined to go and try a neighbouring hill, a favourite haunt of a tiger. On the road Mr. Lang got the chuckkurs, and was obliged to return. Mr Purdy and Ameer Khan went on, and explored all the caves and dens, the scene of last year's adventures. Ameer Khan had a shot at a bear,



which as usual he said he rolled over, but the animal appeared to go away towards another hill as well as ever : here however it was determined to follow him, and he was pugged up the nullah towards it, and had evidently gone in : so preparations were immediately made for storming ; the beaters were armed with fireworks and sent up alone. Ameer Khan took up a position on a high rock facing one exit, and Purdy took up a position on the ground immediately in front of the great exit ; fireworks were thrown in, but nothing came out, and all was expectation ; at length a shot was heard followed by a roar that made the hill shake again. Purdy immediately ran towards Ameer Khan who had fired the shot, and saw not a bear, but an enormous tiger, bounding away past him towards the nullah ; to fire two snap shots was the work of an instant ; each was followed by a slight growl, but whether they hit or not he could not tell : of course Purdy was greatly disgusted with Ameer Khan, who had got so frightened at seeing such a tremendous tiger, that he fired without aim, and had not sense to fire the other barrel, or give Purdy notice that the tiger was on foot, which had he done, the animal might have been pugged, as Purdy was on foot, (the surest way of shooting steady) with two trusty coolies, and might have had *one* steady shot, as the animal was reconnoitring before charging out. Alas, the Bulldog's courage had deserted him ! he who last year behaved so well, this year shewed no pluck at all, and after this would not follow his master into any dangerous position, but always ensconced himself in the safest place.

It was now getting late and Purdy returned to the tents, much disgusted at losing such a fine animal, but with hopes of getting him on the morrow, for the coolies declared he always lived on one of the two hills, and sure enough the next morning kubbur came in, that he was marked down in the very same hill again. Lang was all right again now ; the elephant was saddled, and away the party went full of hope, to the scene of action : everything was arranged so that the animal must come under one of the party's fire, and the beaters were again sent up the hill with the fireworks. Lang got up on one tree, Ameer Khan on another, and Purdy remained on the elephant. Ameer Khan was cautioned not to fire till the tiger came well out : presently the tiger made his appearance with half his body out of the den. Purdy could see him, but not distinctly. Lang could not see him, but unfortunately Ameer Khan could, and could not resist firing, although warned not to do so ; of course he missed, and the animal sprung up the hill to make his escape ; but en route met an old bear, who had

just come out to see the fun; the two met in a narrow pass—and such roars followed: at last, both animals were viewed going away at a long gallop, side by side, about two hundred yards off; and here was another day's sport spoiled—one only chance remained—a small hill lay between them and the river, and the tiger or bear, or both, might have pulled up at it, as it was burning hot; at any rate it was thought worth a trial—the elephant and mahout were knocked up, so were sent home, and the hill was approached cautiously. Purdy knew every den in it, from having been there last year: he accordingly went inside, and followed by two coolies; one with a spare gun: Lang remained outside. After looking into two or three dens in vain, it was thought useless; however, one yet remained, with a sort of chimney at the top; the cooly was told to get up alone and throw in a stone, but I upon thinking it empty, peeped down the chimney. Purdy was standing at the other hole, gun all ready for action; hardly had the cooly put his head in, when back he tumbled followed by an enormous bear, who had just got his paws on the cooly's shoulders, when Purdy put a shot in, in front of the shoulder which saved the fellow's life, as the bear tumbled over him. Purdy in stepping back to get another shot got his legs twisted between some cut wood, and fell,—which prevented his firing at the old bear, who shortly recovered and made his exit in front of Mr Lang, who peppered him to his heart's content; but the animal managed to crawl away to a deep nullah where they were obliged to leave him as it was getting dark; he was bleeding at the mouth, so no doubt soon died. The cooly got a slight scratch, and thanked his nussceb for having a sahib to save his life.

*Saturday, 6th.*—Being the last day, alas, that the party could remain out, it was determined to make a day of it, and they started at day-light towards the river, when the elephant was ordered at 8 o'clock, with breakfast, &c. several tolas of chetul and jambur were seen, but only one jambur was killed, by Purdy. Kubbur of some bears close by now came in, and the party went there, and found them in some hollow rocks in the river. Lang took up a position guarding one exit, and Purdy the other, and some fireworks were put in to wake up Bruin: an unfortunate Bijjary coming towards Lang with a chagul of water, met the bears as they were coming out, one of whom immediately seized the chagul, which the Bijjary very quickly left in his possession and scrambled up to Lang for protection, who dropped one bear at the first discharge, and the other was well pounded by Purdy, but managed to escape. After this the party went to breakfast and awaited kubbur from Routa, but the old villain not making his ap-

pearance, and a Bijjary coming in with certain kubbur of the whereabouts of a tiger—about two koss up the river, it was determined to go there. On arriving at the place a band of about thirty Bijjarries was seen around with the short stout spear, and they declared they had seen the tiger go into a den close by: fireworks were put in; but nothing came out, although there were fresh pugs in plenty. A cooly now came from Routa, saying he had two tigers and seven bears all marked down in one den. However fabulous this might appear, it was determined to go there: the place was down the river nearly four koss, and the party did not get there till near four o'clock, and instead of finding Routa and his men up in trees guarding the game, only one solitary cooly was to be found, who however declared that he himself had seen the bears and tigers enter the den, which was close by, where Purdy had killed a fine tiger last year. Pugs innumerable were seen, and as there were three or four outlets, it was determined to guard all, as well as possible: the elephant and Purdy remained in the centre, Lang and Ameer Khan took up a position on the rock alone, and a firework was put in; but out came—nothing! Another was tried, when a growl was heard and out came an old bear, very sulky—a shot from Ameer Khan and Lang dropped him: now there was a slight pause—presently two very large bears came out towards Purdy, who dropped them right and left; but they both picked themselves up, and one returned towards Lang, who gave him a salvo, and the other was well peppered by Purdy: he went away about one hundred yards, and his rage getting the better of him, he turned and deliberately charged back, first of all taking two coolies en route, who quickly dropped a mutka of water and bolted: he then came at the elephant, but a shot from Purdy turned him; he now got on the ledge of rock, where were Lang, Ameer Khan and about a dozen coolies, and walked straight at them, bleeding from a dozen wounds: all Lang's guns were empty, and as every cooly was up in a tree he could get no sword—so had to get up himself also. The bear tried very hard to get up at them all, was too done up, and fell into the den he first came out of. Purdy now quickly descended and went to the den where three more bears were still reported to be. On arriving he saw one with his rump towards the mouth of the den, a couple of balls sent him roaring inside: in a short space he again made his appearance, but was again driven back: our surrounded friend was heard crying most pitiously, and was just seen from above, another shot put him out of his misery; loads of fireworks were now put in, but nothing would come out; it was near sunset, and Purdy and Lang having to

ride thirty miles that evening, a retreat was sounded, leaving directions to dig the animals out the next morning—three of them being dead inside and one outside—two more escaped badly wounded—which was a good wind up to the fortnight's shikar. The party much regretted leaving, but the rains were close at hand, and not liking to keep the elephant out longer, it was a case of necessity: they accordingly left for their station, a ride of thirty miles, and then twenty more in a cart, with forty left for the saddle in the morning, which they had to do on one horse, owing to trusting to lady friends for relays.

And now ends our shikar for this year, bad when compared to last year's: however, barring accidents and you'r willing to hear it, we'll send you a long list of animals slain in fair fight next year.

NEW FORESTER.

## RACE FOR THE WINNERS' HANDICAP.

Dacca, 1845.      •

When rather late on the afternoon of the 14th November 1845, a string consisting of three travel-stained, jaded-looking horses and a one-eyed tattoo crossed the Booree Gunga and entered the station of Dacca, he had been a bold man who, seeing that stud pass his gate,—one so lame he could hardly put one of his hind feet to the ground, and the others so very doubtful to the eye as to justify even THONG himself in terming them "Nags" (had *he* been our observant friend)—he had been a bold man, I say, who had prophecied, and a bolder still who had backed his opinion, that one o' that "queere companie" would prove the winner of the mile sweepstakes, the race for weight for inches, the two mile Race, the Dacca Turf Cup and the Winners' Handicap. Yet no less true—than strange one did so—that one was a horse erst well known to fame, though long considered by the public *hors de combat* and devoted to family duty—in short was Walmer.

Through the kindness of a talented (if I may be allowed the expression) friend, I have it in my power to present the supporters of the *Review* with a coloured engraving of the finishing struggle for the Winner's Handicap above alluded to, between Walmer with 10st. up ridden by Lieutenant S—n, and Sir Henry with 9st. 3lb. and Roostum on his back. The

other two horses in the race, Talisman 9st. 4lb. and Rushlight 8st. 7lb., being beaten off by some three and four lengths are omitted, artistical rules not admitting their introduction under such circumstances within our space. The race has already been described in the *Review* No. 4, in the original department as well as in the *Racing Calendar*, so there is little occasion for more than alluding to it here as another instance of the extraordinary gameness of the winner. Roostum has since declared such was the pace at which Rushlight and Talisman led them, that half a mile from the winning post every horse but his own was beaten. Why he did not go away and win under such circumstances he knows best. As it was at the finish he found Walmer had sufficient left in him to win, after a severe struggle, by a neck.

Of Sir Henry, the second horse, I need not say much. He beat Walmer the first day of the meeting in a mile race, but a cross having been established against Roostum, he was distanced time, 1m. 56s. Weight 8st. 4lb. Walmer, however, as above mentioned, had only arrived two days and a half at this time. He also won an R. C. race, and the Little Welter; cutting up badly however for the two mile race, third day. He started three times the previous season, but having had scarcely any training achieved no more than the promise of future goodness. What further triumphs may be in store for him next November may develop, but I may just mention before bidding him farewell for the present that he has been tried as a pig-sticker and not found wanting.

Walmer merits longer notice at our hands. His first appearance on the turf was at the Jessore meeting of 1840, contemporary with that of his equally famed and often met antagonist Chusan. At this meeting, however, he was only partially trained and his victories were confined to the Civilian's Purse and a walk over for a 50 G. M. Sweepstakes. At the Calcutta First Meeting of the same season, he had come on sufficiently to win the Fieschi Cup, beating Sweetlips, who was booked to win over and over again at 50 to 10—and at the Calcutta Second Meeting he won the Merchants' Cup, beating Glendower; a 50 G. M. Sweepstakes beating Chusan, and the Winner's Handicap beating Commissioner; having thus successively gone in ahead of all the best horses of the day not in his own stable. It is unnecessary to follow him in detail through the Kishuaghur meeting, in which he won every thing he started for, winning six times and adding the game and gallant little Frolic to the list of vanquished; nor to Burdwan, where he walked over four times and again beat Frolic for a 25 G. M. Purse. This concluded his work for season 1840-41

and left him a winner 17 times. In 1841-42 he was in equal force winning in the Kishnaghur and Calcutta First and Second Meetings no less than 16 races, including the Planter's Cup, Native Gentleman's ditto, Kishnaghur Turf ditto, Mutty Lall Seal's Cup, the Auckland Cup, the Little Welter, Cup presented by W. F. Fergusson, Esq., Winners' Handicap, a Purse of Rupees 1,000. the Trades Plate and a 3 mile Match against Chusan in the *then* unexampled time of 5m. 59s.\* At the time it was said of him that he had started oftener during his career than any other horse by two races to one, and won more in nearly the same proportion, while in addition to former antagonists we find the br. E. H. Darfourt, The Grand Master, Bedouin, Ningpo, The Friar and Michael added to the list of his defeated.

In season 1842-43, First Meeting, he was only able to add one trophy to the wreath, viz., The Little Welter, but at the Second Meeting he redeemed his laurels by winning The Welter, giving Gauntlet 7lb; a 20 G. M. Sweepstakes when the famed Cape, Farmer John succumbed; and the Trades Plate in which he repaid his recently too frequently successful opponents, Glendower and Chusan, in kind.

From this time he was lost to the race course till last November, when he re-appeared with a leg and ran and won at Dacca as before described: he then went to Calcutta, from which course after a few gallops he retired, whether to be seen on the Turf again or not is in futurity, one is almost tempted to hope *not*, for the winner of 42 races and the conqueror of all the best horses of his day cannot add to his laurels, and it would be painful to see him beaten in his old age by a third rater who once would not have been fit to live a yard with him.

It says no little for Sir Henry that under any circumstances he should have been able to hold his own at all in such company. It says more for Scrooge that Walmer should have succumbed to him for the Welter at the same meeting. The race prospectus for next meeting will appear in the *Review*, I fancy simultaneously with this, and it is much to be hoped that the success which attended Walmer's visit last year to this station will stimulate others from afar to emulate his success. We can't exactly promise them victory, but we will promise them a hearty welcome, and try to provide them fitting opponents "come who, come may."

ASMODEUS.

Dacca, June 1, 1846.

\* Weight 8st. 7lb. each. It was said Walmer, who won *easily*, could have done it in 5m. 54sec.

## SPORTING GALLERY.

No. VII.

HENRY TORRENS, ESQ.

Turn we from the active handlers of the gun, the rod, and spear, to the wielder of another weapon, without which the triumphs of our Nimrods would lack a chronicle and this our REVIEW have never been. Turn we from bear-stocked rocks, the jungle of the tiger, the haunts of hogs, the roaring waters—and repose for a brief while in the quiet study of the scholar.

Reader—you have perused “My Old Gun Screw.” Let us introduce you to its author; and not these excellent papers alone entitle him to a place in ABEL EAST’S regards. Do they not inform you that though here confined to official duties and denied the excitement of a Sportsman’s life, at home he has revelled in field sports and thoroughly understood them—another and sufficient claim to be included in our Gallery. As, then, a Sportsman at heart, a master with his pen, and a constant contributor, MASTER MATHEW takes his place, honouring the Work he has essentially served.

Distinguished as is the Service to which Mr Torrens belongs, we believe it has never known a more able officer, a more accomplished gentleman,—accomplished as a scholar and in the elegant acquirements which give pre-eminence in social life. With an activity of intellect very rare, and which makes his range of labours—those labours which form the prime pleasure of such a mind—co-extensive with the efforts of a dozen more than ordinary men, he combines a facility of execution in all he undertakes, which renders a life of constant work apparently one of unbroken ease. His “Thousand Nights and one Night” gave him a European reputation as an Arabic scholar and a poet, and a Work which is now commanding the admiration of all who read it,—“Remarks on the Scope and Uses of Military Literature and History”—will extend and vary his reputation as a Man of Letters. For some years the Secretary of the Asiatic Society, he has enriched the pages of its Journal by various contributions, and it may be truly said he has been the right hand of that valuable Institution. “From grave to gay, from lively to severe” is the course of his pastime, and he has an eye and hand that never miss their aim.

Health, wealth and long life to MASTER MATHEW!

A. E.







## SHOOTING PLACES FROM LAHORE TO MEERUT, VIA THE NEW ROAD.

I am glad to see your *Sporting Review* steadily progressing in public estimation. The greater part of the best writers of the *Old Sporting Magazine* are out of this world, but many are still alive and well, and I rejoice to see some of them coming to assist you—*ASMODEUS*, *OLD SKINS*, &c. May their shadow never be less! Give my salam to *BORDERER* if he is in the land of the living; I have often been amused by his writings on various topics, particularly antelope versus greyhounds. I perfectly agree with him and should like to make a joint purse against the gentlemen of Pooree; the match to come off in the Bhurtpore country, if the Aerial Machine would only come to perfection and bring us together. Now for a little excursion of mine during the month of July last and which must precede the memoranda which give a heading to this paper.

In the middle or rather beginning of that month, I was marching from Meerut towards Muttra, and diverged from the road for the purpose of antelope shooting. The day of arrival at the ground I fired at a black buck in a herd of several. I went after one I thought wounded, taking my dog with me; after proceeding half a mile or so I got within one hundred and fifty yards and slipped the dog, mounted my nag (a speedy Arab) and rode like the devil. After some three miles I thought it no go as the dog,  $\frac{3}{4}$ -bred English, was nearly done: (it was 4 P. M., very hot, and I lost my hunting cap in the middle of the river.) However seeing the antelope jump into a jheel about three or four hundred yards wide, and attempt to swim across, I took heart and went in after him. Here my horse's strength came into play, he was not out of his depth whereas the antelope was swimming. To make the story as short as possible, I came up with him in the middle and threw my spear, which struck nothing but the mud at the bottom. Here was a fix, my spear was gone and the antelope making good play for the shore. No time to be lost, so I went as near the antelope as possible, jumped into the water and seized him by the horns; after one or two hard struggles I succeeded in drowning him; I then dragged the brute to land, and though scarcely able to stand examined the animal carefully, but there was not a mark on his body. What the water was to this antelope I suspect the sand must be at Pooree, or else these antelope must be a very pajee-jat. I have seen many wounded antelope escape from good dogs and expect to see many more. During this

excursion in six days I bagged ten black bucks and three does, losing about the same number. Good dogs are indispensable in this sport to enjoy it to perfection. The greatest drawback is the number of wounded that escape unless hit in the back part of the body, the head or the neck ; they constantly escape if dogs are not used. I have now several good greyhounds in my kennel, which I hope will distinguish themselves when the bajra and jawar khets are cut. If this article suits you, Mr Editor, I can supply more on shooting either in the hills or plains. This is my first attempt to shine in print, cut or clip as much as you like. As troops are constantly passing between Kurnal and Ferozepore, I send the names of places for antelope and chikara *via* the route travelled by some of the troops when returning to Meerut last cold weather. It may be useful, we marched 20 miles a day, so there was not much time to shoot. Adieu for the present.

At Lahore a few chikara and grouse. 1st march, Khan Kuch, chikara and grouse both sides of the road. 2d march, Jullianah, a few chikara on the left of the road, ditto rock pigeon. 3d march, Khem Kurrah, much the same as former march. 4th march to Nuggur Ghat, no shooting. 5th march to Sultan Khan Nullah, no shooting. 6th march to Sujianah, very good antelope shooting on the left of the road. 7th march, Dhurcote, there are a great many antelope on the left,—says on the right of the road ; here killed a fine buck. 8th march to Chunnawal, we went to the left of the road and found a few chikara, and antelope on the right of the road. 9th march to Jellor. Here—shot a buck ; sport on both sides of the road, but the left the best. 10th march, Luddak. Antelope swarm on the right of the road, the same before reaching the place ; shot a buck chikara and doe antelope at this ground. 11th march, Chunare, went out on the left of the road but saw no antelope. 12th march, Goelah, lots of quail in the grass at this place, we bagged nine brace of quail. 13th march, Magna. Plenty of antelope on the left of the road ; shot a doe in the morning (14th) Coel. No shooting of any kind. 14th march. From this period to the end of the month there is capital quail shooting in the grass and khets, also a few antelope here and there.

I returned a few days ago from a ten days' trip in the Bhurtpore country. Bagged nineteen head of large game, antelope, nilghai, and pigs. The Rajah was particularly civil, gave us excellent dinners, champagne, hock, beer, &c., &c., but more of this by and by.

JUMNA.

## MODE OF ENSNARING ELEPHANTS IN THE DISTRICT OF COIMBATORE.

Amongst the wild animals of India, none, perhaps, affords a sport so inspiring, so infallibly testing the nerve and unflinching bravery of the sportsman, as the elephant. His colossal stature, gigantic strength, and appalling impetuosity when infuriated by wounds, render him one of the most formidable of the wild habitants of the forest: whilst the impenetrable density of his haunts, and the consequent difficulty of retreating when once in sight of him, require in his pursuer the most cautious judgment and the coolest intrepidity.

We do not, of course, intend to imply that, encountered under the same circumstances, namely, by one or two men in a thick jungle, a royal tiger would be a less disagreeable customer; but such would not occur in the *sport* of tiger-shooting, in which a large number of people generally engage well armed, whereas the elephant is often attacked by a single hand.

To attempt, however, a description of the noble sport of elephant-shooting is not our present aim or object, we are about to record, what we believe has never yet appeared in any sporting publication, a brief account of the manner in which elephants frequenting the jungles in the district of Coimbatore are ensnared, and tamed for the use of the Government. Having had the good fortune to be present at one of these hunts, we will endeavour to lay before our readers a faithful description of the exceedingly interesting because uncommon, and, at the same time, very simple process by which these powerful and apparently indomitable animals are, in the course of a few months, reduced to the most gentle and yielding submission.

The account which we are about to give, although descriptive only of the last hunt, applies in its main features to those of other years.

In the beginning of the month of February, 1845, it was reported by the peons attached to Shikkar Cutcherey, that a large herd of elephants, consisting of about thirty in number, had entered the jungles in the vicinity of Bolemamputty, and were in a most favourable position to be driven. An order was therefore immediately issued for the customary preparations to be made for a hunt, and every measure taken, requisite to secure success.

All the preliminary arrangements completed, (we are unable to enter into detail as to what these were) the coolies were distributed in the form of a semi-circle facing the coopum, or enclosure into which the elephants were driven, and ordered to make them recede by the dull intonation of the tom-tom, or if necessary, but only in cases of cogent necessity, by the discharge of their matchlocks. The escape of the elephants during the night was effectually prevented by a line of fires kept constantly burning.

Notice was then sent to the residents of Coimbatore that the hunt was about to be concluded.

Who would lose an opportunity to witness so grand a spectacle—a herd of elephants in their wild and natural state, entrapped in the midst of their native haunts, and exposed to the subitaneous gaze of hundreds of strange forms?

We had little difficulty in making a party, and in the course of two days had formed a large camp at about ten miles distance from the scene of action, the insalubrious atmosphere of the jungle rendering it injudicious to encamp within it.

The third morning we set out, a jovial party, to see the sport, and after passing through five or six miles of jungle, climbed a small rocky hill, and took up our quarters for the day in a comfortable shed erected for our convenience, and commanding an excellent view of the coopum and the neighbouring jungle. A quick inspection made us fully acquainted with the admirable construction of the intrenchments, and we began to picture to ourselves the last crowning effort of the shikkarces which would see the noble animals ensnared, and even fancied, that, piercing through the dense brushwood, we could indistinctly trace the huge front of one of our captives.

Whilst we lounged about the shed, for the heat was oppressive, and gave utterance to our various conjectures as to the probable result of the hunt, how many elephants would be taken, and the amount of damage they were likely to do to the coopum or to each other when incensed at their captivity—the few hours of the morning fled by, with surprising celerity. Then came the tiffin, of which we hardly dared to partake lest the critical moment should occur just at that time. A tempting collation, however, and beer were not to be resisted, and we did justice to both.

Relapsing into our former state of incertitude, and indulging in the wildest chimeras, (for we were all strangers to what was to take place,) we waited with exemplary patience until the advance of time rendered it necessary that we should return to our tents. This we accordingly did, not a little dis-

appointed, and lavishing unmerited maledictions on the heads of the two hundred coolies and all engaged in the hunt.

But the next day we were equally unfortunate, and returned to camp uttering a few mild asseverations about not remaining after the ensuing day, which, though emphatically pronounced, we should, most probably, not have adhered to. •Some of our party, however, were under the necessity of leaving and retraced their steps to Coimbatore with mingled disgust and a vague satisfaction that having seen the spot, they could form an adequate notion of what would occur.

The next morning we were informed, that before one o'clock the elephants would be driven into the coopum; and started for our snug little wigwam on the rocky hill, with the full expectation of witnessing that day one of the grandest sights that it is possible for man to behold. And this time we were not disappointed.

But we must beg our reader to leave us here for a while, whilst he acquires an accurate knowledge of the ground over which his imagination has to travel.

The coopum is nothing more than a portion of the jungle surrounded by a large trench, 15 feet deep, ten feet wide at the top, with the sides meeting in an angle at the bottom. A small space of the ditch on one side is left uncompleted for the elephants to pass over, and from this point two other deep trenches branch off, widening the distance between them, as they extend on both sides. It will be easy to understand that when once between these, if the drivers succeed in repelling the occasional charges of the elephants, they must at last inevitably enter the coopum.

To return. At twelve o'clock we stationed ourselves in different parts of the shed, piercing through the apertures, and not venturing to stand without lest the elephants should be alarmed at our vari-coloured garments. It then became a most animating scene. The before inarticulate sound of the tom-tom had grown into a deafening, tumultuous din, fire-arms were being discharged incessantly, and simultaneous clamorous yells of the two hundred coolies before-named had well nigh deprived us of our senses.

We were trembling from the breathless anxiety with which we looked out for the herd. Though stunned by the noise rendered doubly great by the echo and re-echo from the hills, we could, as yet, see nothing. At length a few elephants appeared near the entrance of the coopum, and, to our ineffable horror, immediately made an impetuous retrograde movement as if to acquaint their comrades of the danger that was before them. "I hope they will not charge

and break through the line of beaters," said one of our party in evident expectation of such a result. "Do you think they saw us?" asked another, who received no reply. The perturbed state of our minds rendered our conversation desultory, each giving expression to his own expectations or apprehensions as they arose.

But the scene had now arrived at the very acme of confusion and excitement. Coolies, whose occupation, like Othello's, would soon be gone, seemed determined to risk their very powers of speech in the crowning effort of the enterprise. The explosion of the musketry approached our very feet, the noisy tom-tom rent our ears, and, amid the overwhelming din of conflicting tumults the triumphant exertion was made and the whole herd impelled headlong into the coopum.

In an instant a large fire was blazing at the entrance. The elephants advancing to the further end, and finding themselves entrapped, immediately, with that sagacity which characterizes them, returned to the opening by which they had entered, where to their unbounded wonderment, instead of a free passage, they found an angry and consuming fire.

The woods now resounded with their loud trumpeting. Charges were made with uplifted trunks and the very earth threatened to sink beneath the rampant herd. Indignant mothers seeking to release their young bounded from side to side with incredible agility, whilst stately tuskers led their comrades to the charge with appalling fury. The scene was indescribably grand and animating.

The conflagration was kept up until the ditch was completed, that is, until that part of it, which had been left for the elephants to pass over, had been dug uniform with the rest.

We returned to our tents that night much excited. One of our party of trans-atlantic blood and birth, who had amused us during the hunt, with many miraculous anecdotes, admitted that he had never witnessed any thing equal to what he had just seen. "I reckon I'll make them stare in America when I give them *my* account of this," said he. "I calculate you will," rejoined one of us, who spoke the opinion of the rest.

Ten days afterwards we went to see the elephants bound. The whole coopum, instead of being, as we had left it, a verdant jungle, with trees of considerable growth, was then an arid waste, scarcely the trace of a tree remaining, save a stump here and there, and not a vestige of verdure. The ground had been positively ploughed up and was deep in loose soil. Our acquaintances were still wild and unruly and occa-

sionally made some noble charges. The young elephants invariably followed their dams, and raised their trunks also with menacing ferocity.

A small portion of the ditch having been filled with branches of trees, three tame elephants were taken across into the coopum, their black drivers concealing themselves under blacker garments. They then mingled with the herd, and inveigled some of them into a corner, where, whilst apparently lost in deep rumination, their hind legs were bound together by men entertained for the purpose. These did not, of course, succeed in every attempt, and the largest of the herd, which we were most desirous to see bound, eluded all the manœuvres of the mahouts for two days.

The next we saw of the captives was at Coimbatore. They were being subjected to a process of instruction in the refined occupations of civilized life. Their position, near the high road aided their preceptors in imparting this knowledge to them, and in the course of three months they were, what is called in seminary-lingo "finished scholars."

The finest were selected for the use of the Government and the rest sold at public auction. One very young elephant was to go, for nothing, with its mother; the auctioneer, therefore, in the infinity of his wisdom put up the young one for sale, the mother to be given as a gratuity!

We have offered a simple narrative of the events connected with the hunt, and, diffident of our own abilities, have purposely refrained from attempting to enhance the interest of our subject by that vivacity and force of description without which it is perhaps rendered scarcely worth the trouble of perusing. For this deficiency we must crave the leniency of our readers, whom we would venture strongly to recommend, if they should ever be attracted to the vicinity of the Neilgherry hills, not to lose an opportunity of witnessing the peculiar and very interesting mode of ensnaring elephants in the district of Coimbatore.

ALPHA.

COIMBATORE, July 1846.

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## RACING PLATES. THE QUEEN'S VASE. THE ROYAL HUNT CUP AND THE EMPEROR'S CUP.

Ascot 1846.

It will not be without interest to our readers if we continue to make selections from the various Racing Plates given at the principal Meetings in England. It is the usual fashion of those who describe them to make each year's plates superior to the last. Every single piece is the finest that was ever seen until another has to be described. We give now The Queen's Vase, won by Mr. Dawson's *Grimston*, The Royal Hunt Plate, won by Mr. W. S. Stanley's *Leaconfield*, and the Emperor's Plate, won by Mr. Greville's *Alarm*. Our impression is that the Plates this year are not so striking as those of last season. The Emperor's Plate, in particular, we should say is very inferior, but it has the advantage of superior utility. The following is the description given in *Bell's Life* of the Queen's Vase.

### THE QUEEN'S VASE.

WON BY MR. DAWSON'S GRIMSTON.

"This is another of the splendid Prizes in Plate contended for at the Ascot Meeting which has just closed. It is from the establishment of Messrs Garrard, and is remarkably elegant, and somewhat different in design from any production for a similar purpose which has recently been executed. It has been modelled by Mr. Cotterell, and reflects the highest credit on his taste and talent. It consists of a double-bodied flagon or vase of classic shape, richly ornamented, in gold and silver alternately. The upper portion of the Vase comprizes the flagon, which on being removed presents the drinking cup, but the two together have the semblance of one vessel. On the shoulders, or upper part of the Vase, are sculptured a knight in full armour, on a prancing steed, who has just thrown down his gauntlet. He is attended by his esquire and page—the former holding his horse, and the latter bearing his shield. It is entitled "The Challenge;" and, taking the whole together, exhibits a splendid specimen of good taste and artistical excellence."



**THE QUEEN'S VASE.**

**WON BY MR. DAWSON'S "GRIMSTON"—ASCOT 1846.**



## THE ROYAL HUNT PLATE.

WON AT ASCOT RACES, 1846, BY MR. W. S. STANLEY'S  
LEACONFIELD.



"This chaste and appropriate group, like the Emperor's Plate, is from the establishment of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell. It is particularly appropriate, and modelled with a spirit and truth not to be excelled. The proportions of deer and dogs are admirably preserved while their positions are in all respects accordant with nature. The chasing is executed with consummate skill and the *tout ensemble* has a beautiful effect, embracing, as it does, a scene familiar to the lovers of the chase, and the adept in the hunting field."

## THE EMPEROR'S PLATE.

WON BY MR. GREVILLE'S ALARM—ASCOT MEETING, 1846.

"The above engraving is an exact representation of the magnificent Prize annually presented by the Emperor of all the Russias, to be run for on Ascot Heath, in commemoration of his visit to her Majesty in 1844. The execution of this splendid piece of plate has been entrusted to Messrs. Hunt and Roskell (late Storr, Mortimer, and Hunt), and is in every way creditable to the taste and popularity of their establishment. It is a silver candelabrum for thirteen lights, with richly chased and massive branches, in the style of Louis the Fourteenth. On the base surrounding the stem is an exquisitely modelled group representing the Patron Saint of Russia, "St George destroying the Dragon," together with the armorial bearings of the Imperial Family. The subject has been selected most appropriately by his Excellency Baron Brunnow, the Ambassador from the Russian Court, and the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosslyn, Master of her Majesty's Buckhounds—under whose superintendence the work has been completed to their entire satisfaction. The combination of a splendid specimen of British art with utility renders this prize doubly acceptable, and will, no doubt, be proportionably esteemed by to the fortunate winner. The prize contains one thousand ounces of solid silver, and stands six and thirty inches in height. We have elsewhere referred to its exhibition in the Grand Stand at Ascot, and to the general expression of satisfaction with which it was regarded, not only as a fine specimen of English workmanship, but as a *memento* of the liberality of the Imperial donor.



**THE EMPEROR'S PLATE.**

**WON BY MR. GREVILLE'S "ALARM"—ASCOT 1846.**



At present the old gentleman is apparently bearing witness to the correctness of whatever our Secretary, Mr Baker, is stating to his friend and quondam racing confederate, Mr Sarkies; while the former's jockey, Norsing, between them, looks as if he really did not understand what it is all about, which is not much to be wondered at. On the Turf Mr Sarkies has been as unfortunate as man could well be, not having succeeded in three seasons in bringing out a winner, as a Racer I mean, for of course I take no note here of Sky Races or Matches with untrained or half-trained horses. I cannot of course form more than a surmise as to the nature of what Mr B. is trying to suppress on Mr S., but from their respective attitudes and countenances and the evident concurrence of Allee Moollah in the dicta, whatever it may be, I should not be very much surprised if he were adopting Jacob Faithful's style of ratiocination, and trying to persuade S. to try again under the sweet delusion of better luck next time—something in this sort—

"Though unlucky you've been when dame fortune courting,  
 With Skylight and Rein Deer, for both proved no-go,  
 There never was heart more addicted to sporting  
 Than your's, and I'm blessed if you ever say no.  
 If again you're beaten—sure this will sweeten  
 Ill luck—you will yield to a right friendly foe.  
 And lose or win—whoever's first in,  
 You do your best to be thereabouts,  
 With a clipping Maiden to show the way,  
 (Though little you know of the ins and the outs,  
 Of the Turf) at the post, on the Derby Day."

If so, however, I am afraid that this excellent advice, like the horses named, proved No go, and that the voice of the Deluder sounded in vain. With his back to Mr Sarkies, his cap well pulled down on his brow, and stern determination compressed between his pouting lips, is no less a person than Hoos-ainee, the crack Khoolina Jockey, imported last year expressly to ride for the Essex confederacy. A man take him for all in all, we may not look upon his like again. Just at present he is receiving a preliminary hint from W. H. S. R. (every body knows him) as to how he should hold his hands; while Mr Essex, otherwise A Tim-Tinmite, is placed between the two last in an attitude of such extreme awkwardness that, supposing him to have succeeded in getting into it by particular desire, and for that occasion only, it is not to be wondered at that his countenance has assumed a lackadaisical expression, by no means in keeping with the original. Here too he is another seceder from the cause of sporting



literature, whom I am half inclined to address in a parody on Lochiel's warning, but four lines will suffice.

"Tim Timmite, Tim Timmite! remember the days  
When together we hunted and wrote in the praise  
Of field sports, and the Turf—the how, where and when—  
You're still good in the field but pray where is your pen?"

In the left hand corner we have the active member of the Felix confederacy in conversation with one of the Stewards, Captain N. Having alluded to Mr Sarkies as an instance of extreme ill-luck, I may in contradistinction name him Mr. Felix. For the first two years of his racing career Mr F. won every race for public money in Dacca, for which his horses started and his good fortune has continued, though in a modified form, up to the present day. The Season of 1843 broke through the spell and the additional day that year afforded another instance of the truth of the saying, that its a long lane that has no turning. Then it was we had a new version of the old song—sic.

"For every stake down on the board  
The stable ever running,  
I won each race and sacked the coin,  
A wary man and cunning.  
Our Horses won what'er the pace,  
And I cock sure did make, Sir,  
I'd always win each cup and race  
Till I met Mister Baker."

Between the two last named gentleman, Mr. Felix and Capt. N., the Artist has, with characteristic modesty, introduced an inimitable likeness of himself, as he looks when he is *not* looking at you. It is not fair, however, to say any thing of him behind his back, and he has taken care nothing shall be said to his face on this occasion, so we will pass him by with our best acknowledgements for the trouble he has been at in bringing before us one of the very pleasant mornings spent in November 1845, in the Dacca Weighing Stand. There are eight more heads and hats in the drawing before me, but as I do not feel myself competent to speak with any degree of certainty as to whom they may belong to, and as uncertainty on that point will afford much matter for interesting speculation to the concerned, I am content to leave the proprietary right therein an open question.

Having thus disposed of the "personal" of the Sporting Men of these parts, or at least of a considerable portion of them, it remains to narrate what they have been doing of late. I have heard of few hunting parties this year and of none

## A FEW WORDS ON SPORTING SUBJECTS;

WITH

A SKETCH OF THE RACE WEIGHING STAND—DACCA.

AND

PORTRAITS OF "FOUR AND TWENTY SPORTING GENTLEMEN ALL  
OF A ROW."

To those who are acquainted with the Sportsmen delineated in the accompanying Sketch, a key is, in most instances, superfluous; but as they are probably only a small section of the readers of the *Review*, the majority may be disposed to think that the interest of the tableau would be materially increased by enabling them also to form some idea of *Who's Who*. With the view of supplying this deficiency, I take up my pen, so "walk up, walk up ladies and gentlemen—here you may see"—First, in the right hand corner two of our respected Stewards in serious confabulation as to whether Roostum on Sir Henry did cross Walmer in the mile race. All who have visited the Company's Pheel Khana, or been out with the Officer in charge thereof, after a tiger, will immediately recognize Captain S—in the listener; while if it must be admitted that the likeness of the party apparently speaking is but indifferent, there can be no doubt of the points at issue being *Wise*-ly laid down. Back to back with him is a well known pig-sticker (whole physiognomy may likewise be found in Captain Pratt's Hog Hunting Sketches) who won the last Dacca Great Welter on Scrooge, light Mr Burgoyne. He is acutely watching the effect of what Robin Hood and our third Steward, Mr F., otherwise Captain Phenwix, are addressing to Meah Abdool Gunnee, who with hands deep buried in his poke, looks on as if he knew all about it, while F., by way of adding unusual weight to the matter in hand, is made to carry two whips where none at all happened to be wanting, if it is the Little Welter you are talking about, for sure was that not a similar case to the Sky Race in May? a case of—

"Oh Phenwix dear why keep them waiting,  
A fuming, rating all at you;  
They sadly went a dacent bating  
And you've the horse that thing can do.

The stupid syce the spurs forgetting  
 Their want he thinks you'll scarcely feel,  
 For he knows you'll win it without setting  
 To work at all with hand or heel."  
 Oh *Phenwix* dear! Oh *Phenwix* dear!

Robin Hood is too well known in the field to require more than a passing word, I had hoped to have met him in the pages of *The Review*, as of old in those of the *Sporting Magazine*, but I take it other and more important avocations preclude all chance of that, and

"The pen that erst of Tarra's hunt  
 Each spear contested wrote,  
 How each boar charged, who bore the brunt,  
 And every turn worth note—  
 Lies idle now, though Sports's as good  
 As in the days of yore,  
 When chronicled bold Robin Hood.  
 How sportsmen slew the boar."

Next to Meah Abdool Gunnee, himself a very promising young Sportsman, we have his father, Khajah Allee Moollah, in his habit as he stood last season. To this highly liberal Native Gentleman and to his son just named, is the Dacca Turf most indebted, not only for pecuniary support, annual donation of a Cup, &c. &c., but for taking a great stride in advance of their countrymen in these parts, and coming out on the Turf with a Stud, not only fit to compete with, but able to beat, those who from former successes were almost begun to be considered invincible. The first year, as is often the case, they made nothing of it; but no whit discouraged, they got better horses for the second, engaged Roostum and carried off four prizes, including the Derby and Great and Little Welter. Encouraged by this success, the Stud has been materially increased, but of this more anon, meantime I bid them all hail and wish them luck.

Hail to the man who the triumph advances  
 Of freedom from prejudice over the world!  
 Honor alike to the trunk and its branches!  
 Success to their colours wherever unfurled!  
 Sheik—send him maidens stout!  
 Roostum—try cold without!\*

And he'll land a winner of that never fear,  
 So Hip! Hip! Hurrah!  
 Let it echo afar—  
 Success to the Khajah! Success to the Meah!

\* i. e. the O. without the D. V.—*Asmodeus*.

worthy of note. Shortly after the rains set in target practice with double barrels—smooth bore, at one hundred yards, was very much in vogue, but not having any score of the shooting I am unable to say anything about it. This was succeeded by Pigeon Shooting at twenty-one yards, with a spring trap and I have the pleasure to annex the score of all the Matches shot as yet this Season. It may be as well to mention however that though considerable trouble is taken to get the very best birds procurable, the very best are too often very indifferent and sometime very bad, in which cases, the latter especially, “luck’s all” becomes as much in vogue at this as in most other sports. A grand match, the City against the 5th N. I., is on the tapis, and could not fail to be very interesting if the regular *Jul-lailles* are procured for the occasion. If it comes off I will duly note it—mean time here is the pigeon score and an abstract of what has been done hitherto.

## PIGEON SHOOTING IN DACCA.

## I.—23RD JULY 1846.

Fenwick,	...	4	Johnstone,	...	3
Wheler,	...	4	Garstin,	...	4
Charles Wagentreiber,	...	5	Jervis,	...	3
George Wagentreiber,	...	4	Stevenson,	...	3
Gaskoin,	...	4	Ritchie,	...	1
Cooper,	...	2	Hungerford,	...	5
		—			—
	Total,...	23		Total,...	19

## II.—22ND JULY 1846.

Hungerford,	...	1	Charles Wagentreiber,	...	3
Wheler,	...	3	George Wagentreiber,	...	1
Fenwick,	...	2	Garstin,	...	3
Johnstone,	...	3	Jervis,	...	0
Stevenson,	...	2	Gaskoin,	...	2
Cooper,	...	1	Ritchie,	...	1
Crigan,	...	1	Crigan,	...	3
		—			—
	Total,...	13		Total,...	13

## III.—30TH JULY 1846.

Wheler,	...	3	Garstin,	...	3
George Wagentreiber,	...	3	Charles Wagentreiber,	...	4
Fenwick,	...	5	Hungerford,	...	2
Johnstone,	...	3	Butcher,	...	4
Stevenson,	...	5	Proby,	...	5
Fulton,	...	0	Jervis,	...	4
Cooper,	...	4	Gaskoin,	...	5
Ritchie,	...	4	Ritchie,	...	1
		—			—
	Total,...	27		Total,...	28

## IV.—4TH AUGUST 1846.

Wheler, ...	2	Garstin, ..	3
Johnstone, ...	2	Charles Wagentreiber	3
Fenwick, ...	2	Butcher, ..	0
George Wagentreiber,	2	Jervis, ..	3
Stevenson, ...	2	Proby, ..	3
Cooper, ...	1	Gaskoin, ..	1
Ritchie, ...	2	Hungerford, ..	1
Total,...	13	Total,...	14

## V.—4TH AUGUST 1846.

Charles Wagentreiber, ...	2	Garstin, ...	0
Jervis, ...	2	George Wagentreiber, ...	2
Wheler, ...	2	Proby, ...	2
Butcher, ...	2	William Wagentreiber, ...	0
Fenwick, ...	1	Gaskoin, ...	1
Johnstone, ...	2	Salkeld, ...	2
Stevenson, ...	2	Slater, ...	0
Crigan, ...	1	Hungerford, ...	.
Ritchie, ...	1	Cooper, ...	.
Total,...	15	Total,...	

## VI.—11TH AUGUST 1846.

Fenwick, ...	3	Butcher, ...	.
Wheler, ...	4	Jervis, ...	3
Garstin, ...	2	Proby, ...	3
Johnstone, ...	3	Ritchie, ...	3
Gaskoin, ...	2	Stevenson, ...	3
Cripps, ...	2	Cooper, ...	3
Total,...	16	Total,...	17

## VII.—17TH AUGUST 1846.

Johnstone, ...	4	Charles Wagentreiber, ...	5
Garstin, ...	6	George Wagentreiber, ...	6
Fenwick, ...	4	Butcher, ...	3
Smith, ...	5	Nation, ...	6
Slater, ...	5	Cooper, ...	.
Total,...	24	Total,...	23

## VIII.—19TH AUGUST 1846.

Garstin, ...	3	Fenwick, ...	1
Charles Wagentreiber, ...	5	Wheler, ...	3
George Wagentreiber, ...	3	McNeile, ...	3
Salkeld, ...	5	Hungerford, ...	3
Johnstone, ...	4	Smith, ...	5
Total,...	20	Total,...	15

## IX.—19TH AUGUST 1846.

Garstin, ...	2	Fenwick, ...	2
Charles Wagentreiber, ...	1	Smith, ...	2
Johnstone, ...	2	Salkold, ...	1
Slater, ...	1	McNeile, ...	2
Stevenson, ...	0	Gaskoin, ...	2
Total,...	6	Total,...	9

l. 4

## X.—26TH AUGUST 1846.

Charles Wagentreiber, ...	5	G. Wagentreiber, ...	4
Garstin, ...	4	Fenwick, ...	4
Jervis, ...	4	Wheler, ...	5
Smith, ...	5	Proby, ...	3
Stevenson, ...	3	Gaskoin, ...	3
Johnstone, ...	4	Middleton, ...	3
McNeile, ...	1	Hungerford, ...	4
Cooper, ...	2	Ritchie, ...	2
Total,...	27	Total,...	22

## XI.—4TH SEPTEMBER 1846.

Garstin, * ...	3	Fenwick, ...	1
G. Wagentreiber, ...	1	Charles Wagentreiber, ...	3
Jervis, ...	2	Wheler, ...	1
Johnstone, ...	3	Gaskoin, ...	3
Ritchie, ...	2	Butcher, ...	1
Total,...	11	Total,...	9

## XII.—4TH SEPTEMBER 1846.

Wheler, ...	3	Butcher, ...	2
Charles Wagentreiber, ...	3	George Wagentreiber, ...	2
Jervis, ...	2	Johnstone, ...	2
Gaskoin, ...	3	Cooper, ...	0
Fenwick, ...	3	Garstin, ...	3
Ritchie, ...	2	Ritchie, ...	1
Total,...	16	Total,...	10

## ABSTRACT.

Shooter's Names.			Number of birds shot at	Hit.	Missed.
Fenwick,	...	...	46	32	14
Wheler,	..	...	38	30	8
C. Wagentreiber,	...	...	39	36	3
Hungerford,	...	...	28	19	9
G. Wagentreiber,	..	..	40	82	12
Johnstone,	...	...	46	35	11
Gaskoin,	...	...	35	26	9
Cooper,	...	...	37	17	20
Garstin,	...	...	46	36	10
Jervis,	...	...	33	23	10
Stevenson,	...	...	29	20	9
Ritchie,	...	...	41	20	21
Fulton,	...	...	5	0	5
W. Wagentreiber,	...	...	2	0	2
Crigan,	...	...	8	5	3
Butcher,	...	...	26	14	12
Proby,	...	..	19	16	3
Cripps,	...	...	4	2	2
Salkeld,	...	...	9	8	1
Slater,	...	...	10	6	4
Smith,	...	...	18	16	2
McNeile,	...	...	12	6	6
Natton,	...	...	6	6	0
Middleton,	..	..	5	3	2
Total,			582	404	178

From Pigeon Shooting let us turn one step towards the Dog Kennel. I mentioned in No. 2 of this Review, that it was whispered there was an intention in certain quarters to establish a

pack of Hounds, and when I was in Calcutta last cold weather I received a commission to purchase ten couple of Hounds for the 5th Regiment Native Infantry, which I was lucky enough to be able to execute by obtaining the following from the Calcutta Hunt Pack :—

Dogs.		SLUTS.	
	Height.		Height.
Hannibal	... Dead.	Harmony	... 21 in.
Racer	... 24 in.	Melody	... 22 "
Bluecap	... 22 "	Lucy	... 21 "
Tarquin	... 22 "	Garland	... 23 "
Twister	... 23 "	Peticoat	... 22 "
Hudibras	... 23 "	Ruby	... 22 "
Mealman	... D	Syren	... 22 "
Chaunter	... 24 in	Rhapsody	... 22 "
Ruffian	... 26 "	Beauty	... 21 "
Rattler	... 22 "	Buxon	... D
		Bonnylass	... D
		Charity	... D
		Toilet	... 22 in.
		Doxy	... D
		Music	... 21 in.
		Columbine	... D
		Wanton	... 20 in.
		Matchless	...ran away and was lost in jungle.

The whole of these dogs reached Dacca safely, but in wretched condition, and all suffering more or less from a long and troublesome passage up, in country boats, in the month of April. Columbine arrived in a sickly state and never rallied. There was no kennel ready to receive the Hounds when they landed, and they consequently passed twenty days in a common lower-roomed stable, which did not improve their chance and the unavoidable absence of the huntsman, Mr F., immediately afterwards completed the chapter of *désagrémens*. Bonnylass, Charity and Doxy died of inflammation of the lungs, and in the huntsman's absence, just alluded to, the dooryas allowed Matchless to escape into the jungle behind the Course while out for exercise, and she could not be reclaimed, and Hannibal and Mealman fell sick and were carried off by fever induced by inflammation of the feet, caused by *chooah khanta* getting into them and being neglected. I am however happy to say that the remainder are at the present time in excellent health and condition, and no doubt will fulfil next cold weather the anticipations induced



by the high character Tom Pitt gave with them, and as Melody, Ruby and Syren are in pup by Twister; Peticcoat by Tarquin; Garland by Ruffian; and Toilet by Bluecap, it is to be hoped there is no fear of further diminution in their numerical strength.

The Station Pack next demands notice and consists of the following Hounds, purchased last cold weather (also) from the Garden Reach Pack; viz.

#### Dogs.

Challenger  
Barrister  
Tumbler  
Gallop  
Beggarman  
Governor  
Hannibal

#### SLUTS.

Harmony  
Venus, with 4 pups by Galloper  
Lady.

These dogs were brought up on the Flat, and consequently arrived in fine order. At present they are in capital health and condition, perhaps if any thing the latter is too high; a few weeks more will, it is to be hoped, see both packs at work in the field, when we shall be better able to judge of their respective qualities, &c. &c. &c.

From hounds the transition to horses is quite natural, and I am sorry to say that as yet the races have hardly received the same degree of general public support as in previous years, which probably is to be attributed to the tightness that has prevailed in the money market, and the additional calls this year on Sportsmen's pockets for hounds, &c. &c. The prospectus is before the public, and can speak for itself. Of stables, decidedly the most formidable at present here is Meah Abdool Gunnee's, under Roostum's charge, consisting of Scrooge, Sir Henry, and a chesnut Cape—all tried horses, while he has four grey maiden Arabs of whom it would be premature to say much just now, though there is one among them that I should not be surprised to see well up at the finish for the Derby, while there can be no doubt if Scrooge is all right that it will take nothing less than a good horse to beat him this year. Mr Felix has Talisman, every bit as good as ever, and the brown colt Mr. Pecksniff, but I do not think he is fated to shine on the turf. Two of the next Calcutta Derby horses are said to meditate a visit to Dacca per Steamer in the first place, and to be in training for that purpose, in capital hands, on the Palatial Course. Now that the Steamer goes regularly I trust some others may also be induced to come and try their luck. There has been much talk of Buckra and Quo Warranto, and one or

two others from different quarters, and assuredly there are many horses not quite good enough for the Presidency Meetings that might be more serviceable to their owners if they went "Up Country," as Ditchers delight to term a temporary visit to Tittighur or Chandernagore, than if they formed the *caudal vertebræ* of a more renowned hemisphere.

In theatricals the only thing that has been done lately was a performance of *The Burlington Arcade* and *The Bear and the Bashaw* which a section of the amateurs attempted last month. The heat was dreadful and memory as well as other things, I fancy must have exuded under its intensity: however, actors and audience laughed heartily and appeared to be mutually amused and pleased; so I suppose all was right and went off as well or better than was expected, especially as it is reported upon authority that the next performance will comprise certain scenes from Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, and a favorite farce to embrace the whole strength of the company.

I have not heard of much having been done in tank fishing this year. I have been out two afternoons with the renowned Captain Popjoy, and on each occasion a Rhoo'e, one of four, and the other of six pounds was taken. I need scarcely add I had nothing earthly to do with the taking of one or the other, the first being landed by C. and the second by the Captain himself. The last remaining item with which I must close this protracted article is, that there is at present in this station, and in the possession of Mr W., a young jackal perfectly and purely white, with pink eyes, varying to blue or purple, according to the light in which they are looked at. This animal was caught in the neighbourhood of a factory in this district, called Ramchunderdee, where the mother and another cub (both also white) are still at large. The one in durance here has become sufficiently tame to allow himself to be taken to, and washed in, the river. Sometime ago Khajah Allee Moollah had a perfectly white deer with pink eyes, caught in the Tipperah hills, but this is the first white jackal I have met with or heard of.

ASMODEUS.

Dacca, 8th September, 1846.

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## MASTER MATHEW WRITETH ANENT THE ARTS.

MY DEAR ABEL,—You have asked me for a few words regarding our friend's recent publication ;—you have invited the infliction, and must abide by the result ; a somewhat verbose one will it be, for you well know my dreamy habit of thinking of nine things at once, and the inclination towards garrulity with which years have vexed me,—and sometimes, let me add, in consequence, my friends also. However, in the present instance, licensed to talk, I shall not fail to follow the example of all patentees, and abuse my privilege.

These last four plates of Phil Trench's are decidedly the cleverest efforts of his pencil, and in their line infinitely the best work of art that an Eastern subject has ever given birth to.\* Their truth to nature is indeed so remarkable, that I do not think an eye unfamiliar with what they represent can appreciate all their merit. It may be well then to let your English readers know that in these delineations no attitude, gesture, nor position of man or animal is introduced which is not strictly characteristic. They owe their strict fidelity to nature to the opportunity our friend had of superintending their production in person : his first set of illustrations of one of our standard Indian Sports were by no means done justice to, the lithographers having taken the usual liberty of English Artists with Indian Art. I need not remind you that in this as in all other departments having aught to do with intellect, our good friends at home cannot believe that we can be right, and thus insist on giving things not as they are, but as these arbiters think they should be.

Now for a long time there was among artists a sort of traditional method of drawing an elephant on the established model of those which occur in Lebas' paintings of Alexander's victories. As J. G. F.† says, "the elephant meets with his usual misrepresentation" even to this day, and I have known correctly drawn elephants to be carefully altered by English engravers even of eminence, from the original presentment of the beast to the pumpkin-headed pig of Lebas ! The instance occurred in the publication of certain views of Dacca and its neighbourhood by Sir Charles D'Oyly, in which the ingenious corrector of Indian errors, not content with amending the animal, had also the kindness to improve upon humanity ; for seeing the woman with the water-pot and the man with the

\* Tiger Hunting. Four Sketches by Phillip Trench. Published by Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly.

† Osteology of the Elephant.—*Ind. Sport. Rev.* No. 1.

chattah in the same sketch, he kindly gave the over-burthened female the bunya's arm to lean upon, and made him at the same time gallantly afford her the grateful protection of his parasol! We must trust that our sporting anatomists and artists will succeed in shaming English professional painters out of such monstrosities, and no publication could have more effect in so doing than this of Trench's. The truth is that it is a most difficult thing to give a correct drawing of an elephant, and not to be done without mature study of the animal, such as I know our friend to have given to it. The great half-reasoning beast stands alone in the classification of animals, and in the same way as his organization is peculiar, so are all his motions, habits and attitudes. To depict him correctly, he must have been seen in all his moods, of anger, terror, or quiescence,—in all his positions—nay in his very gait under peculiar circumstances there is a study, which must be attended to before exactitude to nature can be attained. Now I have never seen the machinery of his motion, so to say, explained save by J. G. F., nor all his positions artistically and correctly exhibited except by Phil Trench. It is worth while to study the drawings, with the anatomical description in hand, for science sake, while gratifying the eye with the contemplation of the limmings of a true artist.

Look at that nervous unsteady beast—in the left, as we see it, of the first plate in the series!—our party, three of us with a single pad elephant, only got the old cowherd's report of a bullock killed, at breakfast; our tents were some distance off, and by the time we reached the FOOT-PRINTS—*punjab* is the word, Abel, "the print of five claws,"—the sun was high in heaven. We found the carcase of the slain animal, before we got there, uneaten, our friend in the striped jacket having only sucked the blood; "he will be back to feast on the bullock haunch to-night, the misbegot," saith the old cowherd, with rueful glance at that unmistakable hole in the jugular, whence the king of the jungle extracted the life blood of his best beast;—"perhaps,—*shayud*," interposed one of us with mushroom sun-proof *sola* on his head, who, as the oldest and best sportsman, has the command—"look for his track, Meer-jân." Now, Meerjân is our Shikaree, a fellow who has been in at the death of centuries of tigers, exulting in the sport, threading the pathless jungle like its own wild denizens, having, as he thinks, a charmed life against claw, or tusk, and ready, if the cover allowed, to go before your elephant to the very spot the tiger lies in. This useful sort of game-keeper, aided by a couple of *brinjarees*, who are pasturing their vast herds in these wilds, and have a personal

interest in the destruction of their natural enemy, have, you will observe, not been unsuccessful in their search: there, deep impressed in the yielding sand, which luckily occurs in yonder patch of open ground, are the tell-tale traces of our foe,—*bohoot burra shér*—a devil of a big one, as Meerjân assures us, as with his buckler at his back he stoops intently tracing out the trail,—an oriental Leatherstocking.

One of our *brinjarees*, with the iron spear which those people use in one hand, points with the other, drawing up his wiry frame in animated appeal to our commander, the way the game has taken. That elephant in the corner which I asked you just now to look at, has snuffed the rank scent which lingers on the spot, and as the timid ones will do, shrinks back with trunk curled inwards; our handsome friend in the howdah is one of the *nil admirari*, or wonder-at-nothing school, which one sometimes finds in perfection in a crack cavalry regiment: he is favouring us, in reply to the commander's indication of the trail, with a specimen of how indifferent he can be even on his first day's tiger shooting, while his mahout, with an emphatic '*dhutt-teree*,' and a lusty thump of the *hancus*, forces the nervous beast (it's *her* first day too) to face at any rate the smell of tiger: our handsome friend borrowed that elephant of the collector's wife at This-verybad. She is a pet, and her mistress will have her named Fatima, which is the reason why the mahout always calls her *Parbutpiaree*.

See, the pad elephant has caught the infection,—cowardice is infectious with elephants as with man,—and trumpets in alarm, inviting like correction administered by the driver, while the cooly, with careful prescience of a scrimmage, tightens the pad ropes whereon depends the safety of those who are to witness the fray. How infernally hot it is! the trees are still; not a leaf stirs; and the shadows speak of mid-day fervour in that glowing sky: our friend, the Judge *sahib*, is very sensible of the fact, and quite as sensible in another sense as to other facts in connection therewith, for his liveried jemadar holds over his head a well fringed chattah, while he himself pours forth the contents of a soda water bottle into a tumbler, which contains, I will be bound, what the bagmen call, "a bottom" of brandy. In what admirable contrast to the animals we have been looking at, are the elephants which bear the Judge and our commander! The former is evidently a practised hand: his howdah faced with the hide-trophy of our sport bears witness to it, and his elephant evinces, by his coolness and repose, constant acquaintance with such scenes as now occur around him; his very mahout is the type

of quiescence, having taken you may see, his modicum of opium, or, it may be, a whiff of *ganja*, to nerve himself for the struggle; for the moment he is stupified. But look at *Sona-mookhee* on whom is mounted our commander! See the perfect quietude of the creature, the stand-at-ease attitude, the bough in the trunk to whisk away flies, as opposed to the noisy energy of the fellow on her neck! Not opium, oh! Roostum Khan,—no, nor *ganja*, you drunken incorrigible vagabond, has screwed you to your present pitch of daring:—well knoweth the grey-bearded *klashee*, behind there in the *kha-wass\**, that a surreptitious sip from the bottle (brandy is it?)—which forms part of his charge, is the surest aid in taking you gallantly through the day; and a secret understanding managed through *Bucshhoo* the cooly, who is busy with a tug at the howdah ropes just now, has placed the stimulant in your hands without cognizance of the commander's watchful eye: the sip becomes a gulp, and the gulp lengthens into a pull, but Roostum Khan, best of mahouts, as most unorthodox of Mussulmans, is in trim for his duty:—do not let us blame him—he has had the tiger on his elephant's head some fifty times; and his own foot in the brute's mouth once, (which is quite enough), and after that “stimulus,” is allowable:—“I begin to understand the affinity,” said once to me a man who had to keep up a reputation for hard riding to hounds,—“between a Warwickshire rasper, and a gulp of cherry brandy.”

And the tiger is—where? In the tree jungle right before us perhaps—the which I hope not, for tiger shooting in tree jungle is as near a tempting of Providence as any thing on earth next to driving your friend's kicking mare in your own buggy. The first tiger I ever saw was under such circumstances, in my second year in India, with a friend as griffish to Indian sport as myself: we were two guns and a pad, his elephant wholly untried: it was something for us to have found our tiger, who fortunately like a discreet beast, bolted, leaving us jammed in the forest, for follow him we could not; had he charged, and either elephant turned to run, I leave you to guess the smash of howdahs and their occupants that must have ensued. But is he there? “*War-par guya, sahib*,—he's gone through—he's thirsty and is off to the river,—he's heated with the blood he has drunk, and must cool himself”: very good,—then let us follow.

We pass, still tracking here and there a foot-print, the belt of forest jungle, and before us is a precipitous stony declivity of some forty feet, or so,—another narrow strip of reed jungle, and then the Ganges,—*Gunga Jee* herself! Ha! Now

\* Hind seat in the howdah.

I know our location, some fifty miles or so below Hurdwar, where the river, if I mistake not, first takes the character observable in it as far as Allahabad, of banks alternating between a dead sandy level on one side and a low precipitous sort of cliff on the other;—our's is the cliff side. And now, Judge sahib, get you down first, and let us beat this reedy patch;—the well-trained elephant chooses his point of descent, plants his fore-feet just on the uncertain edge of the declivity, and then, with crouched hams, tilting forward the weight he bears, slides with much rattle of stones and crash of brush-wood down the slope: him follow the pad, bearing Mcerjân and our *Brinjarees*, amused with the novelty of their situation: then comes our handsome friend on the fair *Fatima alias* Parbutpiaree; she is, as usual, timid, and loses time in getting down, and when down—but look at the plate.

She has stumbled on the tiger, turned from him, and in an instant had the beast upon her croup,—then with a mad dash forward she has rushed to the edge of the precipice that hangs some forty feet perpendicular over the muddy stream of mother Gunga! With the usual sagacity, and the enormous physical power of her kind, she has contrived to choose between grim death before her and the inconvenience of a tiger hanging on, not, you may say, sailor-fashion by the eyelids, to her hinder extremity: just then down swings *Sonamookhee* with the commander along the declivity, he helpless from his position,—the Judge sahib puts his gun uncertainly to his shoulder (don't fire old fellow, you're as likely to hit elephant as tiger), while the pad and its occupants rest, man and beast, in an equal state of horror and suspense! The details of this situation are excellent;—the cooly in dangerous approximation to what Mr Blyth would call, 'a fine specimen of *felis tigris*,' falling from his bad eminence!—the horrified mahout throwing himself from the neck of the poor *Fatima-Parbutpiaree*;—the attitude of the fellow hurry-scurrying out of the khawass;—but above all the cool determination of our handsome friend, whose indifference, so far as regards danger, is no affectation, —all are true to nature and drawn in a style as correct as spirited. The positions of the elephants are in themselves a study; I only begrudge the view of the hind limbs of the sliding animal shut out by the pad in the foreground; but this sacrifice was no doubt necessary to preserve the grouping; it has at any rate procured us an excellent fore-shortened view of the foremost elephant.

And how did we get out of it? Why the original incident on which this sketch was grounded, ended with the tumble over the bank of the elephant with howdah, guns, &c.; if my memory

serves me right, the men escaped in time : in this case, termed as it is **THE ESCAPE**, the animal, relieved of the tiger who seems to have got away, may have either extricated herself, or been assisted out of the peril by the other elephants. Be that as it may, our handsome friend appears again, though still to a disadvantage (owing to the Collector's wife's elephant), at **THE DEATH** of the formidable beast, who so nearly finished him. The tiger has been beat for in a deep morass, one of those fastnesses the animals are so fond of, yielding as it does that *fussun*, or rotten marsh so dangerous and impracticable to a loaded elephant. While toiling through this, our commander's staunch and sturdy *Souamookhee* is charged by our striped antagonist, who knocked over by a well-directed shot from his unerring hand, is afterwards finished by the same aided by the Judge sahib : between them is the pad elephant standing his ground very steadily with a good example on either side of him, and in the distance our unlucky tyro in mustachoes, who again is thrown at the mercy of his panic-stricken beast. I have witnessed a scene in a very deep morass the exact counterpart of the one here so characteristically given, save that the confusion was enhanced by the guns being five, and the pad elephants some twenty. Scores of your readers who have seen the same thing scores of times, my dear Abel, will speak to the fidelity of the picture : the large elephant with his trunk curled to resist the tiger's onset, and the mahout holding him back with the *hancus*, and the general effect of that peculiar labouring exertion made by the mighty beasts to drag their limbs through the heavy swamp, are all admirably given.

**THE TENTS** which closes the set, is no less graphic, while to my eye it conveys even more of character than the preceding plates. Our handsome friend, disgusted with his luck has, it appears, come home by himself, for at the door of a distant double-poled tent, (which is I rather think the *Kucherry* tent borrowed from the Collector,) is his elephant kneeling, from which the guns are handed down, while he gladly accepts some proffered beverage. In the foreground, occupying two-thirds of the picture are,—in the centre middle distance, the pad elephant proudly bearing home the carcase of the slaughtered tiger,—to the left, the elephants of the two other sportsmen, and in the centre two figures excellently true to life, the *thannadar* of the neighbouring police station, who has evidently turned out to do honour to the Judge sahib, and a police *suwar*, who is, I fancy, in attendance on him : the middle distance to the right is filled by the horses of the party at their pickets alarmed at the approach of the elephants, while about them and near the tents are a variety of figures introduced illustrating the lively



bustle of camp-life about the hour the *sahibân* wend homewards :—now, being nothing if not critical, I do here pronounce that the only questionable incident in these plates, is the bringing the elephants so close to the stable pickets as to frighten the nags :—there is a very smart looking grey Arab yonder, who has serious thought of trying to break away, while another straining at his head ropes, and a third lashing wildly out, disregardless of his heel tethers, show signs of confusion of which I am convinced our friend, the commander, would never have been the cause: no horse hardly, not trained to live with them, can stand elephants, and one always gives the nags a wide berth coming home, lest perchance a strain, or a fall, or a snapped head rope be the consequence :—it may be said that all this stramash is caused by the scent of the dead tiger, and such *may* in nature be the case, not however within the experience of this deponent. Happily contrasted with this distant scene of bustle, is in the right foreground the ruined brickwork of some lowly shrine, the resting place doubtless of the reputed saint of the neighbourhood,—and somewhat behind it sits the camp fukeer who is evidently travelling with our friends, with his flag, his drum, his little fire and water-pot, that men may both see and hear where light may be had, and thirst quenched on reaching the appointed halting place.

I cannot praise too highly the mode in which our artist has conveyed the labouring gait of tired elephants, pushed, as these are, to their best pace: the mahouts have done their work, and are knocked up; the Judge's fellow sits with one wearied leg crossed on the broad head of his breast, while the coolies after their several fashions urge on the jaded patient animals, by a goad-prod over the tail, or a whack with that weighty stick on the same sensitive part, and the eternal cry "*myl, myl,*"—step out! The attitudes of the sportsmen proclaim how gladly they would reach their tents: the uneasiness of a long day in the howdah has fairly worn even them out, for they have evidently gone out to kill their tiger only, and have killed him late, and we all know what pounding along all day without allowing oneself to fire a shot is. I gather these facts from my only seeing one spotted deer, and a hare, hung with their throats orthodoxly cut to the howdahs, and shot doubtless for the mahouts and servants. That thannahdar showing off on the white horse with the braided mane is inimitable :—there is individuality in him: I feel that I know him, and that he is a Rampore Rohilla, and his name Rehmüt Oollah Khan: his companion with the ineffably spavined horse (look only at his action) is quite as characteristic.

And now, my dear Abel, that you have got through this,—let me congratulate you on your escape: you know not the dangers that have threatened you: the above is bad enough,—but oh! the avalanches, the oceans of prose that would have been, had the extent of my leisure been commensurate with my powers of garrulity! The *real* anecdote of my friend Colonel O——, and how he tumbled on the lion out of the howdah, (in Sirhind in days when lions were), and swore at him in German, when the beast incontinently took to his heels in much alarm;—the excellent jest of the mutiny against the commander of a shooting party, who finding his friends *would* go out to blaze at everything, stayed sulky at the tents in disgust, while they after patronizing Dartford the whole day, came home with no end of deer and small game, having seen six tigers, *and killed three*;—the—but no:—“thou should’st have heard,” as Grumio says, but shall’st it not, as say I. Let me only in conclusion congratulate you and our sporting friends on the rapid advance made and making, in adding dignity and increased utility to their favourite amusements. When they give birth to productions alike valuable for the illustration of manners as for excellence in art, and lead those that follow them, as is the case with so many of your contributors, to study and remark upon the history of the denizens of mountain, field, lake, and fell, as well as seek manly recreation in their pursuit,—surely it will be allowed that there is public benefit in all kinds of sport as well as private pleasure and advantage.

For the kind and cheery-hearted author of these plates,—that the lights and shades of life may blend as happily and harmoniously in his career, as do those of nature in his works, is the sincere prayer of his old friend,

MASTER MATHEW.

TO ABEL EAST, Esq., .

*Editor Sp. Rev.*

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## HORSES IN TRAINING FOR 1846-47 ;

OR,

## A VISIT TO THE TREES.

By dint of early rising and by keeping my eyes open on occasional visits to the Durruntollah and elsewhere, I have managed to pick up some ideas as to the nags likely to make an appearance this season, and which perhaps may be of interest to some of your readers.

The peculiar feature of the present position of racing matters at the Presidency is the assimilation to the English practice of public training stables. The much to be regretted retirement of our esteemed Deputy Governor has taken away the only private stable, and his trainer, Barker, having established himself in capital premises in the Circular Road, with a goodly string, leaves us with three "Lots :—" Ross's, Barker's and Hunter and Co.'s under charge of whom are all the horses at present in work here. There are some hopes of additions from Bangalore and Sonepore which will greatly increase the interest of the races, but this will depend much on the performances at these earlier meetings.

Ross's "lot" comprises Mr Petre's, Mr Green's, Mr Jones', Mr Boynton's and Mr Bag's strings,—many of them pretty long ones.

Mr Petre has two Platers, Crab and Niger, and the following maidens : Albuern, Farewell, Bonanza, Zurbano, and Pitcorthie. The Platers speak for themselves, in their past performances—Niger the late purchase, at a heavy figure, from the Alipore Stable is in fine form ; much improved by his additional year and going well. Albuern, though he proved expensive to his admirers last year, has still many who think well of him and his appearance justifies their opinion, as his condition is much superior to what it was in the previous season, and if he goes on without accident he must be in a good place for the Derby. Little Farewell is also looking blooming, and tho' perhaps not able to stride with the long ones will be a queer customer for any of his size. Zurbano, a grey, and Bonanza, a bay, are slashing four years' old colts, who, with the unspeakable advantage of upwards of a year's Calcutta keep and tuition should carry their light weights well to the

front. Pitcorthie is also a fine large bay colt, but having been amiss is not likely to do much this present year. The whole four are entered for the Derby and Champagne, and also named for a chance in the Bengal Club Cup and other temptations for Maidens.

Mr Green still rejoices in the possession of Glaucus and the Madras horse Goldfinder, and for maidens has Edus, Maynooth, The Baron, Akhalee, a New South Wales colt—Paris, with two or three others not likely to earn notice to themselves or profit to their owner. The old horse is hearty as ever and it ought to be a fine struggle between him, Niger, and Cadwallader for the Champagne. Edus, a blue grey, was brought round from Bombay where he ran a good second for their Derby, one and a half miles. He is an exceedingly neat and pretty mover, but a want of breadth in the chest may, in his first destined course, the Derby two miles, cause the destruction of the hopes of his owner and an upsetting of the coach,—as happened to his great namesake.

Maynooth, a bay, was named by the Sheik for some races last year, but did not start. Both he and the Baron, a grey, who after being a saddle-horse has been promoted to his present dignity, no doubt for sundry good and weighty reasons, are fairish looking cattle, and having had the benefit of a year's work, may, failing the Great Guns, come in at the finish. Maynooth has been matched against Repulse and Little Goorkha, and as Repulse made a very respectable appearance last year, Mr. Green must be worthy of his name unless he has some good grounds to go on. Akhalee, a little bay, came up from Madras, and may as well go back—perhaps accompanied by Goldfinder, as his owner there appears to be the only person who appreciates him. Paris, a good looking colt, said to be well bred, and with Arab blood, entered for the Australian Purse, will not do much to gain a reputation for his class.

The great Elepoo is still Mr. Jones's stand-by. The old horse is at present in the most blooming and silky condition—displaying more muscle and form than at any previous period of his career; and there is every appearance of his retrieving his lost honors and adding fresh cups to his owner's already well filled sideboard. Mr. J. has Lall Sing, a chestnut Whaler colt entered for the Australian Purse—a neat well made horse, but not much like a racer.

Mr Boynton has our former Cape friends, Sir Benjamin and Battledore—the first not looking so well as he did last year, but there is plenty of time before the meeting to bring matters round. Battledore is going exceedingly well and again

promises to make short work of short races. His Maiden lot consists of a brown Cape colt, it is believed a near relation of Sir Benjamin and a string of Arabs, the only cognizable ones among whom are Merry Monarch and Croton Oil, both large slashing greys: the former cut rather poor a figure at the Bangalore Meeting last year; the latter is a dark horse and no one knows how much of the "essential" he may contain, though he looks as if he could physick some at light weights and short distances.

Mr Boynton has also named Toom Dekega, a horse which appeared under the Shaik's protection last year. There was some talk of his name being changed to Hogá-né, and it is a pity the intention was not carried out.

Mr Bags, in whom we are happy to hail a fresh aspirant to Turf honors, has three maidens purchased from the Sheik. El Zago, Free Trade, and Golaub Sing—to one of whom Fortune, if at all just, must surely assign the Sheik's plate, and we hope some other pickings—tho' El Zago, a large white horse only lately arrived, is not likely to be in condition to go much this year.

Barker has the following stables under his charge. Mr Roberts', Mr East's, Mr Grey's, Mr Stone's, Mr Abram's, and Mr North's.

The first numbers a good list of maiden Arabs; viz: Honeysuckle, Ugly Mug, Little Goorkha, Energy and a nameless Bay—besides Selim, a Whaler, and the English horses Morgiana and Grasshopper. Of these Honeysuckle is no doubt the *flower*, a powerful little grey—small and compact—something of the style of Fieschi, and having been well galloped, forward in his training, as his friends are in support of him. He has been matched against Edus, and if one may judge from the confidence displayed by those who ought to know, he will be a dangerous opponent to any of the crack maidens. Ugly Mug fully justifies his cognomen, but as the proverb says: "Handsome is as handsome does," and it is to be hoped his performances will make up for his want of beauty. Little Goorkha struggles away with his stable companions and though rather out of condition, his blood and the sureness of his action enable him to keep his place with any of them, fast as they have been going. He has been heavily matched both for the first and second meetings, and odds offered against him for the big Races have been eagerly snapped up. Energy is looking and going well and it can be ascribed only to the temporary absence of his owner from the country that he has not formed engagements like his comrades. The Bay without a name will it is be-

lieved go for the Sheik's Plate. Selim is a large chesnut of doubtful blood, but of not *doubtful* temper.

Mr East has Repulse, and Lapwing, Arabs, Banker a well known Cape and Fusilier, a bay New South Wales Horse. The two first have appeared on several occasions. Repulse has been pluckily matched against several untried maidens, and his owner is quite willing to go on. Lapwing is entered for the Derby, Champagne, and Mile Sweepstakes fourth day—the last probably the best suited to his capabilities. Banker a selection from the Alipore Stable requires no comment. He is entered for the Colonial, and will no doubt go for other races, but it is to be hoped he will meet the demands of his backers in a more satisfactory manner than the “no asset” style which he adopted last year. Fusilier, a light bay, is a good mover.

The veteran sportsman Mr Grey has again appeared on our Turf; on the right side of which it is to be hoped he may long remain. He has the redoubtable Selim who distinguished himself so unexpectedly last year, purchased for a large sum on the lamented death of his owner, Mr Ryder. He is looking and going well and spite of the little feat of practical surgery exercised on his tail appears as if likely to flourish what remains of it in the faces of his adversaries. Mr G. has a reserve at Sonapore, consisting, it is understood, of two or three maiden Arabs, and Young Emblem the country-bred.

Mr Stone retains his connection with the Turf in the shape of a long eared Arab named Midas, and a chesnut Cape colt the brother to Battledore. The first is thought by some to resemble Selim, but no one could imagine that the brothers belonged to the same family.

It is sad to see Mr Abram with only Cadwallader and Alchymist. The running of the former last year has justly placed him among the favorites for the great Maiden stakes of the season, and gives a fair promise that he will prove a second Glendower. This Alchymist has not succeeded better than his brethren in turning any thing into gold, and there is little prospect of amendment. The trust of Mr North is placed solely in Emigrant—a New South Wales Horse, who distinguished himself at Ceylon.

The secession of Barker has for the present sadly denuded Hunter and Co.'s stables—their occupants just now being only Shereef and some whalers, the property of Mr Newton. Shereef is well, but still looks wistfully behind and about him. Should he strengthen his heart his undoubted speed may tell even in some of the great races. Mr Newton as the only suc-

cessful trainer of whalers may, it is to be hoped, be as fortunate this year as he was last.

In addition to the above Presidency lots the Madras and Sonepore Stables have nominated horses for several of the Stakes, and the 5lb. allowance made to such as have run the first time since the 1st Oct. ought to put any fair nag in a good place. Of the Madrassies nothing is known, and as little of the Sonepore Cattle with the exception of Lottery who made his debut as a maiden on this course some four years since, and it is to be hoped age has improved his qualities, for which there certainly was room.

But little business as compared with last year has been done upon the meeting. The two great Maiden Stakes, Derby and Champagne have attracted some speculation, and a few Lotteries have taken place in which Mr. Petre's stable for the Derby and Mr. Green's for the Champagne were the favorites. Mr Roberts, however, does not lack supporters, and Cadwallader's friends are staunch. There has been some betting between Ross and Barker's lots, even whenever they meet, and Elepoo has been backed in a similar manner against Selim. The Derby odds may be quoted as follows :

100	to	20	against Petre's Stable.
100	to	10	against Albuera.
80	to	10	against Cadwallader.
150	to	10	against Shereef.
100	to	10	against Edus.
100	to	10	against Honeysuckle.

Honeysuckle even against Edus.

Edus and Albuera *v.* Cadwallader and Shereef.

The Champagne, barring accidents, has been booked as a certainty for either Glaucus, Niger or Cadwallader, and a little business even one against the other has been done. The addition of Niger to Mr. Petre's Stable has contributed to narrow the field for speculation. On the whole we may consider Mr. Petre's stable to have the call against any other. Mr. Green's sustained a severe loss in the death, en route from Bombay, of High Pressure, a horse whose character would at once have raised him to a high rank in the betting. Mr. Boynton has numerical superiority in his favour as far as maidens go. They are, however, untried which may also be said with regard to Mr Roberts' string. There is ample room for business generally, and every prospect of good competition, as no stable can be said to possess an overwhelming strength, and he will be a bold man who will prophecy what color will be first at the winning post.

In addition to all the published races in the prospectus, here have been numerous private Sweepstakes and matches got up, and chief among these rank the four made at one of the Tent Club meetings between Elepoo, Glaucus, Banker and Sir Benjamin as follows :—

1st Day—2½ miles—8st. 10lb. Maidens allowed 7lb.

3rd Day—Gilbert mile—9st. Maidens that never started on the day of naming allowed 1st., other Maidens 7lb.

4th Day—Heats 2 miles—8st. 7lb. Maidens allowed 10lb.

6th Day—1½ miles—9st. Maidens that never started on day of naming allowed 1st., other maidens 7lb.

The Stakes were got up by the respective owners of the nags, each naming his own weights and distance; and it will be interesting to see if the results justify the owner's opinion of his horse's peculiar forte. There is also a Gilbert Mile sweepstakes for Whalers, including Selim, Fusilier, Paris, Nisus and a Dun horse, the property of a Sporting Member of the Tent Club, which is likely to shew good sport, all the nags being untried except Selim who ran in Australia and left his friends in the lurch by bolting. The matches are chiefly between untried maidens such as Little Goorkah and Maynooth; one however, Eous and Honeysuckle, in which the latter gets an allowance of 5lb., is deserving of remark. Honeysuckle's backers must have considerable confidence in his merits having matched a 4 year old untried horse against a tried good one 6 years old, with so small an allowance. Repulse if in good form ought to make some money for his owner, who has displayed considerable nous in getting on, against untried ones. A couple of matches have been made between Morgiana, the English mare who was put forward last year for the Merchants' Cup, but did not go, and the two Capes, Banker and Sir Benjamin, at even weights 8st. 7lb. each, Gilbert Mile, being the first instance on this Course of any Colonial running against imported blood without a heavy allowance of weight. The Capes are undoubtedly good, especially so for a short distance, but if the mare can be brought out in anything like form she ought to make mincemeat of them.

There are but few changes in the denizens of the Turf to notice. The retirement of Sir Herbert Maddock must be a subject of regret to all—and in the annals of the Turf no instance of such decided success in so short a period as two years can be quoted. The absence of the time-honored name of the Squire is also to be lamented. Oily Gammon was named for the Derby and Champagne, but cannot, it is under-



stood, be brought out, the firing he underwent last year having failed to restore him.

There is a promise of some additions to those that have been mentioned, and the "glorious uncertainty" may give the palm of victory to some one that has not been named by

A PEEP OF DAY BOY.

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**SELECTIONS,**

**AND**

**SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.**

# SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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# SELECTIONS,

AND

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE,

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### LIFE AND WRITINGS OF NIMROD.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS."

The "Life of a Sportsman" which may be regarded as Nimrod's great work, though he himself assigned that title to "Nimrod on Sporting," of which work he was more the compiler or editor than the author; the "Life of a Sportsman" was originally published piecemeal in the *New Sporting Magazine*, a proceeding that Nimrod considered prejudicial to his literary reputation, as he declared in the before-mentioned article, published in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the title of "My Life and Times," wherein he enumerated all his literary exploits, with, in many instances, their success and the prices he obtained for them. The "Life of a Sportsman," was a project of Mr Ackermann's who wished to have it written in verse after the style of "Doctor Syntax," of which work he furnished our author with a copy, but forgot to supply him with the ability. "Doctor Syntax," we may observe, was a speculation of the late Mr Ackermann's, and a very successful one it was. The following letters, tracing the rise and progress of the "Life of a Sportsman," will give a better idea of the nature of the work, and be more interesting to the reader, than any analytical review we could write of it. There had been some personal interviews between Nimrod and Mr Ackermann on the subject, and the following letter is the first one that passed relative of it. It seems that Mr Alken commenced illustrating the work before it was written, thus making Nimrod write to his plates, instead of making the plates illustrate the letter-press. This, we should add, is a sad cramping, disadvantageous proceeding, as far as the author is concerned.

\* Concluded.

The first letter is dated March 24, 1837, and is as follows :

“ Calais.

“ Dear sir,

“ I must account to you for not having sooner replied to your letter of the 28th of last month. In the first place, I did not receive it, with the parcel, till last week ; secondly, I am in the middle of an article for the *Quarterly Review*, which must be finished by the first week in April.

In the middle of April, I shall be in London, when we will endeavour to arrange the illustrations of your plates ; but it strikes me, Mr Alken has several more yet to execute, as his hero should go through all the gradations of the sportsman and the coachman to make the thing complete. It would be necessary that I should give Mr Alken some instructions (if he will take them) as to the future plates, for, with all his cleverness, he spoils many, from the want of taking time to consider his subjects.

“ Yours truly,

“ C. APPERLEY.”

“ I think the ‘ Life of a Sportsman ’ would be the best title for your work—the word ‘ thorough-bred ’ applies more properly to horses. I think, also, it would take ; and it has the advantage of not being confined to time as to publication.

“ To Mr Ackermann, Regent-street, London.”

The “ Life of a Sportsman ” seems to have been the title adopted ; and henceforth the conception assumes that name. Still, the form of publication seems to have been unsettled, for in June of the same year, 1837, Nimrod wrote as follows :—

“ I am sorry we did not take more time in discussing the publication of the ‘ Life of a Sportsman.’ I have made my notes for it, and find the subject would admit of twice the space you think of allotting to it—in fact, it would make four volumes, and afford subjects for my pen which would suit all classes of readers, and embrace matter of high moral interest to the rising generation.”

Again in July he writes—

“ I have rough-sketched all the matter for your work, and shall soon be able to put it in its proper form. But I should wish for your decision as to whether a *volume* or in *numbers*. I think the subject could be extended to great length. However, you can judge from the following heads :

“ Independent of the subjects to be introduced by the plates, I have my hero through all the grades of life—at school, at Oxford, in the dragoons, at Melton Mowbray, as a rider to hounds, as a master of hounds, at a ball, in wedlock, in conversation with his father (a very long article), describe his person, his stud, as a coachman, a fisherman, a shot, cock-fighter, &c. &c.

"You will observe, these heads are put down as they stand in my note-book, without regard to order, but of course that will be attended to."

On the 6th of December, 1837, Nimrod broached to Mr Ackermann what, on the 7th of September, 1838, he conveyed to Mr Spiers as the sudden impulse of the moment, arising from the printer's errors and want of proofs of his articles :

"Dear sir,

"Pray let me have your determination respecting the 'Life of a Sportsman.' Is it to be a periodical or not ?

"Between ourselves, I don't think I shall continue much longer a contributor to the *New Sporting Magazine*. Spiers has used me very ill in publishing the 'Northern Tour,' without giving me a chance to correct the errors that appeared in the succeeding numbers of the *New Sporting Magazine*.

"I shall make another sporting and agricultural (combined) tour next summer in Scotland, for deer-stalking, grouse-shooting, &c., with Captain Ross, and intend spending the following season in Ireland. What a start for a new periodical !

"In haste, yours truly,

"C. APPERLEY."

The ill-treatment Nimrod here complains of, was explained in the last portion of this memoir, and was incapable of obviolation, inasmuch as the work was printed from the magazine types, and was, moreover, as correct as the majority of works are ; or, indeed, as Nimrod most likely would make it.

The following letter to Mr. Ackermann is also on the subject of the "Life of a Sportsman :"

"December 22, 1837.

"My dear sir,

"I have received your letter, and am now able to tell you *exactly* how matters stand respecting your book.

"I have got forward with three months' manuscript for the *New Sporting Magazine*, and Youatt and I have also written the key to the grand picture,\* now publishing by Hodgson and Graves. I have an article to write for Fraser, on gaming, which finishes that subject, and it must be in London the week after next. *After that time* I have nothing to interrupt me for three months, which I will devote to your book. It would not do to be off and on with a work of that size, which I mean to make instructive as well as amusing. Whether I shall have enough of good matter for two volumes, I cannot say, until I enter well into the subject. It is my opinion that I have.

"I am sorry to find you cannot manage a periodical. I should have liked to have edited it, for there never has been a sporting magazine properly edited yet.

\* Mr Grant's celebrated picture of the meet of the Royal Stag Hounds on Ascot Heath.

"I do not like the motto or head to plate 17. 'Tooling the Bang Up' is very vulgar, the phrase 'bang up' is quite obsolete.  
(This now stands in the book—

"H. FOR WINDSOR! GO ALONG BOB!"

Scene—dark night and a tandem—guide-post with the groom reading as above.)

"Again—what means Charley Easthope, or dog fight—Duck-lane? I should not wish to conduct my hero to such a place, unless it were to condemn it.

"I remain,

"Yours truly,

"NIMROD."

On the 1st of February, 1838, he announces a commencement of the work.

"Dear sir,

"I have this day made a start to write out the 'Life of a Sportsman' for you, and I know of nothing to prevent my finishing it off-hand.

"I have only one remark to make respecting the plates. The one which has the little boy with the fox's brush in his hand, must be the frontispiece, because it does not answer my views of the subject. First, all the figures are young and slim, and the papa is a very different looking person to the one I mean to describe, suitable to the middle of the *last* century, when of course my tale must commence, or I could not carry the sportsman through life to old age, which I shall of course do. I shall likewise introduce the *uncle*, as well as father of my hero, to give additional interest, and to avoid monotony of character, and his will be a good one to help me out.

"I hope to send you a bundle of MS. by this day fortnight. If you have any fresh suggestions to make, let me hear from you; if not, rest assured I shall do you justice, and produce an entertaining and instructive book.

"In haste, truly yours,

"C APPERLEY.

"Thanks for the *Age*, which comes very regularly. Of course you read the attack on me by the editor of the *New Sporting Magazine*, in the January number. I believe the writer to be Mr. B——, all in jealousy because I would not be their editor!"

This was quite a mistake on the part of Nimrod. He certainly was offered the editorship of the magazine; but as it was a disputed point among the proprietors, whether he was qualified for it or not, no disappointment or ill-feeling could arise from his refusing it. Indeed, his not getting it was a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, which the proprietors could have removed if they had liked, their offer being a certain sum, with a liberal per centage on increased circulation, while Nimrod wanted a larger salary without the contingency. Indeed nothing but the difficulty of obtaining a competent person would have induced the proprietors to offer the editorship to Nimrod; for, though a punctual contributor, he had not the off-hand activity necessary for an

editor ; and, moreover, his own papers, oftentimes, required no little revision themselves.

The attack he talks of in the last letter was a review of the before-mentioned work, "Sporting by Nimrod," published by Bailey and Co., of Cornhill. The review was written by the clever author of "Stephen Oliver, the Younger's" works—not by the gentleman supposed by Nimrod. Speaking of the embellishments, the writer said, the work spoke well for the flourishing state of sporting literature ; for if the spirited publishers had not been pretty well assured of an extensive sale, they would not have risked the great expense they must necessarily have incurred in getting up a work which contained so many large and beautifully-engraved plates. It then went into a critical but complimentary analysis of the plates, but found fault with part of the letter-press, though it said "Fox-Hunting, by Nimrod," was an excellent article, which any person, whether sportsman or not, might read with pleasure and profit.

"We are sorry," says the reviewer, "that the editor (Nimrod) gives us so few articles of this kind ; even though it be his own *cabbage* that he again serves up, most readers will not relish it when 'twice sodden.'"

The work, as we said before, though called "Sporting by Nimrod," was only edited by him, and is one of the handsomest with regard to getting up and illustration, that ever issued from the press. From the circumstance, however, of no second volume ever appearing, we shall imagine it had not been successful. Speaking of this work in *Fraser's Magazine*, Nimrod called it his *magnum opus*, and he takes the opportunity of praising several of the papers in it, and of running down what we consider to be the best one, namely, "Epsom Races, by a Sentimental Gentleman." This was the account by a pretended ignoramus on turf matters, though, in reality, the production of one of the shrewdest and cleverest men going, of all he saw or heard in his journey by coach, from town and back to the far-famed Epsom Downs ; and Nimrod's only objection seems to have been, that the author was a lawyer.

"It was," said he, in *Fraser's Magazine*, "a sad mistake to put a London lawyer to write the article on 'Epsom Races ;' just as if being a lawyer was to disqualify a man from having a taste for the turf. Yet this London lawyer is the man we say Mr Murray ought to have employed to write his turf article in the *Quarterly Review*—this London lawyer being, if we greatly mistake, the now renowned "Bunbury"—a writer who makes even Whigs read the *Morning Herald*,—so neat and spritely are his turf articles.

But to return to the "Life of a Sportsman."

The next letter announces the departure of manuscript to the publisher :

"Feb. 18, 1838."

"Dear sir,—

"By the mail of this day I have sent you as much MS. as will make sixty pages of the book, and I think you will say I have made a



good start. Before the end of the month you shall have another bundle, and I do not mean to *quit the collar* till I have finished it. As you will perceive, I have not yet got my hero out of his leading-strings, and it will be impossible to contain his history in one volume. Indeed a friend of mine, who understands these matters, says you should bring it out in *three parts*. However, you will perceive I mean to place the plates judiciously, as I have as yet only had occasion for three, *the fight, the dog-fight, and the badger-drawing*. The scene in the dining-room, where the child has the fox's brush in his hand, must be the frontispiece; but there ought to be a plate of the young gentleman with his father's harriers, as I have described him. But I should direct Alken in these matters.

"Depend on it, this will be a first-rate book, and will sell well."

He then diverges a little into money matters, and says, with reference to the subject-matter of the bargain,—

"Depend on it, you shall have the *quod pro quo*, and I will do you justice as I have done, indeed, to all my employers.

"When I look at my notes and reflect upon them the subject of this work appears inexhaustible. I can place my hero in about twenty different situations. It will be a work adapted to readers of all tastes and of all ages. I have read part of this MS. to a good judge, who admires it much.

"Believe me truly yours,

"NIMROD.

"My MS. is not so fairly written as some, but it is legible. I never keep a rough copy, but write from my notes, which accounts for interlineations, but I could never do what I do, if I was to write my MS. *twice over*."

Nimrod was a great man for chopping and changing, and attached such importance to trifles, that he was an expensive customer to booksellers inclined to humour his fancies.

The projected frontispiece, "The Child in the Dining-room with the Fox's Brush in his Hand," of the preceding letter, had to make way for another in three days, which after all was not the frontispiece to the work.

Thus he writes on the 21<sup>st</sup> of February (1838),—

"Dear sir,

"When I wrote to you last I had not received yours of the 16<sup>th</sup>. So soon as I hear from you, saying you approve of my way of treating the subject, I will write to Mr Alken and suggest a few plates, giving him *minute* directions as to costume, &c., which I hope he will attend to.

"The scene at dessert must be the frontispiece. The costume of the figures totally preclude my making use of it, as no man in those days wore a red coat at dinner. It will do well, however, as a frontispiece, and the costume then will not be material. To give you an idea of the extent to which the work might go, I mean to introduce the following scenes. They do not follow regularly here, as I merely take them from the *index* to my *note book*.

"Conversations with his father.

"His father dies—He marries—As a master of hounds—A summer—His uncle again—As a fisherman—Rook's nest hunting—Quoits—His stud—At a ball—As a shot—As a soldier in dragoons—Bird-catching—Describe his person—At Oxford—As a coachman—Cock-fighting—Coursing—Breeder of pheasants—Rider to hounds—Hawking—Goes to Melton—Gets old—Dies—Loses his father—Conclusion—Stag-hunting—Otter ditto—Marries—On the turf—Fights a duel—As a huntsman—His bother Andrew—Reflections—Conversations, &c. with Mr Egerton, his father and uncle—Some account of his sisters, &c.

"You will cry, 'hold hard, *enough*;' I shall hope to hear from you by to-morrow night's post, till when,

"Yours very truly,  
"NIMROD."

Mr R. Ackermann,  
"191, Regent-street, London."

The following letter contains an amusing jumble, as also a curious sample of Nimrod's idea of "useful instruction" for the rising generation.

"Wednesday, March 7, 1838.

"Dear sir,

"I sent off my parcel of MS. *this morning*, and hope you will receive it before you get this. It contains sixteen folio sheets, and I think you cannot fail to like it. When I receive the proof-sheets, I will alter the part about the Lady God, for I agree with you that we must not be laid hold of by the press, if we can help it, unless it be to praise us. I think we shall make it a capital work, but I doubt its going into the space of two volumes, for we see our hero is not yet got to school, but he soon will—to Eton. Just as I had finished the last MS., I had an application from a friend in London, to assist him in the composition of a prize essay, which caused me to lose the thread of the story about the badger, for I keep no rough copy.

"I shall write to Mr Alken, with directions for two plates—one of *Frank* with his father's harriers; the other, representing him when at Eton school, in the act of being taught to drive a coach by Jack Bayly, the famous coachman of the Birmingham Prince of Wales coach, who taught Sir Henry Peyton, and all that set of four-in-hand men when at Eton.

"I think the run over Leicestershire would afford a good plate or two: one of Mr Meynell, for example, on his famous gray horse; and another of Mr Somerbey, in some one of his disasters. I think the *New Sporting* is going wrong—so do many others.

"Adieu, truly yours,

"NIMROD.

"P. S.—You will perceive my aim is to make this work not only amusing but instructive and serviceable to young people in more ways than one.

"To Mr Ackermann, 191, Regent Street, London."

The manuscript seems to have followed in rapid succession. The following letter announces the departure of another batch.

" March 21, 1838.

" Dear sir,

" By this day's mail I have sent you sixteen folios of manuscript, all of which I am sure you will say, contain the right sort of stuff. As to the plate you sent me by Mr Frizelle, I cannot approve of it, not because it is not very good in *its way*, but the cut and dress of the children are so different to what Alken has made the others, and what, as the children of a rich English gentleman, they ought to be, that the two plates would never do, to represent the same family. Those now sent are like the children of a country farmer, more than of a highly-born gentleman of any age of the world. You have not told me whether you will bring out the book in two vols., or in three parts; I think I should have a difficulty in compressing all I have to say in two volumes.

" On Sunday next I go to Paris, to spend a week with the Prince of Moskowa, for the purpose of seeing the grand steeple-chases, which are to take place near Paris. I shall not exceed a week, so shall soon be at work for you again, and have nothing now to interrupt me. Before I go, however, I shall write to Mr Alken, and give him directions for three plates (which will be required for the first volume or part), and let him, in the meantime, look over the manuscript.

" I do not like to refuse this kind invitation of the prince's because I shall improve my connexion by the company I shall fall into at his hotel, and likewise it may be advantageous to my work (in French) on the race-horse, *now* published, and you will see it advertised in the next *New Sporting Magazine*. If I can do any thing for you in Paris, write to me to the ' Prince of Moskowa's, Hôtel Lafitte, Rue Lafitte.'

" Believe me, dear sir,

Truly yours,

" C. APPERLEY.

" To Mr Ackermann, 191, Regent-street, London."

This work on the race-horse was a bad speculation. In reviewing Mr Smith's "*Life of a Fox*," Nimrod alludes to it in the *New Sporting Magazine* in the following words, which were, indeed, the very last he wrote for publication:

" I am of opinion," says he, " that the price of the work is much too high; but I do not here allude to the profit or loss account of the author, to whom that circumstance may be a matter of indifference, but to the end to which such a work may be desirable, namely, its being within the reach of servants belonging to hounds, sporting yeomen, and such like. But on the score of profit, a high price seldom answers, as I know to my cost. It may be supposed that a work from my pen, written in French, on the breeds, &c., of the race-horse, would have had a good sale in France, where such information is much sought after; but having been advised to fix the price at sixteen shillings, I lost money by the work in question, because it was only purchased by

rich men; and sixteen shillings in France is considered equal, in many cases, to six-and-twenty in England."

It seems from the following letter that Nimrod had begun to pave the way for a quarrel with the *New Sporting Magazine* so far back as the date of the following letter:—

"March 22, 1838.

"Dear sir,

"I received your letter this morning, but as a friend goes to London on Saturday, I defer writing by return of post.

"I am glad you have formed a connexion\* likely to enable us to carry on the war with spirit, and I hope with success. Of course I must fulfil my engagement of furnishing two volumes of 250 pages each, *same size as Mytton's Life*, for 150*l.* a piece (little enough, but I wished to give you a turn in your first attempt, being assured you would act liberally by me afterwards if the work paid well). If you alter your page and type as to *size*, of course my price would be accordingly, but there would be no fear of our not coming to terms. I think it would be necessary for me to ~~run up~~ to London somewhere in May, as so much more can be done by word of mouth than by letter-writing.

"In a letter I wrote to-day to Mr Spiers, is the following passage:—

"'I have sent you, as requested, the only copy of my French work that I have; but if your editor intends *crabbing* it as he did 'Sporting, by Nimrod,' I had rather it were not noticed at all. I must say I was surprised at the *uncalled-for* remarks in that critique of his, nor do I think those on Mr Mytton, in your notice to correspondents in last number, judiciously applied. You told me the 'Life of Mytton' increased your sale much; and, as the copyright was purchased by Mr Ackermann, it was not fair to attempt to injure the sale of it, which the remarks of your editor were likely to do. This turning round on old friends is not the way to increase the popularity of the *New Sporting Magazine*, and I tell you this as a friend, the result of some observations in letters I have received from England.'

"I start for Paris to-morrow, Saturday, but shall not be long absent. You shall soon have another parcel of manuscript.

"Truly yours,

"C. APPERLEY."

"I could make two large volumes of the 'Life of Nimrod,' which would embrace sporting and other matter of a most interesting nature, especially in reference to the neighbourhood in which I was born, the most aristocratic in England.

"To Mr Ackermann, Regent-street, London."

"The Life of Nimrod" was subsequently published in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the title of "My Life and Times, by Nimrod," and to

\* The *Sporting Review*.

which we are indebted for some of the information contained in the early part of this memoir. It contained, however, more about the life and times of other people than of himself, though we believe the publisher closed the article prematurely.

The following is the last letter we shall insert relative to the life of a sportsman :—

“ Calais, July 27, 1838.

“ My dear sir,

“ By to-morrow's mail I shall send you twenty-four folio sheets of manuscript, which I think will make from eighty to ninety sheets, and I should hope then there will be enough for a volume. I have reason to believe you will all be pleased with the manuscript now sent. Some part of it, as you will see, has been difficult matter to write on, which has taken more time than any future matter will do. I shall, consequently, get on faster now, and I am not writing for any other work, not even the *New Sporting Magazine*.

“ Believe me, very truly yours,

“ C. J. APPERLEY.

“ To Mr Ackermann, Regent-street, London.

“ On second thoughts I need not send you the plates, but only the inscriptions, which are here :—

“ ‘ No. 1. (Driving the Dog round the Room.)—*The first step to the coach-box.*’

(This plate appears to have been suppressed ; at all events, we do not find it in the volume.)

“ ‘ No. 2. (Hunting the Cat in the Kitchen.)—*The first attempt for the brush.*’

(This now stands :—‘ *Yoicks ! tally-ho ! Look out for the pastry !*’ The scene being a cat-hunt in the kitchen, with the usual concomitants of servants, all in dismay at the impending havoc.)

“ ‘ No. 3. (Sets the Dogs fighting.)—*Loves a bit of mischief?*

(This is altered into—‘ *Never mind 'em ;—they won't hurt !*’ Scene :—Little Pickle, a butcher, a horse, a helper, a footman, and two tarriers—‘ *tarriers rampant,*’ as the herald-painters say.)

“ ‘ No. 4. (Ferret's Rabbits.)—*Being first entered to vermin.*’

(This plate is not forthcoming.)

“ ‘ No. 5. (Climbing the Trees.)—*Symptom of pluck.*’

(Neither does this appear.)

“ ‘ No. 6. (Fights.)—*Proof of pluck.*’

(This is altered to—‘ *He'll leather two such chaps as that !*’ Scene :—Young master fighting a gentleman of forty, or so ; cobbler keeper, groom, women, &c., round about.)

These letters and observations will, however, have given the reader a pretty good idea of the nature of the work ; and for “ further particulars,” as the advertising medicine people say, we beg to refer to the volume itself. It is a goodly looking *volume*, finely bound, richly gilt, abounding in coloured illustrations, in Mr Alken's best and most

spirited style. If any thing, the page is rather full for a work of light reading, and we do not know but one of Nimrod's original ideas, of having it in two volumes, was right. It contains a great variety of good sporting matter, and though nothing but what it professes to be—the "Life of a Sportsman;" it will be read with interest by many who, either in a larger or in a smaller way, have led a similar career. The volume did not make its appearance till 1842, but the manuscript began to be passed through the *New Sporting Magazine* in March, 1841. Indeed, it was the last thing of Nimrod's of any note that appeared in that periodical.

Our author's exploits in other works are soon told. He wrote some papers on "Foreign Sporting" in the *New Monthly Magazine*, which were afterwards published in two volumes; he was a contributor to the *Morning Herald*, during the editorship of Mr Thwaites; he wrote three or four papers in a periodical called *Heads of the People*; also the articles on "Gaming" (of which he knew nothing) in *Fraser's Magazine*; the before-mentioned "Life and Times of Nimrod," and what he used to call his bottle article, or "*Memorabilia Bacchanalia*," the origin of which is thus amusingly told by himself in the outset of the paper.

After the puff complimentary to the editor—making him out to be, as all editors are, most learned, most able, most entertaining, &c., Nimrod says:—

"'Tis a poor soul that never rejoices,' so having a few friends the other day at my humble board, I was thus unceremoniously addressed by one of them, as clever a man as ever the sun or moon shone upon,\* and a great personal friend of our late noble and immortal bard.

"'Nimrod,' said he, 'what are you next about to write? I have just come from Brussell's, where I dined with Mr White, with whom a certain person had dined, and who told him (no better authority, you know) that a certain article you lately wrote in a certain periodical had caused the sale of two thousand seven hundred extra copies in the first six weeks.'

"'Certainly, then,' I replied, 'I am very happy at hearing you say so, and perhaps you will do me the favour to give me a thesis?'

"'Nonsense,' he resumed, 'you don't want a subject; any thing will make a subject for you—that bottle, for example,' putting his fingers upon one that stood opposite to him."

Hence the articles in *Fraser*.

The "*Memorabilia Bacchanalia*" contains some amusing observations on men and manners, much in the style of the late Mr Walker's celebrated "original" ones. For instance, here is one about toast-drinking:—

"To the practice, after the ladies had withdrawn, of the master of the house calling upon his party, in their turn, to 'give him a friend' whose health was to be drunk, there was no objection; on the contra—

\* Mr Scrope Davies.

some advantages in rural society, where topics for conversation did not generally abound. Indeed, I think I can name the year when we had but four in our neighbourhood—namely, white stuff petticoats and patent washing-machines among the ladies, and horses and hounds amongst the gentlemen."

Towards the close of his career, Nimrod's contributions seem to have become fewer and fewer, and there was little from him in any of the periodicals.

In August, 1842, there was an amusing sketch called "The Frenchman and his Horse," in the *New Sporting Magazine*, from which we learn that Frenchmen were as good riders then as they were in Geoffrey Gaubado's time; and January, 1843, brought an agreeable three-page sketch called "A pleasant New Year's Eve," in which Nimrod vouched for the goodness of fox-hunting husbands:—

"My experience assures me," writes he, "that the generality of fox-hunters and sportsmen make good husbands, notwithstanding they are given to fall asleep in their arm-chairs after a hard day's work. The very nature of their pursuits makes them domestic, and the exercise they take in the open air preserves their constitution to a late period of their lives, thus insuring to their names a sound and healthy posterity."

Two pages on stag-hunting was all that appeared from Nimrod in the February number of the *New Sporting Magazine*. March produced four pages on the "Preservation of Game."

April was blank, another storm was brewing. May contained "A few Maxims relative to Hunting with Harriers," which caused the storm to burst. It seems the then proprietors of the *New Sporting Magazine* had been in the habit of buying parcels of manuscript of Nimrod, and keeping it until wanted, instead of following the usual course of paying on publication, a system that caused Nimrod very likely to forget what he had written after it was paid for, at all events the advertisement of the article, "Maxims of the Chase," a title, it appears of his own selection, caused a violent outbreak on his part against the work, in the shape of the following letter to *Bell's Life*, and other Sunday papers.

• "To the Editor of *Bell's Life* in London."

"Mr Editor,—

"I am greatly surprised to find in the advertisement of the forthcoming number of the "*New Sporting Magazine*," an article, under the head of "Maxims of the Chase," by Nimrod, I never wrote such an article, and consider the editor to have taken an unwarrantable liberty with my name. I should as soon have thought of hanging myself, as of presuming to offer "maxims" to the public.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"NIMROD."

"April 26, 1843."

To show the ease with which statements and opinions are adopted, another Sunday paper, in reviewing the number of the magazine, on the 7th of May, said,

"There is one paper entitled 'A few Maxims relating to Hunting with Harriers,' by Nimrod.' Of this we are disinclined to speak, because we know not to whom to attribute its absurdities. Mr Apperley has addressed us as follows," and then followed the letter given above.

Another paper said,

"On the 30th ult. we published a letter addressed to us by Mr Apperley, better known as 'Nimrod,' in which he alludes in strong terms of reprehension to a then advertised article, since published in this number, entitled 'A few Maxims relative to Hunting with Harriers,' and distinctly avers that he has no connexion with it whatever, and that the editor 'has taken an unwarrantable liberty with his name.' We look, in conjunction with the public, to an explanation next month, as we feel quite satisfied some imposition on the editor must have been practised."

"The explanation," writes the editor of the *New Sporting Magazine*, next month (June 1843), "is most simple; the MS. of the article in question was bought of Mr Apperley and paid for to him, by our publisher, Mr Ackermann. Immediately on the appearance of the letter in *Bell's Life*, the manuscript of the article in Nimrod's handwriting was laid before the editor of that paper, and on the 7th of May appeared the following notice, 'Maxims of the Chase.' We have been shown the article under this title in the *New Sporting Magazine*, which Nimrod denies that he has written, and certainly we believe it to have been from the pen of that gentleman, although he may have given the matter some other title."

Before, however, the month came round, whose number of the magazine contained these statements and explanations, the subject of our memoir had ceased to exist. The opening page contained the following melancholy announcement:—

"NIMROD.

"On Friday, the 19th of May, Mr C. J. Apperley, better known to our readers under the signature of 'Nimrod,' died suddenly at the residence of his son, in Pimlico."

The editor then proceeded to say that his unexpected decease disarmed his reply to Nimrod's attack of all its keenness, and he was content to leave a simple statement of facts to give that satisfactory explanation to his readers, which he felt to be equally due to them as to himself.

So lived and died the celebrated and popular Nimrod. We wish we could have reversed the order of his life, and closed his days in the comfortable circumstances that attended his early career in the *Old Sporting Magazine*. His great mistake was in quarrelling with that periodical, and the great mistake of the proprietors of that work was in allowing him to launch out too largely at first, and so make his assist-



ance too costly to retain. Nimrod was meant for a man of fortune, and we dare say his constant intercourse with those who were, caused him to forget his circumstances, and do whatever he saw other people do. There is no doubt that his contributions to the *Old Sporting Magazine* had a very beneficial influence on its circulation, but he over-estimated its capabilities, and considered as permanent what in reality was only temporary. If he had been moderate in his ideas, a connexion might have been formed that would have been mutually advantageous, for a "sporting magazine" was the true field for the development of Nimrod's peculiar talent.

His forte was hounds, hunting, and horses, and on these subjects he was great. Whatever he wrote on other subjects only tended to prove this. Nimrod had the honour of originating a style that died with him. We shall never see another "Nimrod"—another man taking the field as he did, received—we might almost say courted—by the great and affluent. He was an acquisition to the hunting world, for he moved about, heard and knew all that was going on, and had an abundant stock of stories and anecdotes, which, being always told before fresh audiences, were quite as good as original ones. He was not an original talker any more than he was an original writer, but his conversation was free from the apparent self-sufficiency of his writings, which, however, we believe was a good deal assumed from a mistaken idea of keeping up his name in the market. Nimrod was a great character, his name was known throughout the world, and his works will always be in demand amongst sportsmen. He was a zealous and consistent advocate of hunting, and his works have tended much to the comfort and advantage of that noble animal the horse.

*Ainsworth's Magazine for April.*

## SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I shall devote this chapter to cursory notices of some of the more remarkable families of the animal kingdom with which we became more or less acquainted, in the course of occupying a position on the outskirts of civilization; premising that these zoological scraps are intended for the general reader merely, and without pretension to add any gleanings of natural history worthy the particular attention of men of science.

In the first place, I shall now give some account of our wars with the beasts of prey, allowing, of course, due precedence to the lion. The first actual conflict of the Glen-Lynden settlers with this formidable animal occurred in June 1821, while I was absent from home, having

gone to meet the Acting-Governor at Somerset. The following were the circumstances, as detailed to me by the parties present. A horse was missing, belonging to old Hans Blok, one of our Mulatto tenants, which, after some search, was discovered by the foot-prints to have been killed by a lion. The boldest men of the settlement having assembled to give battle to the spoiler, he was traced to a secluded spot, about a mile or upwards from the place where he had seized his prey. He had carried the horse with him to devour it at his leisure, as is the usual practice of this powerful animal. On the approach of the hunters, the lion, after some little demur, retreated to a thicket in a shallow ravine at no great distance. The huntsmen followed cautiously, and having taken post on an adjoining height, poured volley after volley into the thicket. This bombardment produced no perceptible effect; the lion kept under covert and refused to give battle; only when the wolf-hounds were sent in to tease him, he drove them forth again with a savage growl, killing two of those that had dared to approach him. At length Mr George Rennie, the leader of the hunt, a man of daring hardihood, losing patience at these fruitless proceedings, descended from the height, and, approaching the thicket, threw two large stones into the midst of it. This rash bravado brought forth the lion. He sprang fiercely from his covert, and with another bound would probably have had our friend prostrate under his paw, but, most fortunately, at this critical moment the attention of the savage beast was attracted by a favourite dog of Mr Rennie's, which ran boldly up to the lion and barked in his face. The poor dog was destroyed in a moment; a single blow from the lion's paw rewarded his generous devotion with death. But that instant was sufficient to save his master. Mr Rennie had instinctively sprung back a pace or two; his comrades on the rock fired at once with effect; and the lion fell dead upon the spot, with eight balls through his body.

Our next serious encounter with the monarch of the wilderness occurred about the close of April, 1822. I was then residing on my farm at Eildon, in the bee-hive cabin, which I have described in the preceding chapter. My nearest neighbour at that time was Captain Cameron, a Scotch officer of the 72nd regiment, who had lately come to occupy the farm immediately below me on the river. I had gone down one evening with another gentleman and two or three female relatives to drink tea with Captain Cameron's family. The distance being little more than three miles, we considered ourselves next-door neighbours; and, as the weather was fine, we agreed to ride home by moonlight, no lions having been seen or traced in the valley for nine or ten months. On our return we were jesting as we rode along about wild beasts and Caffers. That part of the valley we were passing through is very wild and encumbered in several places with thickest of evergreens; but we had no suspicion at the moment of what afterwards appeared to be the fact—that a lion was actually dogging us through the bushes the whole way home. Happily for us, however, he did not then show himself, or give us any indication of his presence, being probably somewhat scared by the number of our cavalcade.

About midnight, however, I was awakened by an unusual noise in the *kraal*, or cattle fold, close behind our cabin. Looking out, I saw the whole of the horned cattle springing wildly over the high thorn fence, and scampering round the place. Fancying that a hyæna, which I had heard howling when I went to bed, had alarmed the animals by breaking into the *kraal*, I seized my gun, and sallied forth, undressed as I was, to have a shot at it. Though the cloudless full moon shone with a brilliant light (so bright in that fine climate that I have frequently read small print by it), I could discover no cause for the terror of the cattle, and after calling a Hottentot to shut them again into the *kraal*, I retired once more to rest. Next morning, Captain Cameron rode up to inform me that his herdsmen had discovered, by the traces in the path, that a large lion had followed us up the valley the preceding night; and upon further search, it was ascertained that this unwelcome visitant had actually been in my fold the preceding night, and had carried off a sheep. But as he appeared, by the traces, to have retreated with his prey to the mountains, we abandoned for the moment all idea of pursuing him.

The lion was not disposed, however, to have done with us on such easy terms. He returned that very night, and killed my favourite riding-horse, little more than a hundred yards from the door of our cabin. I then considered it full time to take prompt measures in self-defence, and sent a messenger round the location to call out a party to hunt him, being assured by our Hottentots that, as he had devoured only a small portion of the horse, he would certainly be lurking in the vicinity. The huntsmen speedily assembled to the number of seventeen horsemen, including Mulattoes and Hottentots, bringing with them a goodly number of strong hounds.

The first point was to track the lion to his covert. This was effected by a few of the Hottentots on foot. Commencing from the spot where the horse was killed, they followed the *spoor*, or track, through grass, and gravel, and brushwood, with astonishing ease and dexterity, where an inexperienced eye could have discovered neither footprint nor mark of any kind; until, at length, we fairly tracked him into a large *bosch*, or straggling thicket of brushwood and evergreens, about a mile distant.

The next object was to drive him out of this retreat, in order to attack him in a close phalanx, and with more safety and effect. The approved mode in such cases is to torment the animal with dogs till he abandons his covert, and comes forth into the open plain. The whole band of hunters then march forward together, and fire deliberately, either one by one, or in volleys. If he does not speedily fall, but grows furious, and advances upon his assailants, they must then stand close in a circle, and turn their horses' rear outward; some holding them fast by the bridles, while the others kneel to take a steady aim at the lion as he approaches, as he will sometimes do, up to the very horses' heels, crouching every now and then, as if to measure the distance and strength of his enemies. This is the moment to shoot him fairly in the forehead, or in some other mortal part. If they continue

to wound him ineffectually till he waxed desperate, or if the horses, startled by his terrific roar, grow frantic with terror, and burst loose, the business becomes rather serious, and may end in mischief, especially if all the party are not men of courage, coolness, and experience. The frontier Boors are, however, generally such excellent marksmen, and withal so cool and deliberate, that they seldom fail to shoot him dead as soon as they get within a suitable distance.

In the present instance, we did not manage matters quite so discreetly. The Mulattoes, after recounting to us all these and other sage laws of lion-hunting were themselves the first to depart from them. Finding that our hounds made little impression on the lion, they divided themselves into two or three parties, and rode round the jungle, firing into the spot where the dogs were barking round him, but without effect. At length, after some hours spent in thus beating about the bush, the Scottish blood of some of my countrymen began to get impatient; and three of them, Messrs. George and John Rennie, and James Ekron, a servant of my father's, announced their determination to march in and beard the lion in his den, provided three of the Mulattoes, who were superior marksmen, would support them, and follow up their fire should the enemy venture to give battle. Accordingly, in they went (in spite of the warnings of some more prudent men among us), to within fifteen or twenty paces of the spot where the animal lay concealed. He was couched among the roots of a large evergreen bush, with a small space of open ground on one side of it; and they fancied on approaching that they saw him distinctly, lying glaring at them from under the foliage. Charging their coloured allies to stand firm, and level fair should *they* miss, the Scottish champions let fly together, and struck—not the lion, as it afterwards proved, but a great block of red stone, beyond which he was actually lying. Whether any of the shot grazed him is uncertain, but, with no other warning than a furious growl, forth he bolted from the bush. The Mulattoes, in place of now pouring in their volley upon him, instantly turned and fled helter-skelter, leaving him to do his pleasure upon the defenceless Scots, who, with empty guns, were tumbling over each other in their hurry to escape the clutch of the rampant savage. In a twinkling he was upon them; and, with one stroke of his paw, dashed John Rennie (my brother-in-law) to the ground. The scene was terrific! There stood the lion with his foot upon his prostrate foe, looking round in conscious power and pride upon the bands of his assailants, and with a port the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. It was the most magnificent thing I ever witnessed. The danger of our friends, however, rendered it at the moment too terrible to enjoy fully either the grand or the ludicrous part of the picture. We expected every instant to see one or more of them torn in pieces; nor, though the rest of us were standing within fifty paces, with our guns cocked and levelled, durst we fire for their assistance. One was lying under the lion's paw, and the others scrambling towards us in such a way as to intercept our aim at him. All this passed far more rapidly than I have described it. But, luckily, the lion, after steadily surveying us for a few seconds,

seemed willing to be quits with us on fair terms; and, with a fortunate forbearance, turned calmly away, and driving the hounds like rats from among his heels, bounded over the adjoining thicket like a cat over a footstool, clearing brakes and bushes twelve or fifteen feet high as readily as if they had been tufts of grass, and, abandoning the jungle, retreated towards the mountains.

After ascertaining the state of our rescued comrade, (who fortunately had sustained no other injury than a bloody scratch on the back, and a severe bruise in the ribs, from the force with which the animal had dashed him to the ground,) we renewed the chase with our Hottentot allies, and hounds in full cry. In a short time we again came up with the enemy, and found him standing at bay under an old mimosa-tree, by the side of a mountain stream which we had distinguished by the name of Huntly Burn. The dogs were barking round, but afraid to approach him,—for he was now beginning to growl fiercely, and to brandish his tail in a manner that showed he was meditating mischief. The Hottentots, by taking a circuit between him and the mountain, crossed the stream, and took their station on the top of a precipice overlooking the spot where he stood. Another party of us occupied a position on the other side of the glen; and placing the poor lion thus between two fires, which confused his attention and prevented his retreat, we kept battering away at him till he fell, unable again to grapple with us, pierced with many wounds.

He proved to be a large full-grown lion, about six years of age, as our coloured friends affirmed. He measured fully eleven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. His fore-leg below the knee was so thick that I could not span it with both hands; and his neck, breast, and limbs appeared, when the skin was taken off, a complete congeries of sinews. His head, which seemed *almost* as large as that of an ordinary ox, I caused to be boiled, for the purpose of preserving the skull\*, and tasted the flesh from curiosity. It resembled very white, coarse beef, rather insipid, but without any very disagreeable flavour.

Our neighbours, the Nimrods of the Tarka, disapproved highly of our method of attacking this lion in the bush, and said it was a wonder he did not destroy some of us. They were highly diverted with the discomfiture of our three champions: and the story of "Jan Rennie en de Leeuw" long continued to be one of their constant jokes against the Scotchmen,—at which I have often seen some of them laugh till the tears ran over their cheeks. However, the Scotchmen, and especially the Rennies, were not long in redeeming their credit as huntsmen equally adroit as adventurous.

Several other lions were killed at Glen-Lynden and its vicinity, during my residence there; but I shall content myself with the description of another hunt, extracted from a letter, written by my friend

\* The skin of this lion, after being rudely tanned by our Hottentots, was, together with the skull, transmitted to Sir Walter Scott, as a testimony of the hunter's regard; and these trophies have now the honour to form part of the ornaments of the lamented Poet's antique armoury at Abbotsford.

Mr Phillips, of Glendour in Albany, who happened to be at the time on a visit to me. Being no great Nimrod myself, I was not present on this occasion.

After describing the rousing of the lion in a wild desert plain near the Zwart-Kei river, in the country of the Amatembu Caffers, Mr Phillips proceeds:—

“The lion abandoned the grove of mimosas, and we followed him in full cry across the open plain. The Caffers, who had just come up and mixed among us, could scarcely clear themselves of our horses; and their dogs howling and barking—we hallooing—the lion full in view, making for a small copse about a mile distant, with the great number and variety of antelopes on our left, scouring off in different directions, formed altogether one of the most animating spectacles that the annals of sporting could produce.

“Diederik Muller and Lieutenant Sheppard being on very spirited horses, were the foremost. Christian Muller gave the signal to dismount when we were about two hundred yards from the copse. He desired us to be quick in tying the horses, which was done as fast as each came up; and now—there was no retreating. We were on lower ground than the lion, with not a bush around us. The plan was, to advance in a body, leaving our horses with the Hottentots, who were to keep their backs towards the lion, for fear they should become unruly at the sight of him.

“These preparations occupied only a few seconds, and were not quite completed when we heard him growl, and imagined he was making off again. But no! as if to retrieve his character from suspicion of cowardice for his former flight, he had made up his mind to attack us in his turn. To the growl succeeded a terrific roar; and at the same instant we beheld him bearing down upon us, his eyeballs glaring with rage. We were taken unprepared—his motion was so rapid, no one could take aim; and he furiously darted at one of the horses, whilst we were at their heads, without a possibility of preventing it. The poor horse sprang forward, and with the force of the action wheeled all the other horses round with him. The lion likewise wheeled, but immediately couched at less than ten yards from us. Our left flank thus became exposed; but on it fortunately stood Christian Muller and Mr. G. Rennie. What an anxious moment! For a few seconds we beheld the monster at this little distance meditating, as it were, on whom he should first spring. Never did I long so ardently to hear the report of a gun. We looked at them taking aim—and then at the lion. It was absolutely necessary to give him a mortal shot, or the consequences might be fatal to some of the party. Every second seemed a minute. At length Christian fired. The under jaw of the lion dropped, blood gushed from his mouth—and he turned round with a view to escape. Mr Rennie then shot him through the spine, and he fell.

“At this moment he looked grand beyond expression. Turning again towards us, he rose upon his fore-feet—his mouth gushing blood—his eyes flashing vengeance. He attempted to spring at us, but his hind-legs denied him aid. He dragged them a little space, when Ste-

phanus put a final period to his existence, by shooting him through the brain. He was a noble animal, measuring nearly twelve feet, including the tail."

Besides the lion, there are not fewer than five species of the genus *felis* found in the colony, which are known by the local names of *tiger*, *berg-tiger*, *luipaard*, *tiger-bosch-kat* (serval?), *roode-kat* (caracal?), and *wilde-kat* (*felis Capensis*). The first of these, which is the real leopard (*felis leopardus*) is considerably the largest and most formidable. The *berg-tiger* has not, so far as I know, been distinctly classed by naturalists. The animal called *luipaard* by the Dutch-African colonists, and generally considered to be the *felis jubata*, is far inferior to the real leopard both in size and beauty.

The South-African leopard differs from the panther of Northern Africa in the form of its spots, in the more slender structure of its body, and in the legs not being so long in proportion to its size. In watching for his prey, the leopard crouches on the ground, with his fore-paws stretched out and his head between them, his eyes rather directed upwards. His appearance in a wild state is exceedingly beautiful, his motions in the highest degree easy and graceful, and his agility in bounding among the rocks and woods quite amazing. Of this activity no person can have any idea by seeing these animals in the cages in which they are usually exhibited in Europe, humbled and tamed as they are by confinement and the damp cold of our climate.

The leopard is chiefly found in the mountainous districts of South-Africa, where he preys on such of the antelopes as he can surprise, on baboons, and on the *das*, or coney (*hyrax Capensis*). He is very much dreaded by the Cape farmers also, for his ravages among the flocks, and among the young foals and calves in the breeding season.

In the colony, the leopard is shyer and much more in awe of man than among the native tribes beyond the boundary. But though he seldom or never ventures to attack mankind, except when driven to extremity, yet in remote places his low, half-smothered growl is frequently heard at night, as he prowls around, seeking for an opportunity to break into the sheep-fold. I have myself frequently heard his voice on such occasions.

The leopard, like the hyæna, is often caught in traps, constructed of large stones and timber, upon the same principle as a common mouse-trap. When thus caught he is usually baited with dogs, in order to train them to contend with him, and seldom dies without killing one or two of his canine antagonists. When hunted in the fields he instinctively betakes himself to a tree, if one should be within reach. In this situation it is dangerous to approach within reach of his spring; but at the same time, from his exposed position, he becomes an easy prey to the huntsman. They were frequently shot on our location.

The African leopard, though far inferior to the lion or Bengal tiger in strength and intrepidity, and though he usually shuns a conflict with man, is nevertheless an exceedingly active and furious animal, and when driven to desperation becomes a formidable antagonist. The Cape colonists relate instances of frightful and sometimes fatal encounters

between the hunted leopard and his pursuers. The following is a specimen of these adventures. It occurred in 1822, in the interior of the colony, and is here given as it was related by an individual who knew the parties engaged in it.

Two African farmers, returning from hunting the hartebeest, roused a leopard in a mountain ravine, and immediately gave chase to him. The leopard at first endeavoured to escape by clambering up a precipice; but being hotly pressed and wounded by a musket-ball, he turned upon his pursuers with the frantic ferocity peculiar to this animal on such emergencies, and springing upon the man who had fired at him, he pulled him to the ground, biting him at the same time on the shoulder, and tearing one of his cheeks severely with his claws. The other hunter, seeing the danger of his comrade, sprang from his horse, and attempted to shoot the leopard through the head; but, whether owing to trepidation, or the fear of wounding his friend, or the quick motions of the animal, he unfortunately missed. The leopard, abandoning his prostrate enemy, darted with redoubled fury upon this second antagonist, and so fierce and sudden was his onset, that before the Boor could stab him with his hunting-knife, the savage beast struck him on the face with his claws, and actually tore the scalp over his eyes. In this frightful condition the hunter grappled with the leopard, and, struggling for life, they rolled together down a steep declivity. All this passed far more rapidly than it can be described in words. Before the man who had been first attacked could start to his feet and seize his gun, they were rolling one over the other down the bank. In a minute he had reloaded his gun, and rushed forward to save the life of his friend. But it was too late. The leopard had seized the unfortunate man by the throat, and mangled him so dreadfully that death was inevitable; and his comrade (himself severely wounded) had only the melancholy satisfaction of completing the destruction of the savage beast, already exhausted with the loss of blood from several deep wounds from the knife of the expiring huntsman.

Of the ferocity of the Cape leopard, another example occurred in the case of the Moravian missionary Mr Schmitt, whom I met at Enon. This worthy man had gone out with a party of Hottentots at another Moravian station to hunt some hyænas which had been very destructive to their flocks; and, with one of the Hottentots, entered a thicket in pursuit of a tiger-wolf that they had wounded. Their hounds, however, instead of the hyæna, started a leopard, which instantly sprang on the Hottentot and bore him to the ground. Mr Schmitt ran forward to the aid of the man with his gun cocked; but, before he could find an opportunity of firing, the animal left the Hottentot, and flew with fury at himself. In the scuffle he dropped the gun, but luckily fell above the leopard, with his knee on his stomach. The animal seized him by the left arm with its jaws, and kept striking him with its paws, and tearing the clothes in tatters from his breast. Schmitt, however, being a powerful man, succeeded, after receiving another severe bite or two, in seizing the leopard by the throat with his right hand, and held it down, in spite of its desperate struggles,



for a few minutes; until, just as his strength was giving way, one of the Hottentots on the outside of the jungle, who heard his cries for help, came to his rescue, and shot the ferocious beast right through the heart, so that its death was quite instantaneous. Had any life been left, its dying struggles might still have proved fatal to Mr Schmitt. As it was, he was so terribly lacerated, that for several weeks his life was in the greatest danger. The Hottentot, who was first attacked, was less severely wounded; but his face was so much torn by the animal's talons, that his eyes were filled with blood, and he was unable to render any aid to the missionary who had so generously come to his rescue.

Of all the beasts of prey, however, that inhabit South-Africa, the common spotted hyæna (*hyæna crocuta*), called by the colonists the *tiger-wolf* is the most voracious and destructive to the flocks. Were the courage of this animal equal to its strength, it would be exceedingly formidable, even to man himself—at least in a country where it exists in such numbers; but, happily, its cowardice is not less characteristic than its voracity. Though they are sometimes met with in packs or troops of twenty or more, I never heard of an instance of their attacking mankind either by day or night, within the colony. At the same time it ought to be remarked, that their awe of civilised man is probably greatly increased by his possession of the firelock; for among the Caffre tribes the same animal is found so much bolder, that he not unfrequently attempts to enter the huts of the natives, and even occasionally devour children and infirm people. But, in the latter case, his audacity cannot fail to be greatly increased by the wretched superstitions which induce those people to expose the bodies of their dead to be entombed in the maw of this universal devourer, and which cause them to regard the hyæna himself as a sort of sacred animal.

One of the chief functions of the hyæna in the economy of nature appears to be that of carrion-scavenger, an office which he divides with the vulture. The lordly lion, the imperial eagle, always kill their own game. The hyæna and vulture come after and gather up the offals. This animal devours not only the remains of dead carcasses, but also the hide and the bones, leaving nothing but the skull and a few of the larger joints, which baffle even his enormous strength of jaw. Of his efficiency and dexterity in this office I have seen innumerable instances; one sample may suffice. When my horse was killed by the lion, as already described, only a very small part of the carcass was devoured by the destroyer; but next night the entire remains, bones and all, were carried off by the hyænas; and all that was ever afterwards discovered, was one of the hoofs, and part of the skull, at a distance of several miles among the mountains.

I have cursorily noticed in my diary (page 61) the depredations of the hyænas in our folds, and our success in catching them in traps. For this contrivance we were indebted to the Hottentots. The trap was built of large-loose stones, precisely in the form, and on the same principle, as the common mouse-traps to be seen in England, with a hanging door, also of stone, sustained by a cord, and baited at the farther end with a dead dog, or the entrails of a sheep. By this simple contriv-

ance we speedily entrapped several of the depredators that had so much harassed us ; and after having killed them with spears, their carcasses were thrown out on the open plain. The smell of the *hyæna crocuta* is so rank and offensive, that scarcely any animal will come near the carcass. When they are once fairly killed, even dogs leave them with disgust. Yet none of those we destroyed ever remained two nights undevoured. Their own voracious kindred uniformly came in the night and ate them up, leaving scarcely a remnant of the skull and larger bones to show where the rest had found a sepulchre.

Three other species of the hyæna are distinguished in the colonial nomenclature, as the *strand-wolf*, *berg-wolf*, and the *wilde-hond*. The strand-wolf is found exclusively on the coast, as its name denotes. It is larger than the tiger-wolf, and is said to be of a dark-grey colour. The berg-wolf, or mountain-hyæna, is also large, and of a lighter hue. I have only seen the latter at a distance, and the strand-wolf not at all ; but their habits I was told are very similar to those of the tiger-wolf. The *wilde-hond*, or wild-dog (*hyæna venatica*) is an animal with which the colonists are but too well acquainted. It was first accurately described, and classed as a hyæna, by Burchell. It forms in fact the connecting link between the wolf and hyæna families, and in its habits and physical conformation partakes of the character of both. These animals always hunt in packs ; they are swift of foot, and, though not so powerful, are much fiercer than the other species of hyæna. When they break into a fold, or fall upon a flock of sheep in the field, they frequently kill and mangle ten times as many as they could possibly devour : they are consequently much dreaded by the farmer. Some of them have been occasionally tamed by the colonists. The *laughing hyæna*, which I have repeatedly heard, but never seen, is reported by the colonists to be a distinct species, smaller than the three preceding ; and is considered (I know not with what justice) to form a sort of link between the hyæna and the jackal families.

The hippopotamus still exists in the Great Fish river, towards its mouth, but it has become so scarce and shy as to be very seldom seen. It is more numerous in the Keisi. The rhinoceros is nearly extirpated within the old limits of the colony ; and even in the Ceded Territory it was so rare, that in all my excursions I never could even catch a glimpse of one. In the regions lying east and north of our frontier, however, hippopotami abound in all the larger rivers, and two species of rhinoceros inhabit the forests.

Of the South African buffalo (*bos caffer*) I can also say but little from personal knowledge ; for though once numerous in Glen-Lynden and the adjoining districts, (as many local names testify, such as *Buffels-kloof*, *Buffels-hoek*, *Buffels-fontein*, &c.,) these animals are now so rare and so shy in that vicinity, that I never saw more than one or two, and of these I caught only a distant and hasty glance. The following particulars were obtained from Dutch-African hunters of my acquaintance.

The buffalo is a very formidable and powerful animal. He is considerably larger than the domestic ox. The front of his head is

nearly covered by an invulnerable helmet, formed of the extended roots of his gigantic horns; and his skin is so tough that it is difficult to kill him with small guns, or without a mixture of tin to harden the bullets. He is described to be, what indeed his aspect appears strongly to indicate, an animal of a fierce, treacherous, and savage disposition. Even when not provoked by wounds, or driven to extremity in the chase, it is said he will attack with the utmost ferocity his great enemy, man, if he happen to intrude incautiously upon his haunts; and what renders him the more dangerous is his habit of skulking in the jungle when he observes travellers approaching, and then suddenly rushing out upon them. It has been remarked, too, (and this observation has been corroborated by the accurate Swedish naturalist Sparrman,) that if he succeeds in killing a man by goring and tossing him, he will stand over his victim afterwards for a long time, trampling upon him with his hoofs, crushing him with his knees, mangling the body with his horns, and stripping off the skin with his rough and prickly tongue. This he does not do all at once, but at intervals, going away and again returning, as if more fully to glut his vengeance.

Although I have no reason to question the truth of this description, it ought to be qualified by stating that though the buffalo will sometimes thus attack man, and even other animals, without any obvious provocation, yet this malignant disposition will be found, if accurately inquired into, the exception rather than the rule of the animal's ordinary habits. Though much fiercer, as well as more powerful, than the ox, and bold enough sometimes to stand stoutly on self-defence even against the lion, it is, I apprehend, nevertheless, his natural instinct to retire from the face of man, if undisturbed, rather than to provoke his hostility. The proofs that are adduced of his vicious and wanton malignity arise chiefly from the following cause. The males of a herd, especially at certain seasons of the year, contend furiously for the mastery; and after many conflicts the unsuccessful competitors are driven off, at least for a season, by their stronger rivals. These exiles, like some other species of animals under similar circumstances, (the elephant, for instance,) are peculiarly mischievous; and it is while skulking solitarily about the thickets, in this state of sulky irritation, that they most usually exhibit the dangerous disposition generally ascribed to the species.

It is, nevertheless, very true that the Cape buffalo is, at all times, a dangerous animal to hunt; -as, when wounded, or closely pressed, he will not unfrequently turn and run down his pursuer, whose only chance of escape in that case is the swiftness of his steed, if the huntsman be a colonist or European. The Hottentot, who is light and agile, and dexterous in plunging like an antelope through the intricacies of an entangled forest, generally prefers following this game on foot. Like all pursuits, where the spirit of enterprise is highly excited by some admixture of perilous adventure, buffalo-hunting is passionately followed by those who once devote themselves to it; nor do the fatal accidents that occasionally occur appear to make any deep impression on those who witness them.

The consequence is, that the buffalo is, now nearly extirpated through every part of the Cape colony, except in the most extensive forests or jungles of the southern coast and eastern districts, where, together with the elephant, he still finds a precarious shelter.

The following incident in buffalo-hunting may serve as a specimen of this rough pastime: it was related to me by a Dutch-African farmer, who had been an eye-witness of the scene some fifteen years before. A party of boors had gone out to hunt a herd of buffaloes, which were grazing on a piece of marshy ground, interspersed with groves of yellow-wood and mimosa trees, on the very spot where the village of Somerset is now built. As they could not conveniently get within shot of the game without crossing part of the *valei* or marsh, which did not afford a safe passage for horses, they agreed to leave their steeds in charge of their Hottentots, and to advance on foot; thinking that if any of the buffaloes should turn upon them, it would be easy to escape by retreating across the quagmire, which, though passable for man, would not support the weight of a heavy quadruped. They advanced accordingly, and, under covert of the bushes approached the game with such advantage, that the first volley brought down three of the fattest of the herd, and so severely wounded the great bull leader that he dropped on his knees, bellowing furiously. Thinking him mortally wounded, the foremost of the hunters issued from the covert, and began reloading his musket as he advanced to give him a finishing shot. But no sooner did the infuriated animal see his foe in front of him, than he sprang up, and rushed headlong upon him. The man, throwing down his heavy gun, fled towards the quagmire; but the beast was so close upon him that he despaired of escaping in that direction, and turning suddenly round a clump of copsewood, began to climb an old mimosa tree which stood at one side of it. The raging beast, however, was too quick for him. Bounding forward with a roar, which my informant described as being one of the most frightful sounds he ever heard, he caught the unfortunate man with his terrible horns, just as he had nearly escaped his reach, and tossed him into the air with such force that the body fell, dreadfully mangled, into a cleft of the tree. The buffalo ran round the tree once or twice, apparently looking for the man, until, weakened with loss of blood, he again sunk on his knees. The rest of the party, recovering from their confusion, then came up and despatched him, though too late to save their comrade, whose body was hanging in the tree quite dead.

Of the numerous family of antelopes which inhabited our glens and mountains, I shall only particularly mention the *gnu*, which is now become rare in most parts of the colony. Some of these singular animals were always to be found on the mountain ridge which we called Hyndhope Fell, and in the environs of Winterberg. Though shy, they appeared to have a large share of curiosity; bounding away when approached, and then returning again, in a sweeping circuit, to gaze on the traveller or huntsman; spurring up the dust with their hoofs, tossing their manes, lashing their sides with their long tails, and

performing other evolutions not a little amusing. They are said to be strongly affected if a red flag be exhibited to them, but I never had an opportunity of trying the experiment. They are fierce and dangerous when wounded. I tried to rear a young one which a hunting party had brought home with them (the poor animal following the horsemen when its dam was shot), but it soon pined and died. They have been frequently tamed by the boors, when thus caught young; but are said, when grown up, to become mischievous. The flesh, though of a wildish flavour, is more juicy than that of any other antelope that I have tasted, and has more the appearance of beef. The animal appears, in fact, to form an intermediate link between the antelope and the bovine families.

The distinctive characteristics of the other Cape antelopes are now so well described in many popular works, that I need not occupy my pages with details which at best would be but desultory and defective. I shall only remark that this family of animals consists, in South Africa, of not fewer than twenty-three distinct species, ranging in size from the *blaubok*, or pigmy antelope, which seldom exceeds ten inches in height, to the *eland*, as tall as the common ox, though more slender in its shape, and weighing from 700 to 1,000 pounds. This last named animal, which is the *antilope oreas* of naturalists, is, I believe, now nearly extirpated in every part of the colony. The only herds I ever saw were in the immediate vicinity of the Winterberg, and in some other parts of the Ceded Territory.

The *quagga*, whose flesh is carrion, and even whose hide is almost useless, might be permitted, one would suppose, to range unmolested on his native mountains; but man, when he has no other motive, delights to *destroy* for the mere sake of pastime. Thus the poor quagga, in the absence of better game, is often pursued for sport alone. It is a timid animal, with a gait and figure much resembling those of the ass, though it is much stouter and handsomer than that animal, as found in Europe. In swiftness it is inferior to the horse; but it baffles the huntsman by flying for refuge to the most rugged parts of the mountains, where the horse can only follow with great difficulty. Timid as it is, however, even the quagga, when driven to desperation, will sometimes turn on its destroyer. A remarkable instance of this occurred within my knowledge. A young boor was pursuing a herd of quaggas, and being close upon some exhausted ones, for the sake merely of saving his shot, to drive one of them over a precipice; on which the desperate animal turned round, and seizing him by the leg with its teeth, dragged him from his horse, and actually tore his foot off at the ankle! The consequences were fatal to the huntsman; for, in spite of medical aid mortification ensued, and he died a few days afterwards.

In noticing the wild animals of our vicinity, I cannot omit the ursine or dog-faced baboon (*cercopithecus ursinus*, or *simia cynocephalus*), which inhabits the hills and rocks of Glen-Lynden in great numbers, and from which the river derived its former Dutch appellation. This animal is found in all the mountainous districts of the Cape colony; and is known to naturalists from the descriptions of Sparrman, Vaillant,

Burchell, and other scientific travellers. It is an animal of very considerable strength, and attains, when full grown, the size of a very large Newfoundland dog. It resembles the dog in the shape of its head, and is covered with shaggy hair, of a greenish brown colour, except on the face, paws, and rump, which are bare and black. On level ground it always goes on all-fours; but among the rocks and precipices, which are its natural refuge and habitation, it uses its hinder feet and *hands* somewhat as a human being would do, only with inconceivably greater boldness and agility, in clambering up the crags, or in springing from cliff to cliff.

The ursine baboon is not believed to be in any degree carnivorous, but subsists on wild fruits, and principally on the numerous variety of edible roots and bulbs which abound in the districts it inhabits. These roots it digs out of the earth with its paws, the nails of which, from this cause, are generally short, as if worn down by constant use; in other respects they nearly resemble those of the human hand.

For defence against its enemies, such as the leopard, hyæna, wild dog, &c., the ursine baboon is armed with formidable canine teeth, nearly an inch long; and, when driven to extremity, will defend itself successfully against the fiercest wolfhound. It has a mode of grappling its antagonist by the throat with its fore-paws, while it tears open the jugular artery with its tusks. In this manner I have known a stout baboon despatch several dogs before he was overpowered; and I have been assured by the natives that even the leopard is sometimes defeated and worried to death by a troop of these animals. It is only collectively, however, and in large bands, that they can successfully oppose this powerful enemy. In many of the mountainous districts, the leopard, it is said, subsist chiefly by preying upon baboons and monkeys; lying in wait and pouncing upon them suddenly, precisely as the domestic cat deals with rats.

Though thus armed for conflict, the ursine baboon, except in self-dence, appears to be a harmless and inoffensive animal. They are, it is true, occasionally troublesome to mankind, by robbing gardens, orchards, and corn-fields, but I never heard of anybody being spontaneously attacked by them. There is, indeed, one remarkable story told of a party of these animals carrying off an infant from the vicinity of Wynberg, a village about seven miles from Cape Town, and, on the alarm being given by the distracted mother, retreating with it to the summit of the precipitous mountains, 3000 feet in height, which overlook that pleasant village. My informants, persons of respectability, assured me that this incident had occurred within their own recollection, and that the child was recovered by a party of the inhabitants, after a long, anxious and perilous pursuit, without having sustained any injury. This singular abduction, the only instance of the kind I ever heard of, may, after all, have been prompted possibly by the erratic maternal feeling of some female baboon, bereaved of her own offspring, rather than by any mischievous propensity.

Be this as it may, the strong attachment of these creatures to their own young is an interesting trait of their character. I have frequently

witnessed very affecting instances of this attachment, when a band of them happened to be discovered by some of the African colonists in their orchards or corn-fields. On such occasions, hunted back to the mountains with dogs and guns, the females, if accidentally separated from their young ones, would often return, reckless of their own safety, to search for them through the very midst of their pursuers.

On more peaceful occasions, also, I have very often contemplated them with great pleasure and interest. It is the practice of these animals to descend from their rocky fastnesses, in order to enjoy themselves on the banks of the mountain rivulets, and to feed on the nutritious bulbs which grow in the alluvial soil of the valleys. While thus occupied, they usually take care to be within reach of some steep crag or precipice, to which they may fly for refuge on the appearance of an enemy; and some of their number are always stationed as sentinels on large stones or other elevated situations, in order to give timely warning to the rest of the approach of danger. It has frequently been my lot, when riding through these secluded valleys, to come suddenly, on turning the corner of a rock, upon a troop of forty or fifty baboons thus quietly congregated. Instantly on my appearance, a loud cry of alarm would be raised by the sentinels, and then the whole band would scamper off with the utmost precipitation. Off they would go, hobbling on all-fours, after their awkward fashion on level ground; splashing through the stream, if they had it to cross; then clambering, with most marvellous agility, up the rocky cliffs, often many hundred feet in height, and where certainly no other creature without wings could possibly follow them; the large males bringing up the rear-guard, ready to turn with fury upon the hounds if they attempted to molest them; the females with their young ones in their arms, or clinging to their backs. Thus climbing, and chattering, and squalling, they would ascend the perpendicular and perilous-looking crags, while I looked on and watched them, interested by the almost human affection which they evinced for their mates and their offspring: and sometimes not a little amused, also, by the angry vociferation with which the old satyr-like leaders would scold me, when they had got fairly upon the rocks, and felt themselves secure from pursuit.

There are other species of the ape family in South Africa, and a very beautiful bluish-green monkey inhabits the forests; but with those I cannot pretend to any particular acquaintance.

There are several other animals that fell more or less under my observation, on whose appearance or habits I should have been inclined to have made a few remarks, had the extension of these notices been compatible with the limits that I must necessarily prescribe to myself. Among these are—the *bosch-vark*, or wood-swine (*sus athiopicus*), a fierce animal, and armed with dangerous tusks, which protrude like those of the elephant; the African ant-eater (*orycteropus* or *myrmecophaga capensis*), called *aard-vark*, or earth-pig, by the colonists, from its habit of burrowing in the earth—a shy and timid creature, which lives entirely upon ants; the *spring-hare*, or Cape jerboa (*dipus*, or *pedetes capifer*), an animal which also burrows in the earth, and

which, in some points, seems to form a sort of link between the hare and the kangaroo; the porcupine (*hystrix cristata*); the *das*, or rock-rabbit (*hyrax capensis*), &c.

In the feathered kingdom, as well as in other departments of zoology, the Cape exhibits great richness and variety; but on this subject I must refer the reader to Vaillant's splendid work on the Ornithology of South Africa. I shall only here notice the singular secretary-bird, or serpent-eater (*falco serpentarius*). The former name is a mere fanciful appellation; the latter truly indicates its habits. With the legs of a crane, and the head of an eagle, the secretary belongs to the class of rapacious birds, and is now placed by naturalists between the eagles and vultures. In South Africa his presence is a peculiar blessing to the natives; for they are indebted to him for the destruction of a vast quantity of insects and reptiles, whose multiplication, unless their numbers were thus kept down, would be a formidable calamity. These birds always kill their prey before swallowing it. Whether the secretary meet with a serpent or a tortoise, he invariably crushes it under the sole of his foot; and such is the skill and force with which he gives the blow, that it is very rarely that a serpent of an inch or more in diameter survives the first stroke. When he meets with a serpent that is large enough to oppose a long resistance to him, he flies off, with his prey in his beak, to a great height, and then dropping it, follows it in its descent with wonderful rapidity, so as to be ready to strike it when it falls stunned on the ground. Vaillant describes an obstinate battle between a secretary and a large serpent, in which the bird struck his enemy with the bony protuberance of his wing; but the mode of crushing with his foot is the more common. In general these birds exhibit no fierceness, and they are easily domesticated.

Passing over the other feathered tribes, from the magnificent eagles of the Winterberg to the tiny but brilliant-plumed family of sugar-birds (*nectarinæ*), which flutter like insects round the blossoms, I shall mention only in passing the singular contrivances of those species of the weaverbird which suspend their nests from the branches of trees. The object of this precaution is obviously to secure their offspring from the assaults of their numerous enemies, particularly the serpent race. To increase the difficulty of access to these "treeroaked cradles," they usually impend over a river or precipice, while the entrance is always from below, and frequently through a cylindrical passage of twelve or fifteen inches in length, projecting from the spherical nest, exactly like the tube of a chemist's retort. The whole fabric is most ingeniously and elegantly woven of a species of tough grass; and the wonderful instinct or foresight (or whatever else we may choose to call it) displayed by the little architect in its construction is calculated to excite the highest admiration. I have often seen twenty or more of these beautiful nests hanging from a single tree.

I must not omit to say something also of the serpents, a class of the animal creation for which Africa is so renowned. The species commonly accounted the most dangerous at the Cape are the *cobra-capella* (which is



not the *cobra di capello* of India), the *puff-adder* (*vipera inflata*) and the *berg-adder* (or mountain snake). The first of these is exceedingly fierce and active, and sometimes, it is said, attains the formidable length of six or seven feet : I have, however, never met with any of more than five. The cobra has been known to spring at a man on horseback, and to dart himself with such force as to overshoot his aim. The puff-adder, on the other hand, is a heavy and sluggish animal, very thick in proportion to its length, and incapable, when attacked in front, of projecting itself upon its enemy. To make amends, however, it possesses the faculty of throwing itself backward with perilous and unexpected effect. But its disposition is inert; and unless accidentally trod upon, or otherwise provoked, it will seldom attack mankind. The berg-adder, though much smaller in size than either of the preceding, is generally considered not less deadly ; and it is the more dangerous from its being less easily discovered and avoided.

There is another species of serpent a good deal dreaded by the natives, from whom I obtained the following account of it. It is about three feet in length : its bite, though poisonous, is not fatal ; but its peculiar property is the faculty it possesses of spouting its venom in the face of an assailant, or of any person approaching it within three or four paces, when the wind is in its favour. From this singular faculty, it is called by the Cape colonists the *spuig-slang*, or spirting snake. If the venom enters the eyes, towards which the animal is supposed by instinct to squirt it, immediate blindness ensues. Several instances of permanent loss of sight from this cause were mentioned to me by intelligent Hottentots, whose veracity I had no reason to question.

There are several species of snakes which have come under my own observation, such as the *nacht-slang* (night-adder), the *schaap-steeker* (sheep stinger), one species of the *boom-slang* (tree snake), the *ringel-hals* (ring-throat), with a variety of others which I have not seen, and whose Cape names I have forgotten, which are also considered venomous, though not so deadly as the three species first mentioned. The real properties and habits of the numerous varieties of the serpent tribe which infest Southern Africa are still, in fact, but very imperfectly known to the naturalists ; and several of those reputed venomous by the colonists are probably harmless. Some men of science at the Cape have, however, recently directed their attention to this subject, and there is reason to anticipate much new and curious information from the zeal and ability with which the illustration of this as well as of other neglected departments of South African zoology is now prosecuted.

During my residence in the Cape colony, and in the course of various journeys through the interior, I met with a considerable number of snakes ; yet I do not recollect ever being exposed, except in one instance, to any imminent danger from these reptiles. On the occasion referred to, I was superintending some Hottentots, whom I had employed to clear away a patch of thicket from a spot selected for cultivation, when one of the men suddenly recoiling, with signs of great alarm, exclaimed that there was a *cobra-capella* in the bush. Not being

at that time fully aware of the dangerous character of this species, I approached to look at him. The Hottentots called out to me to take care, for he was going to spring. Before they had well spoken, or I had caught a view of the reptile, I heard him hiss fiercely, and then dart himself towards me, amidst the underwood. At the same instant, instinctively springing backward to avoid him, I fell over a steep bank into the stony bed of the Lynden ; by which I suffered some severe bruises, but fortunately escaped the more formidable danger to which I had too incautiously exposed myself. The Hottentots then assailed the snake with sticks and stones, and forced him (though not before he had made another spring, and missed one of them still more narrowly than myself) to take refuge up a mimosa-tree. Here he became a safe and easy mark to their missiles, and was speedily beaten down, with a broken back, and consequently incapable of further mischief. The Hottentots having cut off his head, carefully buried it in the ground, a practice which they never omit on such occasions, and which arises from their apprehension of some one incautiously treading on the head of the dead snake, and sustaining injury from its fangs ; for they believe that the deathful virus, far from being extinguished with life, retains its fatal energy for weeks, and even months afterwards. This snake measured nearly five feet in length.

My Hottentot corporal, Piet Spandilly, who assisted in killing this cobra, had a still narrower escape from a small but venomous snake, of which I have forgotten the colonial appellation. Piet and his men (soldiers of the Cape Corps) were in a tent adjoining to mine, while I was erecting my second hut ; and one morning when he rose from his couch of dry grass, Piet felt some living creature moving about his thigh in the inside of his leathern trowsers. Thinking it was only one of the harmless lizards which swarm in every part of South Africa, he did not at first much mind it, but came out to the open air, laughing, and shaking his limb to dislodge the crawling reptile. But when a black wriggling snake came tumbling down about his naked ankles, poor Spandilly leaped high in the air, uttering a cry of horror ; and, though he had in reality sustained no injury, could scarcely for some time be persuaded that he was not a dead man.

It is, in fact, from the apprehension of danger, or the instinct of self-defence, far more than from any peculiar fierceness or innate malignity, that the serpent race ever assail man or any of the larger animals. They turn, of course, against the foot that tramples, or the hand that threatens them ; but happily nature has not armed them, in addition to their formidable powers of destruction, with the disposition of exerting those powers from motives of mere wanton malignity, or for purposes unconnected with their own subsistence or security. Were it otherwise, countries like the Cape would be altogether uninhabitable. As it is, the annoyance experienced from the numerous snakes is not such as, on the whole, to affect the comfort of those accustomed to it, in any considerable degree.

Conversing on this subject one day with my friend Captain Harding, I inquired whether he had ever, in the course of his campaigns in the

Caffer and Bushman countries, and when necessarily obliged to sleep in the desert or jungle in the open air, suffered injury or incurred danger from serpents. He replied, that the only occasion he recollected of being in any great hazard of this sort was the following. Being upon a military expedition across the frontier, he had slept one night, as usual, wrapt in his cloak, beneath a tree. On awakening at day-break, the first object he perceived on raising his head from the saddle, which served for a pillow, was the tail of an enormous puff-adder lying across his breast, the head of the reptile being muffled under the folds of his cloak close to his body, whither it had betaken itself, apparently, for warmth during the chillness of the night. There was extreme hazard that if he alarmed it by his moving, it might bite him in a vital part. Seizing it, therefore, softly by the tail, he pulled it out with a sudden jerk, and threw it violently to a distance. By this means he escaped without injury.

An incident, scarcely less alarming, occurred to the wife of the officer just mentioned. She was sleeping with her infant upon a camp-bed in a little clay-built cabin, such as are used by the military in their temporary cantonments in that fine climate,—when looking up one morning, she perceived a snake making its way through the thatch, almost directly above her couch, and swinging with its body to and fro, with its little malignant eyes gleaming upon her face. She screamed in terror, and covered up her child, in instant apprehension of the reptile's descent. Before the servant answered her call, it had in fact wriggled its way through the thatch, and fallen into the room, but fortunately without any attempt to injure the lady or her child. When destroyed, it proved not to be of a very dangerous species.

Somewhat similar was the situation, on one occasion, of Mrs. Devenish, another lady of my acquaintance. Going into her nursery one night, she found a puff-adder stand erect on its tail, by the side of the cradle where her infant lay asleep. She screamed in horror, but durst not approach for fear that the reptile, which began to hiss and inflate its jaws, as it usually does when irritated, should spring upon the child. Fortunately her husband was at hand, and, hearing her outcry, hastened to her aid, and with a single blow destroyed the serpent.

It is not very unusual, indeed, for snakes of various sorts to be found in the houses at the Cape, or does it, in ordinary cases, excite any violent alarm when such inmates are discovered. They make their way both through the roofs and under the walls, in search of food and shelter, and especially in pursuit of mice, which many of them chiefly subsist upon. During my residence in the interior, however, I recollect only two instances of their being found in my own cabin. On one of these occasions I had sent a servant girl (a barelegged Hottentot) to bring me some article from a neighbouring hut. On returning with it she cried out, before entering the cabin—"Oh, what shall I do? A snake has twined itself round my ankles, and if I open the door he will come into the house." "Never mind," I replied: "open the door, and let him come in if he dare." She obeyed, and in glided the snake, luckily without having harmed the

poor girl. I stood prepared, and instantly smote him dead; and afterwards found him to be one of the venomous sort called *nackie-lang*.

People become used to these things, and even Europeans by degrees come to regard them with much indifference. While on a visit at the late worthy Major Pigot's, near Graham's Town, one day on going to take a book from some shelves in the drawing-room, I found a beautiful yellow snake, about six feet long, lying asleep upon the uppermost range of books. At first I took it for a stuffed specimen; but seeing him move his tail, I instantly lent him such a thwack as broke the poor fellow's back, and enabled me to demolish him at leisure. I afterwards learned that another snake had been killed a few days previously in the very same spot, and a third in the chamber where my wife and I slept. But they were all of the *boom-slang* family, and perfectly harmless.

Annoying and alarming as is the occasional presence of these reptiles in the gardens and chambers of the inhabitants in South Africa, the number of fatal accidents resulting from them is nevertheless remarkably few. Out of nearly five thousand British emigrants settled in Albany, I have not heard of more than three or four deaths in a dozen years, occasioned by the bite of snakes; and I was informed by the Rev. Mr Hallbeck, superintendant of Moravian missions, that among seven or eight hundred Hottentots, usually resident at the village of Genadendal, only two deaths had occurred from this cause during seven years that he had resided there. Many individuals, indeed, had been bitten during that period, but all of them, with those two exceptions, had been cured, either by remedies in common use among the Hottentots, (as transmitted to them from their ancestors,) or by the use of antidotes furnished by the missionaries.

Eau de luce is the most common and approved antidote employed by Europeans. The mode of using it is to give the patient five drops in a glass of water, and to repeat the dose every ten minutes, till the force of the poison be counteracted,—applying it, also, at the same time, externally to the wound. The readiest, and perhaps the best remedy, if instantly and boldly applied, and one in common use among the natives, is to suck the wound well with the mouth. In doing this, no danger need be apprehended by the operator, unless there should happen to be any sore or puncture about the lips or tongue which might afford the poison direct access to the blood; for it is well known that the venom of the most deadly snakes may be swallowed with impunity. Before sucking the wound it should be well scarified with a lancet or pen-knife, and allowed to bleed freely. If sweet milk can be had, the patient is made to drink of it abundantly, and the wounded part is also immersed in it, or bathed with brandy or hartshorn.

The following singular remedy is much used by the Hottentots, and by many of the colonists, who have borrowed it from them. When a person is bit by any of the more venomous snakes, a domestic fowl is instantly procured, and the fleshy part of the breast being cut open, it is pressed fresh and palpitating to the wound. The virus is,

by this means, rapidly abstracted; and if the poison be very deadly the fowl speedily exhibits clear proof of its malignancy,—becomes drowsy, droops its head, and dies. It is then withdrawn, and a second is cut open and applied in the same manner;—a third, if requisite; and so on, until it appears, from the decreased influence of the poison on the fowls, that its destructive virulence is effectually subdued. The worst crisis is then considered to be past, and the patient in most cases recovers.

An instance of the successful use of the above remedy was mentioned to me by Mr Wait, a Scotch farmer at Camtoos River, near Algoa Bay. His youngest child, a fine boy of about three years of age, while playing in the garden, had stumbled on a very large puff-adder, and was bit by it. The mother (to whom the terrified infant betook itself, lisping out that a “big worm” had bit it) instantly cut open the breast of a fowl, as she had been previously instructed to do by the Hottentots, and applied it to the part. In a few minutes the animal sickened and died. A second was applied and died also. A third was so much affected by the venom as to appear giddy and stupid, but survived the operation. The child was then made to drink largely of sweet milk; the limb was placed in a running stream, and afterwards smeared over with tar, which gradually removed the violent inflammation, and the livid hue which had begun to spread over it; and in the course of a few days the parents enjoyed the happiness of seeing their child (rescued by this means alone from a frightful death) once more restored to perfect health.

A large serpent resembling the boa-constrictor is found in the country north-east of Natal, and in the vicinity of the Orange River; and rumours prevail among the Hottentots of its being also occasionally found within the colony. If it exist so far south, however, it must be extremely rare, as I never was able to discover a well authenticated instance of its being seen.

A large amphibious lizard, called the *leguan*, a species of guana, is found in the rivers. It has sometimes been mistaken for the crocodile, but is perfectly harmless, and subsists upon vegetables, earth-worms, and insects. It is from three to six feet long. It lives partly on land, but always near some deep pool of a river, to which it betakes itself with great celerity, if surprised. Its flesh and eggs are considered delicate food. An amusing incident occurred with one of these reptiles when our party first came up Glen-Lynden. Two of our Scotch servants being out with their guns, found a leguan asleep on the bank of the river. Supposing it to be a crocodile, they valorously determined to shoot it, but took aim over a ledge of rock, at a cautious distance, and with so much trepidation, that the supposed crocodile, more surprised than harmed, effected a rapid retreat to the water. On relating the adventure, the size and terrible appearance of the animal were ludicrously exaggerated, the creature being represented as at least ten or twelve feet long; while the lads were ready to make *bona fide* affidavit that their bullets rebounded like peas from the impenetrable scales of this monstrous kayman.

Among the numerous small lizards of the country is found the curious and delicate chameleon. One species of lizard called the *geitje*, of about the same size as the chameleon, but much more rare is considered very venomous. I heard of several well-authenticated instances of noxious and even fatal effects from its bite, but never saw the reptile itself.

Of the insect kingdom, the most remarkable genus is the locust (*gryllus devastator*). From the ravages of this devourer, the Cape colonists have frequently suffered; nor did the Glen-Lynden settlers escape.

These destructive insects had made their appearance in this quarter of the colony during the year 1824, being the first time they had been seen since 1808. They continued to advance from the north in 1825; in 1826 the corn crops at Glen-Lynden were totally destroyed by them; and during 1827, 1828, and 1829, they extended their ravages through the whole of the northern and eastern districts of the colony. In 1830, they again disappeared. Their inroads, according to the best accounts I could obtain, appear to be renewed periodically, about once in fifteen or twenty years, and generally continue for several years at a time.

The locust of South Africa is not the same with the Asiatic, but a distinct species, to which Lichtentein has given the name of *gryllus devastator*. The swarms which infest the colony appear to come originally always from the northward, and are probably bred in the vast deserts of the interior, north and south of the Gareep or Orange River. In returning to Glen-Lynden in 1825, we passed through a flying swarm, which had exactly the appearance, as it approached, of a vast snow-cloud hanging on the slope of the mountain from which the snow was falling in very large flakes. When we got into the midst of them, the air all around and above was darkened as by a thick cloud; and the rushing sound of the wings of the millions of these insects was as loud as the dash of a mill-wheel. The ground as they passed became strewn with those that were wounded, or had wings broken in their flight by coming in contact with their neighbours. But those formed but a trivial portion of the whole enormous mass. The column that we thus passed through was, as nearly as I could calculate, about half a mile in breadth, and from two to three miles in length. Much larger columns are frequently seen. The following details are chiefly extracted from a paper transmitted to me the preceding year by Captain Stockenström, for our South African Journal.

The flying locusts, though often seen in such numbers as to obscure the sky when they are passing, and to destroy luxuriant fields of corn in a few hours, are less dreaded by the farmers than the larvæ, devoid of wings—vulgarly called by the colonists, *voetgangers* (foot-goers). On the approach of the flying locusts, the husbandman, if the wind be favourable, kindles fires round his fields, and raises a dense smoke, which will probably prevent them from alighting. But the younger, or jumping locusts, no such slight obstacle will check in their course; and a powerful stream alone, on the side they approach, can

save the crops of the agriculturists from their ravages. Stagnant pools they cross by the leading multitudes being drowned, and forming a bridge for those following: even the Orange River, where it flows calmly, is crossed by their myriads in this manner. In the same manner fires are extinguished by the incalculable numbers which precipitate themselves on the flames in succession, and which, by perishing, provide a passage for the rest. Their numbers are, indeed, so inconceivably great, that the inhabitants regard their approach with the utmost dismay, as involving not merely the destruction of their crops and gardens, but often also the entire pasturage of the country; in which case the farmer has no resource but to hasten from the district where they have "devoured every green thing," in order to search for precarious subsistence for his flocks in such parts of the wilderness as they may have missed in their migration. Failing to find such privileged tracts, his flocks must perish.

The locusts usually begin their march after sunrise, and encamp at sunset; and unhappy the husbandman on whose fields they quarter themselves. If their halting-place happen to be observed in the neighbourhood of a farm-house, the inhabitants frequently endeavour to destroy them by driving flocks of sheep and cattle to the spot before the sun rises, in order to trample them to death; but unless the number be comparatively inconsiderable, little benefit is derived from such efforts.

The flights and swarms of locusts are usually followed by immense flocks of birds, which subsist entirely on those insects and their larvæ, and which Captain Stockenstrom says somewhat resemble the Cape mountain-swallow. I did not see any of those birds myself, but Mr Barrow has described them as a species of thrush, about the size of the common Skylark. This bird is called by the colonists *spring-haanvogel* (locust-bird); it is never seen in the colony except in pursuit of the locust-swarms, which it follows in countless flocks, and builds its nest and rears its young in the midst of its prey.

"Not only the locust-bird," says Captain Stockenstrom, "but every animal, domestic and wild, contributes to the destruction of the locust-swarms; fowls, sheep, horses, dogs, antelopes, and almost every living thing, may be seen devouring them with equal greediness; whilst the half-starved Bushmen, and even some of the Colonial Tentots, consider them a great luxury, consuming great quantities fresh, and drying abundance for future emergencies. Great havoc is also committed among the locusts by their own kindred; for as soon as any one of them gets hurt, or meets with an accident which impedes his progress, his fellow-travellers nearest to him immediately turn upon him and devour him with great voracity."

The other genera of insects, though almost infinite in variety, and some of them, such as ants, flies, and beetles, inconceivably numerous, are not nearly so troublesome as in many other climates. The termite of South Africa is not the destructive species; and mosquitoes are scarcely known, except in a few damp situations near the coast. Tarantulas and scorpions are found; but accidents occurring from their

bite are rare, and, so far as I could learn, never fatal. I was myself once bit by a centipede, and was at first somewhat alarmed by the rapid and painful inflammation arising from the puncture : but it was cured in a few hours by the application of the leaves of a species of wormwood (*artemisia afra*), prescribed by an old Hottentot woman.

The exuberance of animal life is certainly one of the most remarkable and impressive features of Southern Africa. The abundance and variety of the larger game in the upland pastures of the wilderness has been repeatedly adverted to. The forests and wooded glens are all alive with their feathered inhabitants, many of them adorned with the most splendid plumage. The mountains and the rocks have their appropriate occupants. The sea-coast and many of the rivers swarm with fish and water-fowl ; and the inland streams, less fruitful in the finny tribes, are full of crabs and tortoises, and vocal in spring with the shrill chirping of millions of frogs. The arid deserts, uninhabitable by man, furnish food and refuge to the ostrich and the serpent-eater ; and in the tracks of death-like desolation, where even those solitary birds cannot find a fountain, life is still found pouring forth from the inexhaustible womb of the parched yet pregnant earth : thousands of lizards and land-tortoises are seen crawling about, or basking on the rocks and stones, and myriads of ants are building their clay pyramids, or busily travelling to and fro, in long black trains across the sultry ground.

But to describe this exuberance, this endless teeming forth of animal existence, would require language too glowing to suit the prosaic style of these familiar sketches. It would, to describe it adequately, require an imagination rich as that of my honoured and highly-gifted friend Mr Coleridge, when he poured forth his magnificent "Hymn to the Earth :"—

"Earth ! thou Mother of numberless Children, the Nurse and the Mother ;  
Sister thou of the Stars, and beloved by the Sun, the rejoicer !

\* \* \* \* \*

Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden resilience : and forthwith  
Myriad myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty embracement.  
Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-fold instincts,  
Filled, as a dream, the wide waters : the rivers sang on their channels :  
Laughed on their shores the hoarse seas : the yearning ocean swelled upward :  
Young life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and the echoing mountains,  
Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled in blossoming branches !"

*Pringle's Narrative of a Residence in South Africa.*

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## TATTERSALL AND TATTERSALL'S;

WITH A GLANCE AT THE LIONS AND LEGS OF THE BETTING-RING.

*"Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam  
Multa tulit, fecitque puer."*—HOR.

Gownsmen with jockeys hold an equal place,  
Learned in the turf, and students of the race.

The Emporium of Repository so universally known, and pre-eminently distinguished as "Tattersall's," and which has obtained just repute for being the most celebrated mart in the known world for horse flesh, and the grand exchange for extensive speculation connected with turf sports, was first established above sixty years back by Mr Richard Tattersall, who is said to have been born in Yorkshire, and to have been by trade or calling a woolcomber. Whether this be correct or not cannot be strictly vouched, but it is so recorded; certain it is that circumstances bordering on indigence first brought him to London, and introduced him to Beevor's Horse Repository, in St. Martin's Lane, at which place he became a constant attendant and close observer of business there carried on, which had remote resemblance to that which now characterises the present establishment, excepting that the sales were of very inferior character, occasional only, and irregular in their occurrence. Mr Tattersall here gained much of that knowledge of the then prevailing system of training and treatment of horses, which proved so beneficial to him in after life; he gained acquaintance also with the business of auctioneering. His conduct happily secured to him the friendship of Mr Beevor, who gave him advice and assistance in all matters, and may indeed be said, from his generally kind and generous conduct, to have been his first patron in life. By Beevor's recommendation Mr Tattersall was appointed to superintend the stud of the Duke of Kingston, who, at that period, was one of the most distinguished lovers and patrons of turf sports, and in his service Mr Tattersall continued up to the period when he commenced business as an auctioneer on his own account in the locality of Hyde Park Corner, on which spot the same business has been continued for upwards of half a century, and without interruption, until the present time. The ground is said to have been given, and the buildings and premises expressly erected for Mr Tattersall by Lord Grosvenor, who, in conjunction with other noblemen and gentlemen of the turf, had become patrons of Mr Tattersall, and to whom he had frequently represented the great convenience and accommodation that would arise from the establishment of a repository for the regular sale of horses at the western end of the metropolis, and who immediately fell in with Mr Tattersall's views, and promised their support.

It is the great end, object, and pursuit of men to realize a fortune, but the means to obtain it, and the path of pursuit, are widely and distinct-

tively diversified; it is rarely that the great desire for and possession of wealth unite with the generous and charitable nature to apply it to noble and praiseworthy purposes. The avowed object of Mr Tattersall was to obtain fortune, and his untiring industry and application led him on to the timely possession of it. He had no vanity in its attainment beyond the just pride of independence and its useful and legitimate power: to this end were his judgment and skill directed. His business enabled him to avail himself of many of those favourable opportunities which frequently presented themselves to him in its course and practice, and his speculations in such respect being suggested by sound judgment and experience, failed not in beneficial results. His great and most successful hit was the purchase and possession of the celebrated racer, called Highflyer, of which he became the owner at the price of 800*l.*, and which is said to have netted him from first to last, above 25,000*l.* profit, and to have formed the basis of the great wealth he subsequently accumulated; indeed, he himself was accustomed to ascribe his good fortune to the united efforts of the hammer and the unrivalled powers of his horse to both of which he invariably paid his daily grateful reminiscence in a bumper, prefaced by the alliterative toast of "The Hammer and Highflyer!"

Mr Tattersall was generally esteemed no less for his probity and respectability in business, than for his charitable heart, and kind and liberal disposition. He was a most hospitable man, and a firm and generous friend—virtues which appear to have descended to his kindred in succession, and to have attached a kind of hereditary respect to his name, to which the present possessors are each, *sui juris*, respectively well entitled.

At a later period of Mr Tattersall's life, when possessed of ample wealth and still increasing means he became a partner and chief proprietor of two daily papers, *The English Chronicle* and *The Morning Post*, a speculation which he had himself conceived, or been induced by others to believe, would be the means of still farther extending his business, and of giving greater celebrity to his name; and much good and profitable results might have proceeded from his connection with the press, had not party politics and bitter personal satire characterized the editorial department, and involved the proprietorship in continued actions for libel. On one occasion alone a verdict of 4,000*l.* was recovered against the proprietors of one of the papers alluded to, for a libellous attack on a lady of rank, and although much effort was made, and much additional money spent to set aside the verdict, the attempt was unsuccessful. It is no disparagement to the memory of Mr Tattersall, nor can it any way detract from the general merit and esteem which were due to him, to say that, though a man of shrewd judgment and general knowledge in business, he was not a man competent to decide on the niceties of language in their strict legal construction, nor to penetrate the subtle meaning and insinuation which the ingenuity of private malice may convey through the medium of a newspaper. For some time he could not be prevailed upon to abandon this speculation. This course, however, he at length happily determined on, and fully carried

out, and his attention was again wisely and wholly directed to his former lucrative occupations and pursuits.

Mr Tattersall became the owner of a very handsome mansion and estate in the county of Cambridge, which was known as Highflyer Hall from the circumstance (as report went) of the purchase having been made from the produce of the victories and services achieved by his celebrated horse. To this his country mansion, Mr Tattersall occasionally retired, and both there and in town entertained his friends, amongst whom he had the honour to rank royalty, nobility, and the most intrinsic gentlemen of the day, with true English hospitality. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, and that distinguished statesman Charles Fox, both patrons of the turf, honoured Mr Tattersall by their friendship, and occasionally graced his table by their presence.

In reference to his royal visitor, an anecdote is related of Mr Tattersall which will at once exhibit the plain, honest, and unsophisticated nature of the man, how unstudied he was in hypocritical ceremony and time-serving sacrifice of truth. The prince was, at the period alluded to, in the prime of life, a *bon vivant*, and a good judge of the flavour and quality of wines. Once, when dining with Mr Tattersall, he took occasion to compliment his host on the excellence of the sample they were discussing at table, and with great gout pronounced it superlative. Tattersall, delighted by the approval of such undeniable taste, expressed himself in due terms of gratification; but the honesty of his nature outrunning his politeness, and the quality of his wines making him suddenly oblivious of the quality of his illustrious guest, he most incautiously popped out that "he had some finer in his cellar;" a communication that might have sounded harsh and uncourteous in the ears of a more fastidious personage than the prince, who knew the intrinsic worth and genuine character of his host, and applied no other signification to the communication than that which the heart of the man whose honest tongue had uttered it, intended to convey.

Mr Tattersall, after a long life usefully and benevolently employed, died in February 1795, in the seventy-first year, respected and regretted. We are told of persons having died on the scaffold with a jest on their lips; and certain it is that on the most serious occasions and melancholy events, there will ever be found some waggish spirit to indulge his harmless wit in reference to the name, calling, or other point available to his purpose, as will be seen by the following lines suggested as an epitaph for the deceased Mr Tattersall.

"Here lieth Tattersall of turf renown,  
Who, with his hammer, many a lot knock'd down.  
Now 'tis his lot death's stronger arm to meet;  
Who, with his hammer, laid him at his feet!  
Not like his lots, who, instantly knock'd down,  
Got up, took to their heels, and left the town!"

Since the death of Mr Tattersall, the original projector and proprietor of the establishment bearing his name, the business has without

interruption been continued by his descendants, Messrs Edward and Richard Tattersall, the present proprietors. The premises have from time to time been enlarged, and have undergone alterations adapted as far as possible to the extent of accommodation required by the immense increase of connection, and the vast accession of patronage by the sporting world; the system of business has also been improved with the times; and the arrangements and management of the establishment at the present day are of the most perfect kind. The accommodations are most extensive and compact in character; system, discipline, and order are discernible throughout every department of the place. Pay a visit to Tattersall's at what time you will, you never discover, even in the most obscure corner of the premises, other than minute observance of rule, and the strictest attention to appearance; the stabling and carriage departments are worthy inspection, and will fully establish the truth of the assertion. There is, if it may be so termed, an aristocratic character attached to the establishment; the very servants of the place appear to partake of this distinction; there is a superiority of appearance about them; in cleanliness of exterior, and civility of manner, they are infinitely above others in similar occupation and employ.

The Tattersalls in the pulpit of their avocations are no less proficient than in the other departments of their business. They are most technically minute in all preliminary description of the respective horses as they make their appearance before the hammer—the most impartial endeavour is used alike to dispose of the thorough-bred, and the worn-out hack. Principle is observed in every respect, and unqualified satisfaction is the common result.

There are few persons of any class of London who have not at one time or other, from curiosity or other motive, dropped in at "The Corner." It would be superfluous and unentertaining, therefore, to go into a description of the sales, or to refer to the clear, distinct, and candid statement which invariably accompanies the putting up of a horse for sale; suffice it to say that the establishment of Messrs. Tattersall is the safest place a stranger can possibly resort to for the purchase of a horse of any description, for if he lack judgment or entertain the slightest doubt or suspicion in respect to the quality of the animal he would become the owner of, he has but to seek direct information from Messrs. Tattersall, and he will have the strict truth to guide him.

A distinct branch of the establishment known as Tattersall's, is the Turf Subscription Betting Room, adapted exclusively for the accommodation and convenience of betting men, professedly, for such as can give references as to their honourable character and responsibility, but in reality, it must, with some degree of regret, be admitted, for as heterogeneous an assemblage and motley a group, in point of grade and character, as can be well conceived. On days of business, immediately approaching any great race, such as The Derby, St. Leger, or the equally important and exciting events at Ascot, Goodwood, Liverpool, &c., men of almost every class and description there congregate. The subscription of two guineas per annum (to which may be added a fee of

five shillings to the keeper and attendant of the room) gives the right of admission to the subscription room, that is to say, for the year, unless there should attach to the proposed candidate the disqualification of previous default in payment of stakes or settlement of bets (which he must first pay), or unless he should have been convicted before the Jockey Club, or other competent tribunal, of gross fraud, conspiracy, or other delinquency on the turf or in the betting-ring. It has frequently, and with just propriety, been suggested through the medium of the press and other channels, that exclusion should be carried to a greater and more healthy extent, and be applied to individuals of known bad, or even suspicious character—men whose lawless and debasing occupations and pursuits in life degrade them as men, and disqualify them altogether for association with anything in the shape of respectability. Money and assurance should not hide the real deformity of character of such men. It is, however, notorious that such objectionable parties have found their way to the subscription list, and that their presence amongst men of rank, honour, and respectability, has been most strangely countenanced. The intentions of Messrs. Tattersall are by no means involved or questioned in this oversight of character and qualification, inasmuch as they cannot by possibility know the history of every candidate; they rely on the testimony of referees to respectability.

The present Subscription Betting Room is of recent erection, and is much larger in space, and far more convenient in its general arrangement than the very confined apartment formerly used for the purpose; which at times of high change was frequently crowded to suffocation. Of the hundreds of members on the subscription list not one-fifth could find admission to the betting-room; and when they did perchance work their way to the interior of the sanctum, it was to be wedged in like one in a crowd at a theatre, on the night of a benefit, and to very little purpose of practical concern in the business of the place, which, owing to the limited space, was necessarily confined to the few Rothschilds of the ring who usually took early possession of the one small table which stood in the centre of the room, and around which "crowds upon crowds hung bellying o'er," to roar themselves, with stentorian energy, into notice for a bet, or for the more still and mysterious purpose of learning the state of the market, and becoming acquainted with the whippers and reports of the day. Now, however, things are different; the arrangements of the new Subscription Room embrace all the accommodations necessary for the convenience of the members. The space is sufficiently large for the purposes of all ordinary meetings; and the apartment, having outlet, as it has, to an extensive piece of grass-plot, or meadow, belonging to Messrs Tattersall, and adapted to the occasional use of the subscribers, gives facility for perfect accommodation to all, even on occasions of extraordinary attendance,—such as the betting-days for the Derby and St. Leger events. At such times this space of ground is most necessary; for it may be affirmed that many hundreds of persons attend on these days only throughout the year; the speculations of such parties on the turf being limited to these two

great and attractive annual events, they become subscribers, of course, for the exclusive advantage of the convenience which is afforded, by right of *entrée* to the great mart of settlement.

At the particular periods spoken of, tables are set out in the meadow, at convenient distances from each other, and supplied with all necessary writing-materials, for the use of the subscribers. These tables, although equally available to all, are usually occupied by the principal noblemen and gentlemen in attendance, and not unfrequently, also, by some few individuals of the class exclusively distinguished as betting-men, whose accounts are of magnitude and extent, and who are frequently occupied throughout the whole business day, in paying and receiving in settlement. The Subscription Room itself may, on such occasions, be compared to a hive of working bees; for all are most industriously employed in gathering in the melifluous store of cash; and the continual hum and buzz of conversation in the adjustment of accounts increase the similitude. The immense amount of money which throughout the day passes from hand to hand on the mere result of a horse-race would scarcely be credited by a novice; and, as regards the accounts themselves as kept by these professors, and as exhibitory of their respective balances of loss and gain on any great sporting event, it is questionable whether they would not on a first reference perplex the brains of the best head that ever solved a problem in Euclid, and puzzle the capabilities of the most efficient official assignee that ever attempted the arrangement of a disputed account in bankruptcy. It is not to be denied that very many of the professors of the betting-ring are, to use a technical term, vulgar fractions in themselves; but they are masters, nevertheless, of a peculiar system of figures and comprehensive practical arithmetic, which seldom fails to work out the great principle of profitable result.

The betting-ring has (somewhat incorrectly, it is opined) been described as composed only of two classes,—the one consisting of noblemen and gentlemen, and the other of the class of persons known as betting-men. This description and distinction may have been perfectly correct in its original application, when racing speculations were chiefly confined to the nobility and gentry, members of the Jockey Club, and their immediate friends and connexions, and to some few distinct characters known as legs and sharpers, before the mania for betting had infected, as at the present time, all classes of persons, from the peer to the pot-boy. The two classes alluded to have been jocosely termed “The Lions and Legs of the Ring.” The betting-ring is now composed of as many grades and distinctions of individuals as can be well conceived,—in fact, of all sorts and samples of men,—without regard to calling, character, or condition. First come the nobility and gentry, members of the great tribunal of the Jockey Club, with the same class of persons, patrons and supporters of the turf, but not of the sporting council; then follow gentlemen amateurs of racing, with others originally of the class of betting-men, whose successes on the turf have raised them to wealth and condition, from their original airy-nothingness, and given them “local habitation and a name;”

next succeeded a host of professionals, tradesmen, clerks, sporting-publicans, stewards, valets, &c., all infected more or less with the mania for betting; and lastly come the riff-raff, or non-entities of the ring, consisting of a motley and heterogeneous mass or group of indescribables, the real legs of the profession, who are prepared to cut and run on occasion of necessity. The most conspicuous of this class are certain well-known members of the Metropolitan Gaming-house fraternity fellows of most consummate arrogance and insolent bearing, whose honourable "occupations are gone," by reason of the late stringent laws in respect to hells. Classed with these, and of the same kidney, are ci-devant grooms and flunkies, low-lived pugilists, card and billiard sharps, and fellows who are ever on the prowl for prey, men who have nought to lose but their chance of gain, and all to gain by their assurance.

Looking to the names that head the list as members of the honourable tribunal for the regulation of turf sports, it might naturally and fairly be inferred that a better system of business than that which is recognized in betting, and that a more perfect code of honourable principle in respect to the rules and regulations of racing, would have marked their deliberations, and emanated from their councils; but there are some strange anomalies in the jurisprudence of the Jockey Club; much indeed, that is altogether at variance with common sense, and apparently with common honesty. Too much is left to the imaginary possession of the honour of gentlemen, without consideration that gentility is human, and may be affected by the infirmity of man's nature; that honour may be lost in necessity; and that the temptation of wealth may be too strong for some gentle natures to resist. The law which recognizes in the owner of a race-horse the right to enter the horse for a great race, to represent him from day to day, for months, through the medium of official report, as an animal of great capability and promise, in order to excite the confidence of the public to back him; and then permits the owner, on the very day of the race, and within a few hours of the events, to withdraw his horse from the contest, for the reason that his honourable master has, throughout the period of betting, been most actively engaged, by himself and agents, in the more sure game of backing his horse to lose, is, in the common sense construction of motive, a direct fraud on the public, and in the moral delinquency not a shade lighter than the blackest robbery ever recorded. Yet the annals of the turf and ring are not without examples of the kind; and it is in evidence in the courts at Westminster; and from the mouths of one of the members of the Jockey Club that the principle which such acts involve comes within recognition by the rules of an assembly constituted of some of the most noble and distinguished of the aristocracy, and of the most wealthy and respected gentry of England. The play or pay system opens a wide field for fraud and imposition on public credulity; and the sooner it is blotted out from the system of betting the better.

Racing sports have within these few years lost many great patrons; amongst whom may be named the late Dukes of Cleveland and Graf-

ton, that highly-respected nobleman, the late Earl of Verulam, and Mr Thornhill; but the turf still boasts of many noble, wealthy, and spirited patrons,—of whom are the Dukes of Rutland, Portland, Richmond, and Bedford; the Marquis of Exeter; Lords Stradbroke, Chesterfield, Glamis, March, Maidstone, Miltown, Eglinton, Lichfield and Lowther; Colonel Anson, Major Yarborough, Captain Rouse, Messrs George Payne, Cockerell, Irvine, and a long list of distinguished gentry, who form the first class of the betting-room at Tattersall's. The most efficient nobleman on the turf is Lord George Bentinck; to whom every respectable man connected with racing, and every honourable amateur of the sport (and this embraces a large portion of the respectable public), are indebted for his untiring energy to detect fraud, and to defeat knavish design; the vigilance of Lord George is ever alive to discover and expose the roguish practices that have of late years characterized racing, and to expel from the course all persons in any way connected with, or countenancing, such mal-practices. Infinite good has already resulted from his lordship's exertions, which have been most successful, and to which has been justly awarded the honourable meed of public opinion and applause. Lord George is indefatigable in every respect. He has contrived by his influence to bring under wholesome rule and discipline the conduct of those little great men, and hitherto unruly *employés*, the jockeys, and to keep them under certain wholesome restrictions and fair observance in their practices, particularly in the start for a race, and has subjected them to a fine for any breach of rule. His lordship does not confine his exertions to legislating on turf matters, he is personally active on the course, and on occasions when more than ordinary method is necessary in the arrangements, takes on himself the task and trouble of superintending the same, and seeing that all due attention to rule is paid. He is particularly *au fait* at that very difficult job of starting a large field of two-year-olds, which often occupies much time, as well from the restless and spirited nature of the animals themselves, as from the shifty designs of their riders. In fact, Lord George may be termed the Premier of the Turf; and, when he shall retire, it is questionable if any nobleman or member of the Jockey Club, will be found qualified or disposed to fill, or take upon himself, the office. His lordship has the largest racing-stud in the kingdom, and is unquestionably one of the very best judges living of the points and qualities of a racer.

The Dukes of Portland, Rutland, Richmond, and Bedford, the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Stradbroke, and many others of the distinguished class of sporting-men, are patrons and amateurs of racing, and confine their speculations to the stakes contested for; consequently they are seldom or ever seen in the betting-room at Tattersall's.

Lord Chesterfield, and others of the nobility and gentry, take deeper interest, and at times venture considerably in support of their own stables, or others of which they have a favourable opinion. It is due to these distinguished persons to say that they are most courteous in their system of betting, never (unless the party be notoriously bad in repute) questioning the capability or correct principle of any person



offering them a bet. If there be a fault in the system of condescension and affability, it is that some of them are a little too familiar with the man who has, perhaps, robbed them overnight at some den of plunder in St James's Street. There are one or two exceptions to this rule of courteous conduct if the nobles of the ring, individuals who most ridiculously appear to shut themselves up, for fear of contamination, by the vulgar herd, who are, in vulgar similitude,

" Proud as peacocks of their gaudy feather,  
And stiff as codfish in the frosty weather."

Such specimens are, however, rare; and, as before observed, form exceptions to the general politeness that is characteristic of an English gentleman.

One of the most respected of his class is Mr Payne who is the true specimen of the British sportsman, and one of the most spirited patrons and supporters of the turf. Mr Payne cannot, we believe, and we regret it, congratulate himself on any very successful results to his early love of the sport. He has contributed liberally, and paid dearly, it is said in the outset of life; but he has stuck to the sport like a Trojan, and, with his experience and the determined spirit, that man must be exceedingly clever, it is thought, who could now hoodwink him in respect to racing matters, or impose on him with impunity by any quibble in betting. He is, nevertheless, most generous and considerate to those whom temporary inability sometimes obliges to trespass on his indulgence for settlements.

Foremost amongst the class of successful betting-men—for in such character he first made appearance in the ring, notwithstanding his subsequent elevation to Parliament—was Mr G—. A sketch of this gentleman appeared in the biography of Mr Crookford, and is tolerably correct. He was over considered one of the most quite, unobtrusive, and prudent of speculators: and these qualities he turned to good and deserving account. The only dissatisfaction expressed in reference to Mr G—'s conduct on the turf, was that occasioned by the withdrawal of his horse, Old England, from the St. Leger race, on the very morning of the event; and this act, to say the least of it, smacked of an ungracious course towards the public, who had sympathized so strongly with him, and expressed their indignation so loudly, in regard to the attempt which, it was reported, had been made, and partially effected, to poison the same horse prior to the day of the Derby. It will be remembered, that on the day Old England was brought out, weak and amiss as he was, from the effect of the infamous attempt to destroy him, and that, notwithstanding his incapability, he was nearly winning the race, and might, and probably would, have been the victor, had he not been thrown out of his distance, and considerably retarded in his pace by the accident of one of the horses falling. He had, however, in spite of this interruption to his course, good place at the coming in; and opinion hence became pinned on his capability to win the then coming St. Leger. In the due and natural course of things, he became a favourite, and rose to particularly high position in the market,

and he continued to hold such place until within a few days of the Doncaster races.

Newspaper report had been busy to impress on the public mind the determination of Mr G—— to win with the horse, if he could, in order to prove to the world how shamefully he had been defrauded of his chance for the Derby, and with the honest feeling of sympathy for the wrong done to Mr G——, desire to see him win, and confidence in the power and speed, and pedigree of the horse, and in the honourable character of his owner, that portion of the public who had backed him could not be shaken in opinion, but relied upon him up to the hour of his being withdrawn, which, strange to say, was at eleven o'clock on the morning of the race!

The horse was said to be amiss at that very late period. It might be so—and if not, it is not pretended to say (seeing that the regulations of the Jockey Club recognize the right to do so) that Mr G—— was wrong. It was, however, a most serious disappointment, and another lesson of sad experience to hundreds, teaching them the folly of reliance on any result of racing, proceeding from the absolute qualities and capabilities of a horse, when at the eleventh hour his owner can scratch him, and leave his backers in the mire of their own credulity.

Another specimen of successful betting-men will be recognized in the fictitious cognomen of Mr Huckaback, who is the very contrast of the gentleman just referred to. He is vulgar in appearance, and equally so in manner, and, in his ludicrous attempts at importance, reminds one of the frog in the fable. This little gentleman (for he keeps his equipage, and this has been established as the test of gentlemanly qualification) was formerly a linen-draper, but having failed in trade he took to the then very accessible occupation of The Ring—a speculative pursuit, which experience had proved to require no great capital to commence with. He is said to have made his first grand hit on a horse of Corinthian notoriety, named Jerry, and to have proceeded for some time in a fair course of success; but the day of reverse came, and he was (in the language of the ring) hit off his legs. His principal creditor happened, however, to be a man of policy, and one to whom the amount of his debt (3000*l.* or 4000*l.*) was no immediate object. Instead of a harsh creditor, he became a friendly adviser; suggested to him to arrange with his other creditors, assisted him so to do, and thus enabled him to continue his betting speculations.

The course turned out to be a very prudent and successful one, for the little linen-draper, having an aptitude for business, went to work again, and turned up trumps, and has since realized a handsome independence. He may frequently be seen at Tattersall's or met in Hyde Park, on his way to "The Corner," twisting his little body in all fanciful forms, to give importance to his gait, his arms in motion like a Dutch minchinello. In the betting-room he is loud in his address to my lord This or That, and most grandiloquent in his offers to bet thousands.

There is ample field to individualize, from out the same class, many samples of ignorance and arrogance, for the exhibition of the one is

proportioned to the possession of the other. Amongst others, is the little quondam groom of a noble lord, whose apish and consequential attempts at quality are about as natural as would be those of a donkey in a dance.

The Crockford of the day in the betting ring is Harry H—, who is unquestionably the most active and enterprising man of the fraternity. This individual has worked himself from a very humble situation in life —(no disparagement to him)—to a position of independence, and that by unceasing energy, and constant pursuit of information necessary to success. He pretends not to what he is not; but though lacking the advantages of education, he possesses the grand essential of common sense, which ever turns to good account, and, like the virtue of pure water, as described by Apemantus, “never leads man into the mire.” His bets are taken to any amount, and he is most extensively and profitably commissioned. He makes his circuit round the country on business as regularly as a judge of assize; and if his arrival be not announced in the respective localities of his visits with as much ceremony, he is as eagerly looked for at stated periods. He is, indeed, of ubiquitous character, for he is to be met with in all places of sporting notoriety and meeting. His favourite resort is The Coach and Horses in Dover Street, where, when in town, he pretty regularly comforts his inward man, after his day’s important business is ended.

There are many others of each respective class of the betting-ring who might be selected as samples; but it would occupy a volume in the mere brief descriptions. Independently of which, it might not be in keeping with the object of the writer, which is merely to glance at the system of betting, and to touch lightly on the peculiarities of one or two of the most prominent characters. In other respects, he speaks of men and character in general, leaving each individual to fit the cap of individuality to his own head, if he shall think it made for him.

The summary of the account is, that the Messrs Tattersall are persons of high and deserved repute in business, and respected and esteemed in social life; that their repository is the greatest throughout the habitable world, and is the best and safest place where a man can lay out a cool fifty or hundred pound note in the purchase of a prad; that the betting-ring is of a mingled cast in its component parts, and presents a vast *mélange* of persons and immense variety of character; that one and all are in pursuit of gain and advantage; that some are seeking it at the risk of large capital, others at the hazard of nothing: from which it follows, that the nothings must have the best of the game.

*From Bentley's Miscellany.*

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## THE CHAMOIS.

I gambol o'er the granite frore,  
 And feed on the lichen gray :  
 No pinions are mine, but I never repine,  
 For my foot is as light as they.  
 The sun's deadly white, and the sky black as night,  
 There where I love to be ;  
 And the keen piercing air, which no mortal can bear,  
 Is the breath of life to me.  
 And oft as I quaff'd that icy draught  
 I have thought in my gladsome soul—  
 Can the generous wine of the storied Rhine  
 Compare with my airy bowl !

My limbs I throw on the latest snow  
 That the teeming clouds have cast,\*  
 And wrap myself warm mid the wintry storm  
 In the cloak of the searching blast.  
 Oh ! the day is bright, and short is the night,  
 To the happy dwellers on high—  
 The sun has set in the valley, but yet  
 For me he is still in the sky.  
 And ere his night grows pale to the drowsy vale,  
 \*The boundless horizon I scan,  
 From Stratsburg's pile to the milk-white aisle  
 That glitters in far Milan.

The treacherous dint of my light foot print  
 Has drawn the hunter near ;  
 On my ear the note of the carbine smote—  
 I sprung from the sound of feast.  
 I lit on the edge of a slippery ledge ;  
 Where footing for other is none,  
 They may rage and chafe but their victim is safe  
 From the range of the murderer's gun ;  
 And I laugh as they shrink from the hideous brink  
 Of the chasm so void and blue,  
 Which the careless fling of a single spring  
 Has carried me harmlessly through.\*

I once looked down from Rosenburg's crown,  
 On a lake and valley fair,  
 The flowers were in bloom, and their rich perfume  
 Freighted the summer air.

The harvest of gold o'er the plain was roll'd,  
 Like the waves of an eastern sea,  
 And the solemn swell of the holy bell  
 Ascended even to me.  
 Earth's thunder peals, the mountain reels  
 Beneath my staggering tread ;  
 Well served my need, my bounding speed,  
 Else had I never fled.

That valley fair, it was not there—  
 The brimming lake was choked,  
 Like blighted sod by the curse of God  
 The ruins reeked and smoked !  
 Fell altar and priest, fell man and beast,  
 Fair child and lovely wife ;  
 Of all that did breathe in the glad world beneath,  
 Remained not a single life !  
 Oh ! sad was my path from the land of wrath  
 To the heights of my own domain ;  
 But I had not forgot the hunter's shot,  
 So my spirits grew light again.

*Bell's Life in Sydney, and Sporting Reviewer.*

## FESTIVALS, GAMES, AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

*" Fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvere jura."*

*Virg. Æn. 3. 550.*

Who would ever had imagined that the vivacious, intellectual and handsome Athenians derived their origin from the gloomy, priest-ridden, negro-faced people of Egypt, a colony from which country was conducted to Attica by Cecrops, about the time of Moses? We know that manners are changeable, that they receive their character from climate, soil, localities, population, religion, form of government, facility of communication with strangers, and various collateral circumstances ; but we cannot understand how that great physical metamorphosis was accomplished which converted an ugly race into the most graceful and finely-formed nation upon the face of the earth. Nor have we any records on which to hang a conjecture ; for at this period, as Plutarch says, when regretting his inability to furnish its early history, Attica was " all monstrous and tragical land, occupied only by poets and fabulists." Seven hundred years after the foundation of Athens, the writings of Homer afford many illustrations of manners

among the Greeks, which still exhibited barbarous traits of defective government and unimproved society. From the notion that the souls of deceased warriors delighted in human blood, the funeral games and ceremonies were of the most cruel description. Achilles slew twelve of the young Trojan nobility at the pile of Patroclus; an act of atrocity which is of itself sufficient to stamp the character of barbarism upon the age in which it occurred. Half-naked savages, indeed, with a club and lion's skin, no longer wandered about the world, offering their services for the destruction of wild beasts; but the times were characterised by that licentiousness, hospitality, violence, utter disregard of human life, and union of dignified station with mean employments, to which the manners of the Scottish Highlanders, till within a century, retained so marked a resemblance. Such will ever be the features of society where the law is ineffectual for personal security. "In such cases bodily strength and courage must decide most contests; while on the other hand, craft, cunning, and surprise are the legitimate weapons of the weak against the strong. We accordingly find that both the ancient and the modern history of the East is a continued scene of bloodshed and treachery."\*

In the time of Homer, when murders were so common that they scarcely left a stain upon the character of the perpetrator, and human sacrifices were still offered to the gods, and to the manes of the dead, we cannot expect to discover any thing refined, still less intellectual in the amusements or recreations. These were grovelling and sensual, while the public games, being simply calculated to exercise and strengthen the bodily powers, were but personal struggles, scarcely amicable in their nature, and evidently intended as preparations for war. Several hundred years later, when the Athenians had attained their palmy state, both as to power and literary pre-eminence, we have abundant materials for appreciating Grecian manners in general, which then present to us, so far as amusements are concerned, a decided predominance of the intellectual over the corporeal, of refinement over vulgar sensuality. Let us indulge in an imaginary walk into Athens at this period, that we may judge for ourselves, taking our first station on the road to Thria, to the north west of the city. Behold! the sun is now gleaming upon the waters of the Cephissus, burnishing the tops of the trees in the garden of the Academy, just revealing beyond them the pediment of the Temple of Theseus, and illuminating one side of the glorious Parthenon, perched aloft upon the rocky Acropolis. We will stand aside for a moment, not only to avoid the dust of the market people flocking into the city, but that we may listen to the ancient ballads they are singing, an amusement which implies something of a civilized and literary taste, even in these rude peasants. They have passed, they have crossed the bridge over the Cephissus, and we may now follow them, diverging, however, from the high-road into the shady walks on either side that constitute the grove of Academus. It was here that Plato, the pupil of Socrates, instructed his disciples, maintaining the immortality of the soul, while he placed the sovereign

\* Robertson's Charles V.

felicity in studying the beautiful, the true, the good ; in contemplating the supreme celestial intelligence, and in endeavouring to conciliate his love, by imitating his benevolence, so far as human infirmities allowed.

Such have been the sublime doctrines taught by the academicians and philosophers who since his time have delivered lessons of wisdom within these shady precincts ; and such are the discourses to which the volatile population of Athens have eagerly crowded for amusement and recreation. What an immeasurable stride must the public mind have taken since the Homeric ages, when all enjoyments had reference to the body and the senses ! But that we may the better appreciate the character of the citizens, let us ascend this little eminence, and survey the public buildings, which, exclusively of the religious edifices, are expressly dedicated to the pleasures of the mind. See ! we have now reached the Altar of the Muses, whose votaries may in some degree be said to hallow literature with a divine sanction. Yonder to the east, near the Marathon road, is the Cynosarges, or school of the Cynic philosophers ; beyond it is the Lycæum, where Aristotle instructed his disciples while he walked about and founded the sect of the Peripatetic philosophers ; near the gate of the Piræus is the Museum, a building dedicated to the liberal arts, and to the goddesses whose name it bears ; the superb structure to the left of it is the Odeum, appropriated to the performance of concerts, to musical trials of skill, and to the rehearsal of the theatrical choruses ; and the semicircular building on this side of it is the Great Theatre, to which the Athenians flock to weep at the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, to be convulsed with laughter at the farcical satires of Aristophanes, or to be delighted with the polished wit of the chaste and elegant Menander. Is not such a recapitulation sufficient to prove that in this classic seat of the muses the pleasures of the mind have largely triumphed over those of the body, and that the inhabitants of Athens are the most intellectual people whom the world has yet produced, or whom it is perhaps hereafter destined to see, even in a much more advanced state of its existence ?

That all their diversions are of this exalted character it would be too much to expect ; but we will pursue our walk, and make our observations as we proceed. Here we are at the Gate Dipylon, in the shade of which some idlers of the lower class are reclining, while they play at dice upon the pavement, and by their animated gestures, and the anxious expression of their countenances, are evidently contending for a stake of some importance. Strange ! that the love or deep play should be equally found among the most savage and the most civilized people, as if gambling were an inherent propensity of human nature ! So addicted to dice were the Germans and other barbarians of the north, that, according to Tacitus, after having lost every thing else, they would frequently stake their freedom upon the hazard of a die, and be sold into perpetual slavery, without a murmur or an attempt to escape. Every throw of these Athenians, as you may gather from their exclamations, has the name of some god, prince, or hero, the most favourable of all being called Venus. The gamblers on the other

side of the Gate, engaged at a different game, employ only three dice, which they throw through a hollow cylinder upon a chequer board, in order to prevent cheating. These are games of pure chance; but yonder is a party playing at a table, marked with lines and pyramidal points, on which are ranged pieces or men of different colours, the skill of the combatant being shown by sustaining his own men, and capturing or blocking up those of his adversary. Sometimes this game is played with dice, the movements being regulated by the number thrown, but still so as to leave room for much judgment and intricate combination on the part of the player.\*

Here we are in the crowded Forum, the centre of which is still occupied with the market people and others of the lower class, whose satirical pleasantries with one another, and gibing raillery upon the passengers, though not always refined, are never deficient in the drollery and facetiousness that characterise, while they form the constant amusement of the Athenian populace. These porticoes and colonnades will presently be thronged with loungers, newsmongers, and philosophers, each seeking their appropriate recreation, and indulging in eager discourse adapted to the different tastes of the colloquists; for among the lively Athenians even the Stoics are social and loquacious, and lonely meditation is but little practised. The crowd flocking down this street to the left are hastening to the Gymnasium, and those pursuing the direction of the river are hurrying to the baths, the use of which is considered so indispensable, that they are not only found in most of the private houses, but have ever been introduced on board ship.

This stream of passengers on foot and on horseback, this throng of carters, water-carriers, criers of edicts, labourers, and beggars with their dancing dogs, pushing in all directions with an ardour that will not allow of ceremony, begins to be irksome; we will therefore withdraw under this colonnade, where we may enjoy the scene without being incommoded by its bustle. Some of the higher classes are now beginning to appear, as you may perceive by the chariots and gaily-adorned litters, few of which are suffered to pass without taunts or jeering remarks from the poorer citizens. Many of the former are followed by a servant carrying a folding chair, that their masters may sit down when fatigued. Most of the men, you will observe, are provided with a cane, and the women with a parasol, but no external mark of wealth or station can exempt them from the raillery of their bantering fellow-countrymen. Such is the mania, even among the educated classes, for this species of recreation, that there is a society at Athens "whose only object is to observe and collect every species of ridiculous absurdity, and to divert itself with pleasantries and *bon-mots*. The members of it, to the number of sixty, are all men of extraordinary vivacity and brilliant wit: their meetings are held from time to time in the Temple of Hercules, where they pronounce their humorous decrees in presence of a crowd of spectators, drawn thither by the singularity of the scene; nor have

\* The former game is presumed to have borne some resemblance to chess, and the latter to backgammon.



the misfortunes of the state ever induced them to intermit their meetings."\*

Materials for the satire and the raillery of such a society can never be wanting in a city like Athens. Look! there are two individuals approaching us who, though they are as dissimilar as possible in their appearance, are both equally calculated to excite and justify the ridicule of these professed wags. One of them, a smooth-shaven fop, who, in his affectation of attic elegance, is dressed in the extremity of the fashion, loads the air with perfume as he picks his way along the colonnade, simpering to display his white teeth, arranging the flowers at his ears, dangling his twisted cane, and occasionally looking down with an air of complacency at his Alcibiades shoes. The other, affecting the Lacedæmonia, or the rough manners of the Spartans, wears a coarse cloak and plain sandals; his long beard is untrimmed, his hair falls in disorder about his shoulders, he carries a huge staff in his hand, and walks with a severe solemn gait. The singularities of the former excite only a smile or a sneer from the bystanders, but some of them seem disposed to treat the pretended simplicity of the latter as an insult to the national manners, at least if we may judge by the bitter sarcasms with which they pursue him.†

We have recorded the number of holidays kept by the Jews, which occupied a quarter of the year. Those observed by the lively pleasure-loving Athenians were still more numerous, upwards of eighty days being regularly devoted to public spectacles, none of which, it must be recollected, shared the character of the Jewish sabbath, but were literally and throughout festive merrymakings. Exclusively of these local holidays and sports, there were the four great national festivals of the Olympian, Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean Games, each of which lasted several days; and all of which, from the narrow dimensions of the Grecian territory, and the universal truce observed during their celebration, were accessible to all classes, even in the midst of war. Nor were private entertainments of rare occurrence, for the birth of children, their enrolment as citizens, their first exhibition in the gymnasium, and numerous other occasions, were also celebrated as festivals. In the Athenian calendar we find an abstract of all the glorious events by which their city has been distinguished, nor could a better method have been devised for attaching the people to the religion and the government, than by perpetuating the memory of these occurrences in the public solemnities. Some were celebrated with such magnificence that three hundred oxen were led to the altars at once, amid every circumstance of sacrificial pomp. The earliest festivals of the Greeks, and indeed of all nations, were kept in the autumn, after gathering in the fruits of the earth, when gratitude prompted them to offer up sacrifices to heaven, and social festivities were the natural consequences of plenty. Ceres and Bacchus were therefore the chief primal divinities: spring and summer soon claimed their appropriate representatives and celebrations; and human heroes and benefactors next received the honours of the apotheosis, none of whom, probably, conferred such blessings

\* Travels of Anacharsis, vol. ii. cap. 20.

† Ibid.

on mankind by their living exploits, which could only affect a single age, as by their laying the foundation of a public festival to be enjoyed by long succeeding generations of a whole people. In the mode of celebrating these holidays, at the politer age of Athens, there will be found a large admixture of the most refined mental enjoyments, with rude corporeal sports that characterized the Homeric era. The shows consisted of sacrifices which inspired reverence by the pomp of their solemnization; processions calculated to display the charms of the youth of both sexes; musical theatrical pieces, the productions of the finest geniuses of Greece; dances, songs, and combats, in which strength, skill, and talent, were by turns exhibited. The persons of all the actors were inviolable during the festival, nor could any individual be arrested for debt at this period of general amusement and happiness.

In the constitution of the scenic representations, of which the chorus formed so remarkable a portion, the intellectual may be said to predominate; while the ancient festivals addressed themselves more especially to the eyes and the senses. Each of the ten tribes furnished a chorus, and a choragus, or leader, who was ineligible under forty years of age, and with whom rested the choice of the performers, generally selected from the class of children or of youths. An excellent player on the flute to direct their voices, and an able master to regulate their steps and gestures, were indispensable. As victory might depend on the superior skill of these teachers, they were publicly drawn for by lot, and generally proceeded to exercise their pupils some months previous to the festival. The choragus, whose functions were not only consecrated by religion, but ennobled by the example of the most eminent men of the state, who had deemed it an honour to fill that expensive office, appeared at the festival, as well as his followers, with a gilt crown and a magnificent robe. Each tribe was anxious to engage the most celebrated poet to compose the sacred hymns, the success of which depended upon sentiments and style, more than upon the accompanying music.

It was the province of the chorus to appear in the pomps or processions, to range themselves round the altars, to sing hymns during the sacrifice, and to assist in the theatrical representations, where they exerted themselves with the utmost ardour to maintain the reputation of their respective tribes. "The people, almost as jealous of their pleasures as of liberty, waited the decision of the contest with the same anxiety, the same tumult, as if their most important interests were the subject of discussion. The glory resulting from the victory was shared between the triumphant chorus, the tribe to which it belonged, and the masters who gave the preparatory lessons."\*

The festival of the Panathenæa, instituted in the earliest ages in honour of Minerva, and revived by Theseus, had received so many additions since its first establishment, that it finally assumed a mixed character, in which the intellectual and corporeal competitors were pretty equally balanced. As this was one of the most important of

\* Anacharsis, vol. ii. cap. 24.

the public festivals of Athens, we shall give an outline of the mode in which it was celebrated, reminding the reader that it occurred in the first month, which began at the summer solstice; the greater Panathenæa being quinquennial, and the smaller annual. Upon these occasions every Athenian city and colony sent the tribute of an ox to Minerva, the goddess having the honour of the hecatomb, and the people the profit, for the flesh of the victims served to regale the spectators. We may trace the progress of public taste in the successive modifications and additions made to these sports. The first contest, which took place at night, and in which the athletæ carried flambeaux, was originally a foot-race, subsequently converted into an equestrian course; the second, a gymnastic contest, was held for some centuries in a rude stadium constructed by Lycurgus, the Rhætor, but magnificently rebuilt at a later period, by the celebrated Herodes Atticus; the third exhibition, instituted by Pericles, was destined to poetry and music.

All the people of Attica, as the name of the festival imports, being expected to assist in its celebration, were to be seen at the period of its occurrence, wearing a chaplet of flowers, crowding to the capital with their victims. The sports began in the morning by horse-races on the banks of the Ilissus, in which the sons of the most distinguished citizens contended for the victory. Next came the wrestling and gymnastic exercises, in the Stadium, succeeded by the gentler and less perilous competitions in the Odeum, where the most exquisite musicians executed rival pieces on the flute, or cithara, while others sang, and accompanied their voices with instrumental music. The subject prescribed to them was the eulogy of Harmodius, Aristogeiton, and Thrasybulus, who had rescued the republic from the yoke of tyranny; for among the Athenians these institutions served to commemorate the patriots who had benefited their country, as well as to excite the spectators to an imitation of their virtues. Poets also contended for the theatrical prize, each being allowed to produce four pieces: the prize, in this instance, was an olive crown, and a vessel of the finest oil, which the victors, by a special privilege, might export whithersoever they pleased beyond the Athenian territory. Crowns were afterwards conferred on other individuals, who appeared to the people to have merited that mark of honour.

The procession to the temple of the Pythian Apollo, which formed part of the ceremony, was composed of different classes of citizens, crowned with garlands, among whom were seen old men of a majestic and venerable appearance, bearing branches of olive; others of middle age, armed with lances and bucklers, as if ready to engage in war; youths, from eighteen to twenty, who sang hymns in honour of the goddess Minerva; beautiful boys, clad in a simple tunic; and lastly, girls, selected from the first families in Athens, and attracting every eye by their features, shape, and deportment. With their hands they held baskets on their heads, which, under a rich veil, contained sacred utensils, cakes, and every thing necessary for the sacrifices: they were attended by females, holding over them an umbrella with one hand, and carrying a folding chair in the other, a species of servitude impos-

ed on the daughters of all foreigners settled at Athens. Next followed musicians, playing on the flute and the lyre ; rhapsodists, singing the poems of Homer ; and armed dancers, who in their occasional attacks upon each other represented, to the sound of the flute, the battle of Minerva with the Titans.

But the most attractive part of the spectacle was a stately ship, impelled by concealed machinery, though it appeared to glide over the ground by the power of the wind, and the efforts of numerous rowers. On its sail, which represented the peplos, or white sleeveless robe of Minerva, the inventress of the useful art of spinning, were embroidered not only the memorable actions of that goddess, but those of Jupiter, and of the Athenian heroes and patriots. This procession, attended by the magistrates and a numerous suite, all bearing olive-branches, advanced with solemn steps through an immense crowd, mostly placed on scaffolds erected for the occasion, or thronging the terraced roofs of the houses to the temple of the Pythian Apollo, where the sail was taken down, and deposited in the citadel.

At night there was a torch-race of pimple-footed young men, stationed at equal distances, the first of whom, on a signal given by the shout of the multitude, lighted his flambeau at the altar of Prometheus, and running with it handed it to the second, who transmitted it in the same manner to the third, and so on in succession. He who suffered it to be extinguished was excluded from the lists, and they who slackened in their pace were exposed to the railleries and even blows of the populace. None could gain the prize without having passed through all the stations with success.\*

The candidates who had been crowned, together with their friends partook of sumptuous repasts, which lasted all night ; while the people, among whom the immolated victims were distributed, spread tables on every side, and gave a loose to their lively and tumultuous mirth.†

*Smith's Festivals, Games, &c., Ancient and Modern.*

\* Which was probably an arduous task, for Aristophanes, in "The Frogs," taunting the Athenians with their effemiacy, says, that few were left who had sufficient strength to run in the torch-race.     a

† Anacharsis, cap. 24.

## MR LLOYD'S ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

[We have been favoured with the following communication with reference to a bear killed by the no less esteemed than celebrated sportsman L. Lloyd, Esq., author of "Northern Field Sports," &c., &c., whose extraordinary encounter with another of these animals, we had the satisfaction of laying before our readers in our February number, as described by that gentleman himself, and who, we are much gratified in stating, we have reason for believing will be found an occasional contributor to our future pages. The present communication is from the pen of another of our correspondents.—Ed.]

SIR,—Perceiving in your February number an account furnished by my friend, Mr Lloyd, of his frightful encounter with a bear, I think the following particulars may not be uninteresting to your readers. Mr Lloyd, who has now returned to Sweden, was kind enough, a short time since, to take me to see one of these animals, which he had killed several years ago, after a most arduous chase amid snow and every kind of hardship, but which terminated at last in the death of the bear. The animal, when I saw it, was just then completed being stuffed, at Mr Bartlett's, in Russell Court, Covent Garden, under the immediate superintendence and personal direction of Mr Lloyd himself. On entering the rather confined shop of the former, I was introduced to the representative of the once alive animal—he was fixed upon a small platform, with his head a little stooping and turned on one side, the mouth somewhat open, displaying his formidable tusks and set of teeth, and in the attitude of rushing out from his concealment. Nothing could be more characteristic of the animal, under such circumstances of excitement and sudden surprise, than the position, and wicked expression (if I may use the appellation), which it presents. Upon first looking at the stuffed specimen, a full conviction strikes the mind of the spectator, that if he does not take care, the bear 'll be on him in a moment; and when my friend placed me in the best place to see the animal to advantage, the warning motto of the Lord of Bradwardine immediately occurred to me, "Be war' of the Bear."

The fierce expression of its "little pinking eyes," open-mouth coming on attitude, and perfect life-like appearance, made me imagine that at the sight of Mr Lloyd the bear must have again recognized him, and preparing for another attack, was saying within himself, "What, you are come again? but I'll not do this time as I did when we last met in my native forest in Sweden." And here I cannot do better than quote the circumstances of its capture, as described in Mr Lloyd's book on Northern Sports. After some introductory remarks, Mr Lloyd proceeds to state:—

"I was myself in some danger from one of these fellows during the last winter. I shall detail the particulars, which may not be alto-

gether uninteresting. This animal had, for some time previously, committed very great ravages among the cattle in the line of forest situated between the river Klar and Dal. During the preceding summer, indeed, he was said to have slaughtered upwards of twenty horses alone. He was the terror of the people in those parts.

"Very fortunately, my man Elg, in his rambles through the forest, at the setting in of the winter, fell in with and ringed the tracts of this beast; this was no considerable distance from the northern extremity of Moss-sjon, the lake of which I have more than once spoken; but as at that time there was little snow in the forest, we left him undisturbed until the week before Christmas.

"At the latter period, Elg and myself proceeded quite alone to the ring, which we searched in our usual silent and cautious manner; but it was not until the evening of the second day, owing to the circle being of a great extent, that we met with the beast; he, however, was so much on his guard, that before we observed his lair, he bolted from it and moved off. At this time the fellow was not more than twenty paces distant: but, owing to the trees being loaded with snow, I only got the merest glimpse possible of him: I nevertheless fired one of my barrels, which was charged with two balls; but the brake was so thick, that one, if not both of them, was interrupted by the intervening trees, and, in consequence, he escaped unhurt.

"It would have been useless to give chase at this time, for there was too much snow on the ground to enable us to move with any expedition on foot, and too little to make use of skidor to advantage; we therefore thought it best to let the beast go off without farther molestation. In the course of the two following days, however, we again succeeded in ringing him; though this was not until he had proceeded some nine or ten miles farther to the northward. Here for a while, we allowed him to rest in quiet.

"On the first of last January we experienced a very heavy storm of snow, which continued with little intermission for the succeeding three days: on its cessation, the ground was covered with that substance to the depth of from two to three feet. We now thought it time for action; and on the 5th of that month, the weather being fine and frosty, we proceeded to the ring, which was at no great distance from the Finnish hamlet of Näsberg, in the hopes that fortune might prove more propitious.

"On this, as on the former occasion, we were, I may say, alone; for, though Svensson, whom we had fallen in with at Näsberg, and another peasant followed upon our track, with an axe and a little provision, it being uncertain where we might quarter for the night, only Elg and myself were armed with guns. In this instance we had Hector along with us.

"We were now, of course, provided with our skidor. Though the greater part of the snow had so recently fallen, yet, owing to the storm having been accompanied by a very heavy gale of wind, it had, from drifting, obtained such a consistency, that those machines did not run very much amiss. The looseness of the snow told

both ways; for though it was far from being in a favourable state for our skidor, yet we were certain the bear, when roused, must, from his great bulk, sink to the ground at every step. In point of fact, however, I believe my people were little hopeful of our meeting with success on this occasion; but, as I thought, that even should he escape us for the time, there was no great harm done, I determined on giving him a gallop.


"As a fortnight had now elapsed since we had chased the bear near to Moss-sjon, we thought it not improbable that his fears might, by this time, have in some degree subsided, and that we might be enabled to steal upon him whilst in his lair. Ordering Svensson and the other peasant, therefore, to remain without the ring, which was of an inconsiderable size, Elg and myself proceeded to look for the beast. That our movements might be effected with the greater silence on this occasion, we divested ourselves of our skidor, and proceeded on foot.

"The fatigue of getting along was now very great, for, in many places where the snow had drifted, we sank down nearly to our middles; the snow, besides, was hanging in such masses on the trees, that in the closer brakes we could hardly see more than a pace or two a-head. These would have been very trifling evils, had our manœuvre succeeded: but this, unfortunately, was not the case; for the bear, from some cause or other had taken the alarm, and long before we fell in with his lair, which occupied the whole surface of an immense ant-hill, he had bolted from it.

"We now lost as little time as possible in rejoining the people, when, resuming our skidor, we instantly gave chase to the bear at our best pace. Though Elg and myself, when on foot, waded through the snow with so much labour and difficulty, the bear, from his enormous strength, and the wide spread at his feet, was enabled to make his way through it with apparent ease and facility. He did not, however, proceed at a gallop except in particular places, to which, indeed, I suppose he was unequal; but he still managed to shuffle forward at no contemptible pace.

"Had the fellow now held to an open line of country, I apprehend we should soon have run him down. But he had too much wit, and instead of thus exposing himself, he held to the most broken and precipitous ground, and to the thickest and most tangled brakes in the forest; in consequence of this, our course was naturally much impeded. This was bad enough; though still, if Hector had stood well to the animal, we might, in all probability, soon have come up with him; but after pursuing the beast for some little distance, the dog fell to heel, and thus was of no manner of service.

"These were discouraging circumstances; but still hoping for the best, we continued to push forward at the top of our speed. At last, after the chase had continued for almost three hours, and after we had been contending for some time with rising ground, we reached the summit of a considerable elevation. From hence we had the gratification of viewing the object of our pursuit, at about two-hundred paces' distance, as he was making his way across a newly made svedgefäll, that

lay on the slope of the hill below us. At this point the snow had drifted very much, and was from three to four feet in depth; and in consequence the beast had literally to wade through it. We now dashed forward at our best pace, in the hopes of being able to intercept him before he should reach a thick brake on the opposite side of the svedge-fall, towards which he was making; but, finding we could not accomplish this object in sufficient time, I halted when I had advanced to within about seventy paces of him, and levelled my rifle. In this instance, however, I played a most stupid part; for though I had ample time to fire, I delayed so long in attempting to take a certain aim, that the fellow slipped into the thicket, and disappeared without my having pulled the trigger. The fact was, his hind quarters were principally exposed to me, where a bullet would, of course, have had but little effect. This was a  mishap; and from vexation I felt almost inclined to smash my gun to pieces.

"A delay of about three or four minutes now took place, in consequence of Elg having to return some little distance for the case of my rifle, which we had cast upon the ground when we first viewed the bear. In this interim, the peasant coming up with our knapsack, we indulged ourselves with a dram and a crust of bread, which was of no little service in recruiting our exhausted strength.

"We then resumed the chase; but the animal having the start of us, we, for a long while, saw nothing more of him. We now began to be apprehensive that, for this day at least, we had seen the last of the beast. Elg, indeed, said it was next to useless continuing the pursuit; but not caring to throw a chance away, I determined to persevere until nightfall.

"Thus disappointed, we continued to drag ourselves along as fast as our jaded condition would permit, and until after the shades of evening had set in. At last, however, when we were in a rather open part of the forest, the object of our pursuit suddenly reared himself up from among a cluster of small pines, situated on a little eminence, at some twenty-five paces in advance of us, and presented himself to our view. I now lost no time in slipping my double-gun out of its case, when, as the fellow was slowly retreating among the bushes, I discharged both my barrels at him, almost at the same instant. On receiving my fire, the monster, with his jaws distended, partially swung himself round, when growling furiously, he seemed as if he was on the point of dashing towards us. But the snow thereabouts was unusually deep, which coupled with the state of exhaustion he must naturally have been in, from the long run we had given him, caused him probably to alter his determination, and instead of attacking us, he continued his retreat. This was perhaps fortunate; for as he had the vantage-ground, and we were encumbered with our skidor, it might have been difficult for us to have got out of his way.

"Svensson and the other peasant now shortly came up; when, after reloading my gun, and making the locks as waterproof as possible, in my usual manner, namely, by means of a candle-end that I carried about me for the purpose, we lost no time in following up.



the bear, which was evidently much wounded, as we saw by his tracks being deeply marked with blood.

"As it was the post of danger, I now led the way—Elg and the peasants following in my wake. Thus we proceeded for some distance; until we came to a very thick and tangled brake. Having a suspicion that the beast might have sheltered himself here, I made a little *détour* around his tracks, and succeeded in ringing him. I now lost not a moment in taking off my skidor—for, in the event of an attack in close cover, these machines, as I have said, are highly dangerous—and advanced on foot into the thicket.

"But I had not proceeded more than two or three paces, when a most terrific and lengthened growl announced that the bear was still in existence; and at the next moment, and at only some ten or twelve paces' distance, the quantity of snow which was hanging in the trees having prevented me from previously observing him, I viewed the fellow dashing forward, at the full gallop; fortunately, I was not altogether taken by surprise, for my double gun was not only out of its case, but both the locks were on the full cock. This was well, for the beast came at such a rattling pace, that by the time I had discharged my second barrel, he was within less than a couple of paces of the muzzle of my gun. When I fired my last shot he was not coming directly towards me; for either my first had turned him—which the people asserted was the case—or he did not observe us, owing to the closeness of the cover. By averting my body to one side, however, for I had no time to move my feet, he luckily passed close alongside of me without offering me any molestation. This, indeed, I apprehend, was out of his power; for after receiving the contents of my last barrel, he slackened his pace, and by the time he had proceeded some few steps farther, life was extinct, and he sank to rise no more.

"Elg, who was only a short distance from me, behaved very well on this occasion; for, though my rifle was in readiness in his hand, he refrained, agreeably to my previous instructions, from discharging it. My orders to him were, as I have said on a former occasion, only to fire in the event of the bear actually having me in his gripe; and to these directions, which few other men under the circumstance would probably have attended to, he paid obedience.

"Our prize proved to be an immense male bear: I subsequently caused him to be conveyed to Uddeholm, a distance of between forty and fifty miles, when we ascertained his weight to be four hundred and sixty English pounds. This, it must be recollected, was after a severe run, during which he had probably wasted not a little; and also, that it was in the winter time, when, from his stomach being contracted, he was naturally very much lighter than he would have been during the autumnal months; in point of fact, had this bear been slaughtered during the latter period of the year, his weight would probably have been between five and six hundred pounds.

"On opening this beast, thirty-six hours after his death, and during the intermediate time he had been exposed to the open air, when the temperature was pretty severe, we found that, owing to his excessive

exertion, nearly the whole of the fat of his intestines was in a state of liquefaction; and, in consequence, we were necessitated to scoop it out with a cup. I have already made mention of this circumstance, when speaking of the *chasse* of the bear during the summer season.

"On taking the skin from the beast, we found he had received my eight bullets; for, though I had only fired four times, I had on each occasion two running balls in either barrel. The balls, from the two first discharges (as it was supposed), took effect rather high up in his side, the point exposed to me; those from the third were received in the animal's mouth, as he was coming with distended jaws towards us, when they carried away half his tongue and one of his fangs; whilst those from the fourth discharge passed either through or immediately near to his heart, and caused his almost instant dissolution.

"By the time the chase was concluded, both Elg and myself were nearly exhausted from fatigue. For the health of the former, indeed, I began to feel some apprehension; for, though we hardly remained stationary for five minutes, owing to his blood cooling too suddenly he began to tremble like an aspen leaf. He wore a linen shirt, the greatest of all evils in cold countries, which was probably the cause of it; for I myself being provided with flannel, suffered no inconvenience of the like nature. A little brandy, however, which we had still remaining in the flask, soon renovated our worn-out frames.

"It was not far from dark when the chase concluded; and, as the weather was rather severe, and we were careless of bivouacking in the forest after our recent exertion, we left the bear where he had fallen, and at once made the best of our way to Näsberg, whence we were only a few miles distant; but, owing to the darkness, and to our being unacquainted with the way, it was three hours after sunset before we reached that hamlet.

"Though Svensson had been in at the death of more bears than almost any man in Scandinavia, he stated that he had never seen but one equally large as that which we had just annihilated; this fellow was nearly giving him a broken head."

The above is Mr Lloyd's own account of his most hazardous and weary chase in pursuit of this identical bear, which he has presented to the Duke of Buckingham, to be deposited in the museum at Stowe; where, no doubt, the first appearance of so ferocious an animal will cause many of the timid and lovely visitors to exclaim, in fear and surprise, as they gaze upon the huge beast—"Can such things be?"

I will now conclude any further notice of this bear, by addressing it in Cæsar's last words—*et tu Brute*.

A SALOPIAN.

London, May 6, 1846.

*Sporting Review for June.*

## SOUND AND UNSOUND HORSES.

This subject may appear as being too professional for the mere Sportsman to enter on, and it would be most decidedly so if I contemplated enumerating all the diseases to which horses are liable—to point out their symptoms—and prescribe the proper palliatives or mode of cure.

The Reader need not, however, be under any apprehension of my making so futile an attempt; for, if I had arrogance enough to commence such a work, it would require still greater presumption on my part to expect anyone to read it, unless it might be from mere curiosity.

My object in writing on the soundness and unsoundness of horses is precisely the same as that which influenced me when I ventured to give my ideas on the perfections and imperfections of the same animal, as to his form, habits, and temper; namely, to state such failings with regard to unsoundness that I consider may be tolerated when temptation is held out either by price or superior qualifications, and at the same time to point out those failings that experience has taught me are of too serious a nature to be compensated for by either of the above circumstances.

In doing or attempting to do this, I in no shape mean or wish that anything I may say on the subject should lead the *young* purchaser to the fallacious idea that he would be safe in purchasing without the advice of the professional practitioner; but as he cannot always have the advantage of one of those at his side when he first looks at a horse with the view of buying him, it may perhaps save some trouble or disappointment if I should be the means of preventing him rejecting a horse which may have some ailment that may not affect his utility or of giving himself further trouble about one that may have such imperfections as would cause his been purchased to end in both trouble and expense.

When I state certain failings with which I consider a horse may be ventured on (in a general way), I only do so with a view to prevent his being at once rejected, by which a really valuable animal may be lost; but in this case the propriety of purchasing him must of course depend on the *extent* of the failing, and here it will become indispensably necessary to consult the Veterinarian.

I know a person so unfortunately near-sighted that he could not tell a crow from a pheasant at ten yards distance; still he can read the smallest print at a short distance from his eye. Now if we wanted a gamekeeper or a huntsman, this would not be just the person we should select; yet, if instructed, he might make a first-rate watchmaker: so with horses: there are ailments to which they are subject that would render them useless for some purposes, but might not materially affect their utility for others; some that would be highly objectionable for *any* purpose, and others that are, of no material consequence, be the purpose for which they are wanted what it may. This being the case, as there are numbers younger than myself daily buying horses, many less experienced, and some not knowing as much of such matters, I trust

that what I may say on the subject cannot be construed into anything like presumption on my part, when I beg that it may be understood that it is only to the *inexperienced* that I am now addressing myself.

I will commence by giving a few hints on a subject that has been a never-failing source of profit to Gentlemen of the Law, and of quarrels and heart-burnings to others. I mean

#### WARRANTING HORSES SOUND.

If by a warranty it was only expected that the seller should take a horse (or any other thing sold) back and return the money if it was proved he had made an unjust representation of its merits, nothing could be fairer than such a mutual engagement; and such should be all the warranty any seller should give or any purchaser should expect to receive: but warranty, constituted as it is, goes further than this; for if it can be proved that a horse had any incipient disease about him at the time he was purchased, whether the seller was aware of it or not, he is compelled to take him back.

It certainly appears reasonable enough, if a man buys a horse at a price, that, in accordance with the class and qualifications of that horse, is his fair value if sound, and he turns out to be otherwise, the money should be returned; but still it would in point of fact be no more a circumstance of hardship that the purchaser should lose by the animal, than for him who sold him to be the loser. *Some one* in such a case must lose; and if the person who sold the horse considered him sound, it would be as great a disappointment to him to find he was otherwise, as it would be for the purchaser to find out the same thing; and as in such a case one of the two must lose, it would only be a matter of law and not a matter of justice, that one should be the loser in preference to the other: it is only shifting the burden from one shoulder to another. I am supposing a case where no deception on the part of the seller was intended. If a man gets a bad shilling given him by a rogue, it is quite right to make the rogue take it back, and punish him into the bargain for his dishonesty; but if one man gets it from another who did not know it was bad, there is really no more justice that one should be the loser than the other: it is only who is to be the unfortunate wight at last.

The only just way in which a horse could be sold would be for him to be minutely examined by a professional man at the time of sale: let him stand twenty-four hours if you please in his stables, and be properly tried by him; but from the moment the horse is pronounced sound, he should become the property of the purchaser for better or, worse. It may be said, a horse may be patched up so as to be sound at the time of sale. In some cases he certainly may. If it is proved that this has been done, and the horse becomes unsound from some old ailment of which the seller was aware, it was a roguish transaction, and it would be fair the horse should be returned; and this is the utmost any man ought to expect from a warranty; for if a horse was examined by a professional man at the time of sale, and his eyes we will say should become bad in a week after, if it should be the opinion of all the

Veterinary Surgeons in London that his eyes must have had predisposition to unsoundness before the purchase, if the seller was not aware of it, there is no justice whatever in making him pay the penalty of the animal's failing. Let every man bear his own ill luck. If the horse had gone blind while in the seller's hands, *he* must have borne the loss : if he goes blind in the purchaser's, *he* should bear his own misfortune.

If a recruit is enlisted, he is examined to ascertain if he has any ailment likely to militate against his efficiency as a soldier : if he passes, he is the Queen's, pockets his money, and is a soldier : so should a horse become the property of the purchaser.

Many persons in purchasing appear to want not only a warranty, but a kind of insurance that the horse is to *continue* sound. This even the professional examiner could not give : how in the name of common sense then can the seller ? Expecting anything of the sort on the part of the purchaser, or giving it on that of the seller, is about as sensible as the promise we make on being married ; namely, to love, honor, and cherish, till death do us part ! This I must consider as rather bold work on the part of the Lady and Gentleman ; so if the Lady gets a brute who thrashes her every week or day, she is to love, honor, and cherish him ! and if the Lady chooses to flirt, or worse, with all the officers or men, as the case may be, of every regiment that is in the neighbourhood, the Gentleman is to love and honor her ! This may be all very right, and *of course*, as the Parsons countenance the thing, it *must* be so ; but it strikes me as rather odd to promise to do that which it may not only be impossible for us to do, but what under certain circumstances we should be ridiculed if we tried or pretended to do.

Moore has a better idea of the sort of promise we *ought* to make, and which would be a much honester one—

I'll love you as long as I'm able—

I'll swear for no longer than this—

and quite enough to promise too, and ought to satisfy both parties. I would make no objection to promise to dine with a man every day *so long* as he engaged to give good dinners and good wine ; but if he got to tough shoulder of mutton and table beer, I am sure I should soon cut—not the meat, but the engagement. Now I conceive it would be quite as impossible to love a bad partner as the tough mutton ; yet we promise to do so ! This is positively too bad, ten times worse than warranting an unsound horse ; for we can get rid of *him*, though we cannot of the promise, nor always of the partner either.

In purchasing a horse subject to the opinion of a Veterinary Surgeon, it must be understood, that in a general way, if he does not reject the animal as unsound, the horse decidedly becomes the property of the purchaser ; for buying a horse subject to an opinion is one thing ; buying *one* on the judgment of a Veterinarian is another. If the horse has no present disease about him, or anything that renders it likely that he will shortly become unsound, the Veterinary Surgeon is not authorised in rejecting him : still there may be a something about the animal that

would prevent his purchasing him for his own use, but which he is not called upon to mention ; his business is to pronounce the animal *sound* or *unsound*, and that *only*.

I will mention a case, as one among many, where an honorable man as a Veterinary Surgeon is placed in a situation that requires some fact to enable him to acquit himself with honor to two parties.

The horny part of the foot of a horse varies considerably in its texture : in some it is of that description that comes under the denomination of brittle hoofs. Where this is the case, such horny matter is of so close a texture, that, unless great care is taken to prevent it, sandracks are almost certain to be the result. Still, as these are not the *inevitable* consequence, and the horse is sound at the time of examination, a professional man would not be justified in reporting him as unsound. Care would probably prevent any ill effects arising from such hoofs, nor would I object to purchase a horse with such ; but I certainly would not recommend his being purchased by a man not conversant with such matters, or one who might not have time or inclination to attend to the stable management of his horse.

It is for this reason I would recommend every inexperienced person to consult two advisers in purchasing a horse of high price—namely, a good judge, and a good Veterinarian : the one will advise him as to merit and price, the other as to soundness.

Having on a former occasion mentioned that I have purchased not scores but hundreds of horses—indeed I might say more—I may be asked whether I always took the opinion of professional men in my purchases, recommending as I do others to do the same thing ? I am free to confess I did not ; but before I ventured to buy (which I have) a score of horses in a day, I must remark I had had a score of years experience in purchasing. I never was a dealer in horses or a horse-dealer ; yet I have had to buy for particular purposes great numbers of horses—and a most unpleasant, and in nine cases out of ten unsatisfactory, task it is to perform. In the ordinary diseases to which a horse is liable, I believe I can from long habit dispense with the advice of the professional practitioner : but in a multitude of cases I am aware I could not do so with prudence.

I have occasionally bought unsound horses ; so I have no doubt got hold of many bad shillings ; and perhaps it does not redound much to my credit to say I have got rid of both : but in some extenuation of my discrepancies in point of honor or honesty, I will say I never did this with a friend or at the expense of my word or veracity ; for a horse that might not stand hunting might be worth a hundred for the Park, or one that could not bear ten miles a day at the rate of fourteen miles an hour in the Telegraph or Tally-ho, would last for ever in a phaeton : so all customers may be suited.

I will now mention a few of the common ailments of horses, and give the best opinion I am able as to how far they affect the utility of the animal.

## THE EYES.

Setting aside the internal organs, that are of course hidden from our view, I consider the eyes to be a part of the anatomy that is the most difficult of any other for the non-professional to become competent judges of; and any disorder of those delicate organs in the horse are, generally speaking, of a more fatal nature to him than the same affliction is to the human being. This arises from several causes: among them are the following. We can ask the horse no question; consequently, if his eyes become diseased, we can only judge of the extent of the disease by the appearance of the organs themselves, and by the acts of the animal. If he runs his head against the stable-door instead of walking into it, we are made aware that he is blind, or very nearly so. If he bucks, or starts at things he sees on the road—for instance, a small pool of water, a stone, piece of white paper, *etcetera*—we fairly judge his eyes are more or less affected (even should their appearance be healthy); for it must be observed there is a wide difference between a horse shying at carriages or at uncommon objects, on the road or by its side, and starting at things he suddenly comes on at his feet. Many horses in the first case shy or start from timidity, and this grows into a habit. When they do this, it will be found, that long before they actually come upon the object, they will prick up their ears, slacken their pace, veer a little from the object, and by various acts shew us they are getting alarmed. They may be more or less so as they approach the object, depending on its nature, and whether on nearing it they find it one of terror or the reverse. The evincing fear when at a distance (from whatever cause it may arise) shews us, however, at once that they *see it*. Whether their alarm arises from confused sight or natural timidity on seeing any unusual object, we can only judge of by the nature of the object creating alarm. For instance: if a horse or cow, cart or gig was standing in the road at twenty yards distance, and a horse when at that distance shewed symptoms of alarm, I should certainly suspect him of having confused sight, particularly if, on coming close to the object, his alarm ceased: because as each of those objects are such as he is in the constant habit of seeing, they are not calculated to alarm him. If his eyes are good, he will know a horse or cow at twenty yards distance as well as at five. I should therefore, I think, fairly infer that at the longer distance he did not see them clearly, at least not clearly enough to distinguish what they were; he must be therefore near-sighted. If any object of unusual appearance attracted his attention, it need create no suspicion of the soundness of his eyes if he shewed alarm at any distance or proximity: on the contrary, it would amount to all but a proof of the correctness of his vision; for it would shew that he could distinguish between common and uncommon objects.

The horse starting or bucking at objects when nearly under his feet is all but an infallible symptom of bad sight; for it shews that till actually on the object he did not *see it at all*; and if, as I before mentioned, it should be a pool of water, or a stone, or some such trifle, it

would further shew that when close to it he was either a greater fool than horses usually are, or that he could not distinguish clearly enough to see it was not an object of alarm or otherwise.

It is only by attention to these acts on the part of the horse that we are enabled to judge of the correctness of his sight ; that is, before their *appearance* demonstrates disease. The human being can complain if he finds his vision defective ; the horse cannot : and this accounts for the numbers of horses that are at this moment going with defective eyes, without their owners knowing or suspecting anything of the matter.

The next difficulty that arises in treating diseased eyes in the horse proceeds from the same cause ; namely, that we have only, or at least chiefly, their appearance as a criterion by which we can judge how far the mode of cure that we adopt is efficacious or not : for it requires considerable time and much nice observation to satisfy us as to how far improved vision may keep pace with improved appearance. The oculist to the human being has appearance to guide him as well as the Veterinarian ; but the former can bring forward convincing proof of the efficacy or inefficacy of his treatment. He can not only question his patient, but, without trusting to *his* judgment of improvement, he can shew him a book or any printed sentence at a yard distance, and finds how far he can or cannot make out the characters. He can shew him the same thing the next week, and here has proof of the effect of his treatment. The Veterinarian cannot do this : he therefore has far greater difficulties to contend with ; and it is but a fair compliment to pay any one who has successfully treated a case of diseased eyes in the horse, to say, that nothing but consummate judgment as to the proper mode of cure to adopt enabled him to effect his intention.

The Veterinarian labors under further disadvantages ; one is the great difficulty of fixing the head, and still more so the eye of the horse, so as to perform any very delicate operation upon it : and supposing this to be the case, there are operations that usually succeed in the human eye that it would be dangerous and indeed impossible to perform on the horse.

Nearly all the diseases of the horse either arise from or are attended with inflammation to a very considerable extent ; and I think I am correct in stating, that there are operations performed on the human eye with good effect, that, supposing they could be performed on the horse, would produce inflammation to a degree that would render the remedy, or rather the attempted remedy, an aggravation of the disease.

Assuming it as fact that where the eyes of the horse become diseased so much difficulty attends their cure, I must also add, that when horses' eyes have once been seriously affected, their radical cure is very precarious indeed. I have stated that inflammation is the seat or the accompaniment of most diseases of the horse. Whether in a state of nature this would be more conspicuous in his habit than in that of any other herbaceous animal, or not, matters little : the way we treat and use him at all events gives him this kind of constitution. A hunter or post-horse that had been cured of inflammation of the eyes, if afterwards used as a country cart-horse, would never probably have any re-



turn of the disease ; but put him to his accustomed work, and get him into his *forced* condition, it is quite probable he would again be subject to the same disorder ; for if any disorder proceeds from a particular cause, produce again that cause to its former extent, and it is far more than probable you will again produce the disorder.

Nothing is more deceptive to the casual observer than the first look at a horse's eyes. I have frequently been surprised at the very cursory glance I have seen dealers give at them. It is true, that in a general way a fine healthy eye speaks for itself : such a looking eye does not, however, *always* speak the truth. A fine very dark clear pupil and a fine darkish brown or hazel iris is very handsome—in fact, a great beauty in a horse—and such looking eyes are perhaps mostly sound ones : but such appearances are by no means proofs. I have seen dealers walk up to such eyes, just look at them, and say “they're good enough ;” when the fact is they might be quite *bad* enough : for though, on looking at eyes in this hasty way, an experienced judge would not probably buy a half-blind horse, still there are little defects that even the professional man will not be able to detect in the glare of open day. Slight temporary inflammation, if known to proceed from great excitement of the system, though it would quite warrant an examiner in rejecting a horse brought to him in such a state, need not cause the purchaser to decline him altogether if in a few days the eyes become healthy ; but I certainly would not make the purchase till they were so ; and even then, on ascertaining that the disease had not been one to which the animal had been subject before.

Of course in this disorder, as in many others, a great deal would depend on the value of the horse, and the purpose for which he is intended. If I was buying a horse as a wheeler to a coach, I should be tempted to do so, though I might have suspicion of his sight being good, or likely to last so ; because, if he went stone blind it would only deteriorate his value a few pounds, and with a little attention on the part of the horse-keeper and coachman his utility would be but little diminished. A horse of great beauty and with very splendid action would of course be much diminished in value to sell again if brought for a Nobleman's carriage, and his eyes failed him : still he would be valuable for such a purpose : but if a hunter got so afflicted, it would bring him down from two hundred to thirty or forty, indeed to still less, unless he had harness action, which few hunters have : in fact, for the purpose of a hunter, he might as well break his neck as become in any way defective in his sight.

We should not often be led into hasty decisions by the appearance of eyes, if we always recollected that the color of the iris has nothing to do with the soundness of the eye : yet I certainly have remarked, though I cannot account for it on physical principles, that horses with a *fine* hazel iris are so often found defective in their sight as those with eyes of a less prepossessing appearance. Still this is not to be trusted to. I have heard many persons say they never saw a horse with wall or china-eyes blind ; and this I think is easily accounted for. We will, as a matter of supposition, say that among ordinary horses one in a hundred is stone blind. Now I think I may venture to say that not one

man in a thousand ever saw a hundred wall-eyed horses in his life, certainly not to remark them. The chances are therefore very great indeed against our meeting with a man who has seen a blind wall-eyed horse; and to this circumstance alone I am confident these horses owe their supposed exemption from the calamity of others.

If any person still asserts such horses never do go blind, instead of rudely contradicting him, I only beg to remark, I personally know three wall or china-eyed ones all blind as bats: one out of the three had the red eyes of most cream-colored horses.

There is a peculiar black-looking eye with a heavy eyelid that gives a very suspicious look to a horse. I should be prepossessed against such eyes I allow, and should look narrowly at them: but such an appearance is no more *proof* of defective sight than is the handsome eye one of its perfection: nothing but close inspection of the pupil in a *proper light* can afford any sure criterion to judge by.

Cataract in the eye is of course objectionable: still a horse may have such a defect that I should not on that account at once reject; for it may, if small, be so situated as not to impair the vision except in one particular direction. If, for instance, it should be placed very high, it would not prevent the horse seeing things below or on a level with himself. If, therefore, I had reason to conclude or believe the complaint had originated from external injury, I should not much fear the consequences, particularly if it was of some time standing, and there was no appearance of inflammation in either eye. When this is really the case, I consider cataract in the one eye has no more sympathetic influence on the other than a hurt on the right leg would have on the left. The only fear we need have that an injury to one eye or one leg may influence the other is, I conceive, that it is quite possible that the one member or organ not being able to perform its usual functions, the additional duty thrown on its correspondent may overrate its powers. This I think is quite probable to arise on the first failing of the one: but a short time accustoms the other to the additional call on its energies, and after this has taken place, Nature, bountifully provides sufficient increased powers to enable the "back to bear its burthen."

Total loss of sight, one of the greatest afflictions that can befall mankind next to total aberration of intellect—and indeed, as some minds are constituted, perhaps the latter would be a blessing if the former had taken place—by no means militates in a proportionate degree against the comforts or utility of the horse for many purposes: whether or not it may for the purpose he is wanted, the purchaser can determine: so little need be said on this head.

I once heard a person say, that for a road hack, or any harness purpose, a blind horse was just as good as one that could see; for, added he, "it is day-light, we can see for him; and if it is pitch dark, eyes are of no use."

This might be well enough if said as a joke, but it is of course no reasoning; for though I doubt the fact of cats seeing *better* in the dark than by day-light, there can be no doubt as to animals being able to see in a degree of darkness where human beings cannot, which arises solely

from being habituated to the thing. A man gets an artificial light so soon as the natural light ceases: the animal is not very conversant with Argand or solar lamps, so trust to those Nature has given him. Contrary, therefore, to the above mode of arguing, we must allow that it is in darkness where the blind horse becomes the most objectionable.

Still some blind horses are uncommonly pleasant to ride: they are mostly on the *qui vive*, are very safe, and have generally good action. A really clever horse blind is certainly by far a more desirable animal for any kind of road work than a bad goer; and it is a well known fact that they generally are fine coated horses in the winter. This, before clipping came in, was a strong recommendation to many, particularly if they felt, as I do, that I positively would rather have a blind horse for any purpose where I could use him if he had a fine coat, than one who could see, with a kind of dreadnought fleece upon him.

Of all eyes, fluctuating ones are the worst: they are in fact dangerous, and more horses have such than we are aware of. I knew a remarkably good hunter which got so bad in this respect that she was forced in her prime to be turned over to a currie. She would go to meet hounds with her eyes perfectly clear and her sight equally good; and, after a severe run, would return with them so inflamed and bloodshot that she could scarcely see the stable door. From this she gave her master many falls, till he reluctantly gave her up. She went stone-blind; and so will most horses when once their eyes become seriously affected. Knowing this, has made me intrude so long on the Reader's time in alluding to eyes.

Next and equal in point of consequence is

#### WIND.

Many persons would prefer a broken-winded horse to a blind one: so would I to drive through a bad cross-country-road at a foot's pace after dark, or to ride about a farm perhaps—and indeed only perhaps. At all events some one may say, "bad as he would be as a hunter, he would at all events be better than a blind one." This is not quite a rule without an exception; for give me a down-country, like some parts of Hampshire and Wiltshire, a pretty fair place is to be kept on a good blind one: he would go like bricks where it was fair galloping, while Puffendorf could go nowhere. Defend me from broken-wind, bad wind, thick wind, or doubtful wind: they are truly winds that blow nobody any good. I am aware a great deal of work is to be got out of a broken-winded horse if properly managed; but I have so instinctive a horror of a defect in this particular, that nothing could reconcile it to my mind for any purpose.—We will first consider

#### BROKEN-WINDED.

This dreadful affliction on the animal cannot well be over-looked by the most careless or inexperienced purchaser, unless the horse has been dosed for the purpose of sale. With broken-winded horses there is that strong drawing in of the flanks, and that peculiar second and sudden convulsive jerk on their expanding again, that can never be mistaken

—till artificial means have been employed to prevent it. This piece of rascality is only to be feared when dealing with the lowest of the low. There is one fatal attendant on broken-wind—it is incurable; and it is somewhat extraordinary that in an age where so many men of the greatest talent are practising the veterinary art, its cause has never been positively or satisfactorily defined. We may make a *post-mortem* examination of twenty broken-winded horses without being able to discover any general or uniform internal defect; in fact, in many it would be found that there was no more appearance of disease than in some horses whose wind was good.

It is not perhaps necessary, that, in order to ascertain the cause of any effect or defect, the cause should always be precisely the same; but to ascertain what is the origin of any disease, it would be quite necessary to ascertain that *all* horses being afflicted with the disease had some one out of a certain number of different derangements of the system. This is not the case with broken-wind; for the internal structure, heathful or diseased appearance of that structure and its organs, would be found to differ as much in broken-winded horses as with others. Supposing therefore there may exist, and no one can say there may *not* exist, some cure for broken-wind, though as yet unknown, how can a cure be applied or suggested for a cause while that cause remains unknown? All we can do is to try different specifics for the disease itself; and, unfortunately, all that have been tried have hitherto failed.

It is further singular, that, though we perfectly well know what will act as a palliative to this complaint, so much so as to prevent the usual symptoms of it for some hours, it has thrown no light on its permanent cure. We may infer, in cases where opium acts beneficially when given in certain quantities, that irritation exists *somewhere*; and where stimulants are employed beneficially, we may equally infer that a want of action exists: but though we know what will act readily on the broken-winded horse, and (apparently at all events) afford him relief, we have not clearly ascertained *how* it acts, or indeed *why* it acts as it does. This palliative is, however, of a nature that would preclude its being persevered in. I make no doubt but many things something like it have been tried for a continuance: if they have, they have failed if attempted with a hope of cure. For humanity's sake, no broken-winded horse ought to be permitted to be used any more than a glandered one.

#### THICK WIND.

This is bad enough, and when it has once become, like broken-wind, a confirmed complaint, it is incurable. Still a horse may be thick in his wind in a temporary way; whereas, once broken-winded, so he must remain. We never, however, call a horse thick in his wind when he is merely oppressed in it from want of condition or disease. If therefore a horse is allowed to be a "*little thickish in his wind*," we may always calculate on his being invariably so. It is a favorite term in low dealers' mouths with horses whose wind they are aware is too bad to escape detection, "*but it does him no harm whatsoever*" will generally be found added. In such cases the truth is, that under such

circumstances, when the horse comes to be treated as horses generally are, he will be found nine times out of ten useless.

Every horse that is not as clear in his wind as a horse should be is of course either in a temporary or perpetual way more or less thick-winded. If it is temporary, we may infer he is laboring under disease of some sort; consequently not in a state to be purchased. If we could ascertain that no disease exists, then the infirmity is habitual, and he is still less a desirable acquisition to the stable: for though want of condition will prevent him being clear in his wind, and we shall perceive the effect of the accelerated action of the lungs if put in a fast pace, we shall not until then perceive that hard and oppressed kind of breathing the thick-winded horse at all times exhibits. I would strenuously recommend a purchaser to decline buying *any* horse of *any* person while his wind was in a doubtful state, let it arise from what cause it may.

#### INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS

of course produce difficulty of breathing at the time, and often for ever afterwards. But few horses are bought when laboring under this dreadful disease to an extent that is visible: when it has become so to any alarming degree, he is a dead one or is a dead one in a very short time.

I in no shape consider it impossible or even improbable that a horse that has had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs may, if properly attended to during the attack, be afterwards just as sound as ever he was, and his lungs be as healthy as before, and doubtless many are: still, if a horse had been more than once subject to this attack, I would not buy him at any price for any purpose, though apparently perfectly cured: in fact, if he had been attacked once, I should hesitate in doing so, not from a doubt of his being cured or being sound, but from a dread of his being attacked again, and for this reason.

I have said on some occasion when writing on horses that they will all shew the effect of severe exertion in some way, in limbs, eyes, wind, or constitution; and that severe exertion, barring accidental circumstances, generally takes the greatest effect on the weakest part or parts: if therefore the eyes, limbs, and constitution have borne the effects of severe exertion, and the lungs have not, I should fear they were less perfect than the other parts: and any predisposition to a disease the most fatal and sudden in its effects of any to which the horse is liable, is too serious a thing to be risked. Some one may say, that what might injure the lungs might not be likely to injure the other parts that I have mentioned; consequently the lungs being affected is no proof of their being less perfect. In reply, I would beg to say, I did not say it was *proof*. I am quite ready to allow, that if a horse was galloped over a rough stony road, and got lame in his feet, we should have no right to even infer that those feet were less perfect than his eyes, wind, or constitution; for the first would have been in such case severely tested, the others comparatively very little: but in a general way, the same kind of exertion and treatment when combined that brings on inflam-

mation of the lungs would be very likely to produce swelled legs, grease, farcy, bad eyes, and many other complaints: therefore, where there are other parts of the body as likely to be affected by a particular treatment as the lungs, and those other parts are not affected, I do not think it unreasonable to harbor a fear lest the part may have a predisposition to disease, or a weakness that the others have not.

In every stage of the disease of inflamed lungs, whether on the first suspicion of its existence, during its progress, or in order to ascertain what may have been its effects, let me strenuously advise my Readers to immediately call in professional advice. Many diseases will not be much augmented by a little delay, but delay in this is fatal while it is in progression, and professional knowledge should be sought to be certain of its perfect cure.

I will here give one hint that may be the means of saving some valuable animal's life, should he be suddenly and severely attacked with inflammation of the lungs, and the owner may be so situated as to fear he may not be able to procure professional aid for perhaps twenty-four hours:—Do not hesitate a minute; use your fleam or lancet, or even penknife if nothing better is at hand; bleed at once, produce a good full stream, and bleed till the symptoms abate. The quantity in such a case must not depend on the size, age, condition, or constitution of the horse, but on the effect it produces on him. A country farrier, if called in, would probably take two quarts, and say "that *must* be plenty:" in most cases of inflamed lungs he might as well take a mere pint. If such a man bleed for you, tell him you will be answerable for his acts, and make him go on, whether two quarts or ten, till the effect is produced. In such a case, this is the end to be obtained without reference to any given quantity. Don't be afraid, as he perhaps would be, of bleeding your nag to death: horses won't stand firm and steady on their legs and be bled to death. They may be much more weakened by over-bleeding when in a state of health than would be proper: but in such a case as this, there is little fear of that while he stands on his legs, unless the bleeding was continued *after* the symptoms had abated. Should the symptoms *not* have abated, and should the horse even fall, do not be alarmed; he will get up again: you have done right: it only shews the strength of the disease required more reducing than the habit of the horse could for the moment bear. If such has been the case, let him lie a few minutes: on his recovering himself, I doubt not a great change will be found for the better: the fact was, merely the horse fainted before the bleeding had acted on the disease.

Till the professional man comes, now put your horse in a cool box, leave the door wide open if even in Winter, and clothe him up proportionately warm: whatever may occur, depend on it that so far as you have gone you have done the best the situation you and your horse were placed in allowed. If the symptoms should not return, it will prove this: if they should, it will prove it also, for you will probably find the Veterinarian will bleed him again. If the state of the disease was such as to require the extent of bleeding I have described before

it abated, you may be satisfied, that, had you not had recourse to it, your horse would have been a dead one in a very few hours.

There are many habitually thick-winded horses that may be bought for many purposes to which they will be found quite available. For mere London use as carriage horses, as Park hacks, or to carry Ladies; a trifling thickness of wind is to be tolerated better than many other failings; and if a particularly beautiful and pleasant horse was offered at a very moderate price, which, if perfectly sound, would be worth a hundred and fifty, I should say to any one but myself, "buy him." I might buy such a one for my wife, or daughter, or friend, for such purposes, but for my personal use, I have so decided an antipathy to any failing in the wind, that I would rather drive a kicker or ride a restive one sound in the wind, than the pet of Her Majesty's stud faulty in this particular; although I allow, that, with merely a little judicious treatment, the latter will with comparative comfort to themselves do all we want horses for ordinary purposes to do just as well as any other horses. I therefore recommend such a one to be bought at his proper price.

#### ROARERS.

The purchasing or rejecting a roarer is one among the many acts of a man's life the propriety of which depends on his own taste. They are in many, I may say in most, cases as useful as any other horses. We know some can even race with a good deal of credit to themselves; many are excellent hunters; and consequently there is nothing in this failing to prevent their doing most things that other horses can do. It only amounts to this.

Some men might not object to hearing another take his first lessons on the trombone. If I knew such to be a man's taste, and he deputed me to take lodgings for him, if I found such as I knew would please him in every particular, I would engage them for him though I knew a pupil of this sort lodged in the same house: but for myself, though not over rich, the rent of the whole house would not induce me to occupy any portion of it. I would not have taken a present of Lottery as a hunter in his best days if he had made a noise. I need say nothing more.

There is a peculiar comfort of the wrong sort attendant on the possession of a roarer, which is, that, independently of the horrible nuisance of his present noise, the owner need have no anticipation of his getting better; while he may bring himself into the conviction that the chances are greatly in favor of his getting worse, though some never do.

#### WIND SUCKERS.

This is not an unsoundness in the literal sense of the word, nor ought it to come under the denomination of a vice: it is simply a bad habit. What leads to it has never I believe been perfectly ascertained: I do not believe that, like crib-biting, it is learned from other horses. Some persons say, that, from keeping horses a long time fasting, they

contract the habit of sucking in wind in order to fill themselves with *something*. I think this very likely to be the case. Though not in itself an unsoundness, I am quite sure it is very likely to lead to that in point of wind, for a horse going full of wind I conceive little better than one going full of water. I certainly would advise every man not to buy a horse possessing this habit for any purpose whatever.

The striking or threatening a horse to find if he is a roarer must not always be depended on as a test: some will on momentary exertion give a kind of grunt that are no roarers, while others that are cannot be made do this: if, however, on a horse being struck or threatened, or on turning in his stall, he gives a fine long sonorous groan, there can be no mistake in him—he is a roarer with a vengeance.

#### WHISTLING.

The difference between this and roaring, and the propriety of purchasing a horse that whistles, is merely the difference of music between the trombone and the penny trumpet. I detest both: my Reader may like both, or prefer one to the other—*de gustibus non est disputandum*. Whistlers, however, may be bought with impunity, and they certainly are far less objectionable than roarers; nor does whistling I believe at all affect their wind or utility, at least not perceptibly so. I never, however, owned one, and I shall use every precaution in my power that I never may.

#### CONSTITUTION.

Before we can form any accurate judgment of a horse's constitution, it becomes imperatively necessary that we should be most perfectly acquainted with his previous treatment. For although there are, of course, constitutions that are naturally strong, and others the reverse, the horse acquires by treatment an artificial one. The animal that has a naturally weak habit of body will, perhaps, always exhibit symptoms of it more or less, treat him as we may; but by judicious management this natural infirmity may be so improved as to enable him to do all that, in a general way, we could require of him. This judicious management is what brings him into that state we term condition—to do this we must make his constitution our first object of attention, for until that is in a healthy state, all the exercise or training in the world will, of course, be thrown away. The purchaser must, therefore, not be entirely led away by the appearance of the animal at the time of purchase, but must look at that appearance with reference to the way in which he has for a length of time been treated; for there are few that, by rest and plentiful feeding of a peculiar kind, are not to be made tolerably plump in their bodies and fine in their coats. This only shows that by a certain process the animal is to be brought into such a state; but it by no means follows that this appearance will be continued when he is brought into even moderate work, with such feeding as horses intended for work must get. There are numbers of horses that, with all the hay and oats that could be given them, would never carry flesh or get into condition; for the very (and indeed only) food



that renders horses equal to great exertion, will not fatten them half so soon as that which would render them totally unfit for it. If the purchaser is aware that the horse has been brought into selling condition by the latter description of feeding, should he want him for immediate use, he would be wise to reject him at once. If he can spare him for a couple or three months, so as to totally change his habit of body, he may take the chance as to what he may turn out; for it will be but chance after all what he may be when he is in work. It is for this reason I have before so strongly expressed my objection to purchasing fat horses. However lusty a horse may be, we may form a tolerably correct judgment of how he has been fed by his feel; if that is firm and springy to the touch, we may be pretty well satisfied that his food has been wholesome and nutritious; should it feel, on the contrary, soft and flabby, we may be equally certain that he has been overfed; for though there are horses that, *in work*, will feel soft do what you will with them, if they are fed on proper food and *not* worked, their muscle will, in most cases, become firm. Should we, therefore, find a horse lusty, and, at the same time, feeling as he ought, the only conclusion we can come to, to a certainty, is, that proper feeding will make such a horse as fat as any man can wish; but unless we know what has been his work, we can be by no means certain that he will keep up his appearance when we come to use him. It is certainly far better to purchase a horse that has not been worked, but looks well on proper food, than one that has had neither proper food nor proper work; and in buying the former, we have by many degrees a greater chance of getting one that will keep in condition, than if we purchased the latter; but to be at all certain of getting a good constitutioned horse, we must know he has, at all events, been moderately worked; if with that he looks well, it will be the purchaser's fault if he does not continue to do so. If, on the other hand, we find a horse looking thin, tucked up, and feeling soft in his muscle, he is not to be condemned without ascertaining the cause, if he appears to be in other respects what is wanted. But if it is found he has been fairly worked, and properly kept, we may at once set him down as not worth sixpence; for if proper work and proper treatment will not get him into condition, of course nothing will. By proper treatment, I include work, food, grooming, general stable management, and proper medicine. Should we find the animal has wanted any of these, we must then exercise our judgment as to whether the neglect has been sufficient to account for want of condition, and whether from his general character and appearance we may hope that attention will remedy what neglect has produced. There is an indescribable washy appearance with some horses, that can hardly be mistaken. I need scarcely say such an animal should never be purchased: he will occasion a vast deal of trouble, as much expense as any other horse, and be good for little after all.

Relative to condition, I would strongly recommend a purchaser to be very tenacious of buying old horses out of condition, that are very low in flesh; as with nine out of ten of such, it will take a complete twelve-month to bring them round; for though old horses will do a

great deal of work, certainly much more than *very* young ones, they have not that elasticity (if I may use the term) of constitution that young ones have; besides which, their muscles are more rigid, and take a far longer time to fill up; and this I consider one reason why, when quite up to the mark, they are far less likely to waste by any little additional work than young ones. If an old jockey wants to waste 10 lbs., it occasions him much harder work and deprivation than it would a youth of eighteen. What the former has on him is harder.

Whenever I got hold of horses out of condition, I never found I could do much good with them in the stable, without alteratives. There was an old-fashioned saying and idea, that there was "nothing like Mr Green" for poor horses. Allowing this to be right, what was the effect of "Mr Green" but an alterative? And if a horse can be spared, a meadow of very sweet SPRING grass procured, and the horse gets some corn with it, it is no bad preparation for condition. I say corn with it, for this reason—that if he has been accustomed to high keep, though poor, he would so much miss this stimulant, that its loss would be felt more than the benefit of the grass; independent of which, the corn renders the flesh we may expect him to throw up firm and of the right sort; nor will the corn be wasted, for when taken up after, will say, his six weeks' run, he will be forwarder, as to going to work, in six weeks more, than the horse who had nothing but grass in him, would be in three months; so it is no loss of corn, but a great gain of time.

Salt marshes used to be considered a sovereign specific for a variety of disorders of the horse. I do not speak from experience, but I have no doubt they are so; why? Merely because they are a gradual and constant *alterative*, and bring the bowels, and consequently the body, into a healthy tone.

I never tried them but once, which was from my having a horse kicked in London: he had been subject to little occasional blotches on his skin. I had only just purchased him, consequently had not had time to give him a course of alteratives. I sent him to the salt marshes in Essex, he certainly came up in capital condition, not feeling like common grass condition, but firm; and I never saw any return of the blotches. So far, I have a right to speak in favour of salt marshes. I am told that very delicate constitutions cannot stand the ordeal of them. Possibly, for the first fortnight, my nag might have been a little light in the middle, but he came up as I mention.

#### AGE.

This is a matter on which the *occasional* purchaser need not trouble himself much about if he purchases young horses, as he has only to have the age inserted in the warranty, and the veterinarian or any competent judge will decide it. If he purchases one aged, and warranted not more than eight, the same person will be able to determine whether the horse is *far* beyond the specified age. If the dealer or any one has sold a horse warranted not more than eight or nine, and a proper judge pronounces him eighteen, the onus of proving the correct age is thrown

on the seller, for if he cannot *prove* it, he had no business to give a *warranty* of it. If you buy on the seller's *opinion*, it is another affair; but, to quote friend Punch again, I should say "don't."

Doubtless, there are tricks to be played with horses' mouths. A three years old may be manufactured into a four, and so forth; and an aged horse may be, to common judges, converted into a six years old one. But these tricks are to be detected by other appearances, where those are at variance with the appearance of the mouth. With a colt, reared as cart-colts usually are, we can mostly judge by his general formation as to whether he is two, or three, or four years old. This will not, however, hold equally good with racing-colts, or those forced up as first-class horses are; for they get a precocious appearance, and indeed manner, from the way they are both fed and treated.

It sometimes, though but seldom, happens that a foal is dropped about Michaelmas. It is extremely difficult with such a one, when he comes to be three or four years old, to decide, at particular times of the year, what is his precise age; for, as he will change his teeth at an unusual time, he may deceive us, so as to be considered younger or older than he really is at such times: it is, however, very rarely that we can have any doubt as to a horse's age till he is seven. When tricks have been resorted to, to make a very young horse appear older than he is—that is, to give him a year—a person, if suspicious of the fact, will, on close investigation of the mouth, perceive where art has been used to imitate nature. We can do this tolerably well, and many are deceived by it; but the hollowing a horse's tooth with an instrument, and colouring it by another, is not nature after all. There is a regularity in the artificial hollow made, that detects it; besides which, the same means that are employed to colour one part of the tooth, will leave traces where they are not wanted; and this an eye accustomed to look at the natural mouth will detect.

To make horses of twelve years old look eight, is not difficult with some; but this must depend upon the general appearance of the animal. It would be much easier to make some horses of twenty years of age appear only eight or nine, than it would be (*independent* of the mouth) to make a ten years old horse look five; for disguise it as we may, there is a freshness in extreme youth that, once lost, never can be restored. A beautiful woman of forty may be made to pass for thirty; but we cannot make thirty, seventeen. Horses, like the human species, vary considerably in the time when they begin to shew symptoms of age, depending much, of course, on treatment, shape, make, and constitution; but if a horse is in fresh condition, well on his legs, and in good spirits—if all traces of gray hairs over the eyes and on the head have been neatly obliterated by denying, all saddle-marks done away with by the same process, his teeth filed and cleaned, even the hollows over his eyes blown out, traces of repeated nailing on the hoofs rasped away, stimulants in the form of medicine applied inwardly, and stimulants by the whip administered outwardly—it is astonishing what may be done in making a very venerable quadruped assume quite a middle-age appearance; not perhaps to the extent that we daily see

young gentlemen of seventy transmogrify themselves, but still a pretty fair quantum of deception is to be used with the horse; every very old horse can be done *something* with to juvenilise him more or less. But when a regular plant is to be made as to age with a venerable one, of course a proper subject is chosen for the purpose. That this is to be done requires no further proof than the known fact that horses have been sold from having become old, and have been repurchased by their owners—without being recognised.

I remember once seeing a very dark-coloured chesnut horse, purchased by one among the many scamps attending auctions of horses. This was in Dublin. The horse had two broken knees; the hair, for a considerable space round the small, bare scars left, was perfectly white; he was also very unuch saddle-marked, and very grey over the eyes from age—he was purchased for about twelve pounds. Late in the afternoon the same horse was brought in with his legs soiled, as if just arrived from the country, and resold by auction for twenty-two pounds. This was paying well for lunar-caustic worth a shilling.

But though a variety of tricks may be played with an old horse's teeth, there is very little to be done with his mouth. The fulness and freshness of the gums cannot be restored; and though it is easy to shorten his teeth, it will always be found, in very old horses, that the fleshy part has shrunk from them. There will also generally be found a relaxation of the under lip, that cannot be mistaken. Now, though horses' teeth are frequently filed shorter when their length indicates age, we must not infer (supposing no tricks to have taken place) that a horse cannot be very old because his teeth are a proper length, for horses addicted to biting the rack or manger will keep them so—indeed, sometimes wear them unusually short. When this is the case, the upper surface will assume a somewhat round or convex appearance, from the edges being worn away; but we have the gums still, and they seldom deceive us. The mouths of some horses, of course (like those of some men), assume the appearance of age sooner than others—I allude to aged horses. If, therefore, a horse should be very fresh in his mouth, fresh on his legs, and in his general looks and constitution, he will deceive the best judges as to his age, and we may get hold of a venerable old gentleman in lieu of a middle-aged one. In such a case it is quite likely the same hale constitution will enable him to do as much as one many years younger. The great objection to a *very* old horse is one that frequently occurs. He may carry a man throughout a season, when eighteen years old, perfectly well; and all at once his capabilities will perhaps be found to fail, and all the infirmities of age come upon him, without his having shewn any *gradual* decline of power. I am quite convinced that rheumatism frequently attacks horses, and a decided case of complete general paralysis occurred to an old one in my father's stables, who, though twenty-four years old, had carried him well the entire season with the royal stag-hounds; he became all on a sudden perfectly helpless. I have no objection at all to aged horses; but I should always be very particular, either by proof or very strict examination, to ascertain as far as possible *what* the age

was. If I bought one for temporary use, I should care little whether he was eight, or twelve, or even more; for a fresh horse at thirteen is far preferable to a stale one at seven. Indeed, I should say for most purposes, the state of the legs and constitution are of more consequence to the duration of his work than his age. If we buy a horse on speculation, to cure of *any* ailment, I should *always* let it be a young one—they may be screwed up again, but we can make no hand of mending a chair our great grandfather sat in, if the wood has become rotten. Young constitutions, if debilitated, may be restored: so may young legs; indeed, old ones may be patched up so as to be quite fit for service again; but old constitutions are very hard to invigorate again, and seldom repay the trouble of the attempt.

Having said thus much on the constitution, and age of the horse, I will advert to the ordinary causes of soundness or its reverse in more minute particulars; and also of appearances that should awaken our suspicions, or at all events induce us to be particular in our investigations of the animal in those parts whose appearance justifies such suspicions as to their soundness.

#### THE MARK ON THE BLEEDING PLACE.

If, in a young horse, there are marks of repeated bleeding, such a one comes before us in a very questionable shape. People do not bleed *repeatedly* without some imperative cause for it; whenever this has been done there can be no doubt but to allay inflammation has been the motive; and I should say, that in a general way, some suspicion or reality of inflammation of the lungs has been that motive, or if not absolute inflammation, some disarrangement of those organs. It is true there may be other causes for a recourse to bleeding. Vertigo or staggers arising from a plethoric habit, severe hurts, or wounds (where inflammation may be anticipated), over excitement from some cause, and various other casualties, may render bleeding not only judicious but necessary. But a horse must have more than an ordinary share of ill luck if a succession of such things occur to him. Therefore frequent bleeding-marks would always induce me to fear that disorganization of the lungs in some way had been the cause of them. Old horses will have many of these vestiges of the fleam or lancet, as a matter of course; but young ones seldom have, if they have been healthy.

If these marks are more frequent on the off side than the near one, we may not merely infer, but set it down as a fact, that the horse has been through many dealers' hands. They always bleed on the off side; for as most persons approach a horse on the near side, these marks are, on that account, not noticed. I will here beg leave to digress a little, and give a hint or two on bleeding, that may be of use to those who employ *ordinary* grooms to bleed their horses.

I never saw one of these who did not strike a fleam as if they wanted, or intended, to knock the horse down; this is not only quite unnecessary, and alarms (nay hurts) the horse, and makes him shy of being bled in future, but is most injudicious, and indeed injurious.

A quick stroke with the blood-stick, a few inches from the fleam, is all that is required—supposing, of course, the instrument to be in proper order: whereas half these rude operators hold their blood-stick two feet from the neck, and then bring it on the fleam with a stroke that is only equalled by the black-thorn of Paddy when “he meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down.” I have bled many horses by merely striking the fleam with the side of my hand, when no better tool presented itself. I have frequently used the lancet, the only advantage of which is, that it requires no sudden hit to alarm the horse. The fleam is, however, decidedly the safer instrument: the size of this should, of course, be chosen by the description of animal to be bled, but the size should consist more in the depth of the blade than in the width. A thick skin, of course, requires a deep blade to get through it; but with the most delicate-skinned horse, if you have occasion to bleed at all, let the blade be wide enough to produce a good full stream. It gets the business over more quickly, and produces much greater effect.

The next thing grooms universally do is to pull the skin as far as possible from the neck when they prepare to pin it up; and when the pin is in, and the tow put round it, they shove the whole as hard into the neck as if they meant to bury it there. The doing the first is very likely to leave a lasting kind of bubble in the skin of the neck, and the latter to bruise, and produce at least trifling inflammation. The skin should be only raised sufficiently to get hold enough for the pin, and a piece of soft tow merely put round to keep the lips of the wound together, which will adhere in a very few hours if properly and gently closed.

There is, certainly, no great professional ability required to bleed; still, to do it neatly, effectually, and to a certainty, requires some attention. Veins have been lost from ignorance, or awkward persons undertaking the operation. Simple as it is, numbers of horses daily exhibit unsightly traces of the fleam from the same cause, and sometimes suppuration to a considerable extent is another unpleasant result that occurs.

#### LOSING A VEIN IN THE NECK.

This is a circumstance that but rarely occurs, and when it does, is not a matter of so serious an importance as some persons might imagine, for nature bountifully supplies means for the wants of her creatures; and in this case, where one of the canals that conveys the vital fluid is stopped up, she gives others increased powers, so that the animal economy is still carried on. If we are aware that a horse has met with such an occurrence, a little attention to prevent an undue fulness of habit will, in all probability, also prevent any inconvenience being felt by the animal, or experienced by ourselves. Still the purchaser must bear in mind, a horse so circumstanced must not, under any circumstances, be turned to grass or allowed to graze. It therefore becomes to a cart-horse a serious loss.

I have rarely seen veterinary surgeons, on examining a horse, pay any attention to this, which is certainly an unsoundness; for a complaint, or rather a loss, that would occasion serious inconvenience if a

horse was turned to graze, is a deficiency that renders the animal imperfect; and being, at the time of sale, in a state that would certainly lead to bad results, if he was wanted to follow a natural act, must be, I conceive, a decided unsoundness.

#### CHINKED IN THE BACK.

This is a complaint that, more or less, numbers of horses are daily working with; which is easily accounted for, there being no outward signs of its existence, further than the motions of the animal indicate. Consequently, provided he does his work well, willingly, and regularly, supposing even the owner remarks any little peculiarity of gait, he merely concludes the peculiarity is natural. Many a time have I remarked a horse was lame, and received for answer, "No, he always goes *so*." Doubtless this was the fact, so do chinked-backed horses always go *so*, but this does not make them sound. On level roads in light harness, I do not believe horses slightly affected in this way feel any pain; and I infer this from the circumstance that I have not remarked them waste in flesh more than others. Still nothing should tempt me to buy or own one so afflicted, for the bare apprehension (setting pecuniary considerations aside) of what would be the result to the poor brute if a sudden twist on the afflicted part took place, would annoy me every step he went; and treading merely on a rolling stone going down hill would possibly, and not improbably, paralyse his hind parts in a moment. We may always guard against getting one seriously thus affected, by backing him, or making him try to back. If slightly injured, the peculiarity of his motion will detect it: if badly, he will not be *ABLE* to back; he will twist one or other quarter, and try to return his fore part, but back straightly he cannot. I can only say that of the two I have a greater horror of this failing than of bad wind; so should any friend ever see me owner of a chinked-backed one, he may be quite certain I have been regularly done by some one.

HARRY HIE'OVER.

(To be continued.)

*Sporting Magazine for June and July.*

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## NEWELL AND CLASPER'S MATCH, £100 A SIDE,

### LONDON *versus* NEWCASTLE.

The scullers match, or £100 a side, between Robert Newell of Battle Bridge stairs, London Bridge, and Henry Clasper of Derwent-leugh, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, came off on Monday last, the 22d inst., from Newcastle Bridge to Leamington Point, a distance of about five miles, and, it is almost superfluous to state excited very considerable interest. It will be recollected that last summer Newell was in training to row Clasper, but the latter preferred W. Pocock of Lambeth who had challenged and made a match with him, much to the chagrin of Newell, who had been put to great expense and trouble, imagining that the Newcastle hero would not back out of the contest, in that manner. Pocock was defeated, as was Carroll, on the Mersey, by Clasper, and after the match with the former (eight months since) articles were entered into for Newell to try his powers and skill with Master Henry on the 'Coaly Tyne,' where Robert Coombes, the celebrated London waterman, had formerly proved victorious in his memorable scullers contest with the champion of that river, who, it is but just to observe, had with his brothers and veteran uncle Hawks defeated the Coombes's four-oared crew at the Thames Regatta last year, and carried off the 100 sovs. prize. Newell is a first class London waterman, and, therefore, both enjoyed a high character for aquatic ability. Newell arrived at Newcastle on Monday week, with a beautiful skiff made of cedar-wood, by Wentzell and Cownden of Lambeth, and it certainly was perfect in every respect. It was thirty feet in length, 22 inches in the breadth of beam, and 7 inches in the highest part: it was covered entirely at each end, and an oilskin provided to fit round the rower if required. Immediately on his arrival Newell launched his skiff, amidst cheers, from the quaysiders, and proceeded to Scotswood, took up his quarters at the hotel there kept by Mr Cox, and entered into training both on shore and afloat, attended by Coombes as his trainer. Clasper, meanwhile, took exercise on the river in his boat, that in which he contested with Pocock and Carroll, but somewhat altered. It is 28 feet 2 inches in length, 22 inches in beam, and 6 inches high at the bow, and 4½ inches aft and is built of mahogany. Both boats (outriggers) have been minutely examined by competent judges, and it has been admitted that two finer ones of the kind were never seen, each reflecting the greatest credit on the builder, Clasper being his own workman. The condition of the men also was good, though there was some disparity in weight, Newell weighing 10st. 3lb., while Clasper weighed only 9st. 4lb. During the latter part of last week several of Newell's friends arrived from London, including Messrs Parish, Wentzell, &c., all of whom backed their champion freely; nor



were Clasper's friends more shy in this respect. At one time the betting was 6 to 4 on Newell, but as the time of trial drew near the position of both became about equal. The interest felt in the event was manifest by the concourse of people assembled to witness it. Never, perhaps, on any similar occasion, was there seen such a mass of spectators. The Tyne Bridge contained a dense crowd, standing in carts and other vehicles: countless faces were seen peeping through the balustrades while the parapets were literally covered from end to end. The various quays, houses, and every other available place on either side of the river, as far as the eye could reach, were equally well occupied. The river, too, bore thousands on the surface, in craft of every description. At the Redheugh and Scotswood-road railway station, trains filled with passengers waited the arrival of the boats, and accompanied them as far as Scotswood Bridge.

The Ocean Bride steamer, having been engaged for the referee and umpires, took her station at the southern-most of three pile pillars erected on the site of the proposed high level bridge, shortly before three o'clock, and almost immediately afterwards Newell entered his boat from the north side of the river, and pulled about for upwards of ten minutes, when his party, became impatient at the non-appearance of Clasper, and repeatedly called out to the umpires that "time was up." At length Clasper's boat, which was on the south side, was slowly launched, and Clasper took his seat in it amidst loud cheers from his friends. Newell had by this time taken up his station at the starting point, near the pile pillars, about 50 yards above the old bridge. Here Clasper joined him, both the boats being then between the north and centre pillars; but Clasper's umpire objected to the position of Newell, wishing Newell to come on the south side of the centre pillar, to which Newell objected, and the start was delayed some minutes in consequence. At length Newell yielded, protesting at the same time against the unfairness of the arrangement, which took him rather out of the strength of the flood tide, and also, compelled him to take a wider course than he otherwise would have done. Two or three attempts by the men to start themselves were rendered ineffectual by Clasper not being ready at the moment. In short there was an unusual dalliance on Clasper's part, which was attributed to a desire to protract the race till the strength of the flood-tide was exhausted, when he calculated being able to wear out his opponent with hard pulling. On the part of Newell, on the other hand, there was an evident desire to urge the race on, which gave rise to a little altercation. After two false starts, the stroke fell even, and away they darted, and stroke after stroke following in quick succession, swept them onward amidst the shouts of the people, which reverberated with strange effect from shore to shore. On reaching the Skinner's-burn, the boats were abreast of each other, but, coming too close, unluckily 'fled' oars, but in a moment they cleared, and continued their course. From this point to the Shot Tower the struggle was very severe, the boats being equally matched, and all evidently depending upon the stamina of the men. Clasper contrived to gain a slight advantage, but as they neared

the Elswick Old Staith, Newell made good his ground ; after a few strokes he succeeded in heading Clasper, and continued to improve his advantage. Clasper, nothing daunted toiled manfully at his work, but all his efforts to reach his adversary proved abortive, and the race, from this point, was seen virtually to be decided, for, when they reached the foot of the Meadows, Newell was full three boats' lengths a-head. Along the Meadows they sped, passing in quick succession Paradise, Scotswood Bridge, and Bell's Close. Newell ultimately winning by half a minute, having pulled the distance in twenty-nine minutes, and Clasper twenty-nine and a half. At the termination of the race the victor was received with scarcely a demonstration of applause, excepting, indeed, from a few friends in one of the steamers. After the race Newell was taken on board the Talbot steamer, and Clasper on board the Laurel.

Clasper undoubtedly did his best to win, and was fairly and honourably beaten. The rowing of Newell was admirably precise, steady, and even in the stroke, and full of nerve in the pull. The race indeed may be said to have been won by the superior strength and stamina of Newell. Perhaps one of the most remarkable features of the event was the intense interest displayed on Clasper's behalf by the assembled thousands. Wherever, in the course of the race, he obtained an advantage, cheer followed cheer to urge him onwards. Soon again he fell behind, and silence became universal. Still, we believe, Newell has no reason to complain of a want of good feeling on the part of the North country sportsmen. On the contrary, we know that he has expressed himself grateful for the friendly feeling which has been displayed towards him since his arrival. It is gratifying to be able to close this account without the mention of a mishap. The management of the course was, indeed excellent—a circumstance attributable to the judgment of the managers, aided by the river police, the superintendent of whom (Mr Stephens) gained 'golden opinions' from all parties for his very strenuous exertions. The umpire for Clasper was Mr David Gaddy, and for Newell, Mr John Rayne ; and the referee was Mr John Currie, secretary to the Trinity House.

A correspondent of ours states that it was an even start, Clasper, if anything, getting firstway ; but Newell was speedily alongside, and it was an exciting neck and neck race for 500 yards. Here the boats got near together, and Newell had to lift his scull out of the water to prevent fouling. Clasper of course drew half a boat's length in advance through this, and now the Londoner put on the steam in earnest. The river takes a bend about half a mile from the starting point, and Newell, first pulling up to his antagonist, and then drawing gradually a-head, cleared his boat's length at the particular point alluded to, dropping right in front of Clasper, and from this moment the race was never in doubt. Shortly, but surely, the Thames waterman drew away from the champion of the Tyne, and at the finish was about 50 yards a-head. Neither was much distressed at the close. Clasper was out in some heavy rain on the Friday before the race, and was stated to have taken cold, and this his friends think operated against

his chance of winning. The following is the time of the men at the various localities :—

Started at ...	...	...	..	4 minutes past 3
Curds and Cream House (nearly together)	...	...	..	10 minutes past 3
Foot of Meadows (Newell leading)	...	...	..	13 minutes past 3
Head of Meadows (increased lead)	...	...	..	16 minutes past 3
Scotswood Bridge	{ Newell	...	...	25½ minutes past 3
	{ Clasper	...	...	26 minutes past 3
Lemington Point	{ Newell	...	...	33 minutes past 3
	{ Clasper	...	...	33½ minutes past 3

There was a marked difference in the capabilities of the competitors, Newell maintaining his course with undeviating accuracy, without the slightest perceptible swerving, while Clasper by his uneven pulling made an almost perpetual divergence. Newell's admirable rowing was the theme of admiration, and even some of the most strenuous supporters of the Newcastle champion felt constrained to admit the superiority of the London boatman.

The money will be handed over to Newell at the Ship, Fore-street, Lambeth, on Thursday evening next, at nine o'clock.

*Bell's Life in London, June 28.*

## THE TIME-TEST.

BY CASTOR.

"The watch, my dear madam, the watch you see, in this case, is the critic."

SHERIDAN.

For boiling eggs, settling fights, or even qualifying runs, Sir Fretful's oracle may, perhaps, be as indisputable as he proclaims it for lengthening plays; though, beyond this, I am very much inclined to doubt its use or authority.

Without being able to give precisely in a word the why and the wherefore, the timing of races and race-horses has somehow or other always appeared to my mind's eye a practice beneath "the true gentleman sportsman." There is a certain mixture of childishness and snobbishness ever attendant on it, that one finds it the more difficult to overlook, as we come to consider the fallacy, if not indeed the utter impossibility of acting upon it. As a means of gratifying an idle curiosity, there may be little to say for or against the watch as a turf critic; but, as an agent for acquiring any benefit in either a national or personal point of view, I am afraid we shall find its recommendations

small indeed. At the first superficial look at such notion, to the complete tyro in fact, the minute hand would seem no doubt amongst the best and most certain assistants for testing and collating all matters of speed. The farther, however, we proceed on such a plan, the greater the difficulty we encounter, and the less confidence we entertain in the experiment. The best evidence to be brought in support of such a conclusion as this, would be the thorough contempt in which all trainers and racing men hold the timing of race-horses; an off-hand way, though, of settling the argument, that it would hardly be fair to the clock-makers' advocates to avail ourselves of. In preference, rather let us enter boldly on the question of that the watch presumes to dictate on, and how these said dicta are to be trusted.

The first, then, and most palpable reason one could give for the use of his watch on a race would be in order to learn whether it was run truly or not. Few, it is said, beyond those actually engaged in a race can have anything like a correct opinion as to the pace at which it was enacted; and here, consequently, the time-test would seem to come into play with very fine effect. If the pace is good, *ergo* the time is short; and *vice versa*, if the speed is poor, the time is proportionately longer.

"Simplicity," said Lord Byron, "was one of the true properties of true greatness;" and, most assuredly, nothing can sound more simple or straightforward in its aim and accomplishment than this; indeed, if every horse, on the old order of "take the lead and keep it," was forced to run from end to end as hard he could crack, it might possibly be as safe a guide, as we will at present allow it to be a *simple* one. This, though, is rather a second subject for consideration; the first being, how truly the watch will tell how truly a race is run; and here again, if—much virtue in "if"—all ran at the same weights, the same distance, over the same course, our time-keeper might amuse himself with a series of pretty propositions on the end of time and pace. Unfortunately, however, they do not; and as they do not, the sum becomes rather more puzzling than inviting. Admitting, for instance, that weight, age, and distance are all the same, the very change in the course will furnish a difficulty in itself, almost, if not entirely, insuperable. A horse that would be timed as going at very middling speed over the Flat at Newmarket would by the watch be running as poorly or falsely, at the same time over the same distance, on some of the up-hill and down-dale courses in the provinces.

"But then you must make allowance for all that," says the critic.

A horse that ran a cup race of two miles in good average time over a course like a bowling green, would, by the rule of hours, minutes, and seconds, have won a very false flattering kind of race over a mire, as at Bath a few weeks since, up to his hocks in mud and water.

"But of course we make allowance for all that again," sneers the critic.

A horse with a great, long, dashing stride, that finishes his three miles over a course, where he has room to get in and keep up to his style of going, in a time that proves he really had brought them along,

might run just as determinedly though perhaps, by the dial apparently quite at his ease, over the twisting and twirling of Chester.

And, for a third time, by the command of our critic, we make allowance for that too.

Then, again, as to weight. The lighter the weight a horse carries, as Captain Rous, Mr Charles Weatherby, and other learned handicappers would tell us, the faster is he supposed to travel. Seven pounds in a mile and a half, as they would regulate it, might be taken as good as a distance; or, to make it quite plain, equal to two hundred and forty yards. This certainly sounds a little more definite and tangible; and by a man with an extra mathematical, senior wrangler sort of head, something, no doubt, might be made of it. Yards must naturally be estimated by moments, and miles by minutes; and so, if a horse ran a two-mile heat truly at nine stone, we, or rather he, our learned friend from Cambridge, would set his watch to a second as to when he should reach home with seven stone seven on him. As nine stone is to five minutes and fifty-five seconds, what is seven stone seven pounds. Of course we here allow fourteen pounds to the stone, and seven pounds to the distance; which, with a few more allowances our critic may be inclined to crave, would quickly make a tolerably clear calculation of it. "On the whole," however, as Mr Wopstraw says, the man who acquired his judgment of pace by reference to his watch, would hardly be taken, on that recommendation, to make running in these times; and though, undoubtedly, a race run from end to end would be over sooner than one played out on the waiting system, ground, weather, weights, and other items, afford so many reasons for "allowance," as to render the time-test next door to a nullity.

The next, and still more erroneous feature, we may consider is that of collating the time of one race with that of another, and the wondrous advantage of making deductions therefrom—a vulgar error, which it is to be feared is, even in these enlightened times, occasionally relied upon by petty bettors, and "the Sporting Sweep" supporters. As, for example, Iago takes longer in running over the Rowley Mile for the Column, than Tibthorpe does for the Two-thousand Guineas, or may-be just the reverse; for I have none of the newly-established time-tables at my elbow. Well, the one that does his mile the quicker is, of course, by Father Time's test, the better; and might be safely backed, whatever the Ring says to "the contrarairy," at odds against the gentlemen behind time. The absurdity of for one moment attending to such logic as this ought to be apparent to the meanest and greenest capacity; for, as I have already remarked, few horses go the whole hog all through, whatever the length of their course may be. In fact, I should say there was scarcely one race in fifty but what the minutes or moments could be lessened, was there any object or advantage in so doing. To borrow an opening from the "Sentimental Traveller," "they manage these things better in France;" not that I can plead guilty to ever having been on a French race-course, though I still shall, perhaps, be permitted to illustrate upon hearsay. Nimrod I think it is, who, in an account of a day's sport at Beaulogne or some-

where in that quarter, tells us of a horse which, although he had beaten his field right off half way from home, had still to be hustled, if not flogged in; because, if he did not do the distance within a certain time, he would not receive the stake! And, farther than this, the mighty hunter goes on to observe how unsportsman-like an appearance such a finish has in the eye of an Englishman—how it does away with the great beauty and art of riding a race; and he might have added how short it falls of that true test the government expected from it. The surest plan to make a fast horse a slow one is to set to, and gallop him against his own shadow; the most difficult and almost unnatural task, to force a horse to go right away from those he has been running in company with; and about the most generally-known fact connected with racing, that many of our best horses would always make a race of it, no matter how bad their opponents. Now, only putting this, and that together, I think we may venture to say that Monsieur's breed of race-horses would be none the worse, and his breed of race-riders all the better, were the grand band henceforth to welcome home the winner to the tune of "Take your time, Miss Lucy; take your time, Miss Long."

To return, however, to the old country. Putting public running against public running on the time-test, what with waiting orders from masters, and mighty rushes from jockeys, cannot come to much: whilst public *versus* private, I am afraid, will work on to a still worse account. I say, I am afraid, because as every man has a hobby of some kind or another, one of mine is that an English gentleman, to take to the turf in a proper spirit, should have a string and trainer to himself—a system to which (amongst sundry other objections) the disadvantage arising from the want of proper trials, is argued as about the first, though one that the watch would, to the theorist, seem fully able to remove. As again for example, Squire Homespun has two or three two year olds, that he and his man John are very ready to believe to be clippers in embryo; yet not being quite prepared for the affidavit, they in the first place take the time of the July, the New Stake, the Champagne, or something of that out; then get the same weights up, and the same distance out, and put the young ones in motion; some fine morning at fifty-five minutes and fifty-three seconds and a-half past five. And then ye gods! then, if coming as hard as they can come with the old plater that made play dying away at every stride, they finish by the new stop-watch some seconds under Ascot, or the Newmarket New T. Y. C.—*then* they—that is, master and man—can feel happy, can eat a hearty breakfast, and take twenty to one about the winner for the Derby, and engage the whole "dump" in every still unclosed stake in the kingdom.

Such things have been done before now, and who shall say but the newly paraded chronometers may induce some unhappy man to do so again? Before, however, it comes to such a calamity, let your obedient servant, in the celebrated character of "some d——d good-natured friend or another" test the felicity of our home-taught acquaintance. May be then, for query number one, the winner of the July, although

you say she only won by a neck, might have run all the faster, if like your lot she had run all the way? And may be again, for query number two there is some slight difference between your method of measuring time and that of the express press gentlemen sent down to Newmarket? The first of these doubts has already been illustrated in public running measured by public running; as indeed might the second also, for nothing can be more ridiculously at variance than the time tables published. To stick though to the private, I cannot bring myself to believe that the time of a trial is once in twenty truly given: or, consequently that the least reliance should be placed upon it. If picked men, or picked races, in all impartiality of spirit, make so widely different estimates, what can we expect from the fond owner or trainer, who so proverbially believes in what he hopes, and leans and looks so determinedly one way? The most striking case I ever knew of the trial by time, was that of a half-bred horse a yeoman was preparing for a hunter's stake, the wonders the said cocktail gradually arrived at coming really very close on a plump contradiction to his impure origin. What he did "by Shrewsbury clock," on first getting into work, was somewhat extraordinary and proportionately encouraging; while the week before running he was proclaimed as having achieved what the editor of *Bell's Life*\* will deny every other week, viz., the Eclipse tradition of running a mile in a minute!—*Authenticated* "of course."

So much for the advantage derived from, and reliance to be placed on the timing of horses, either in public or private—an unfavourable summing up, which the peculiar practice of it hitherto in this country does not tend in any way to decrease. Amongst other charges, I find I have denounced the time-test as "snobbish," a term certainly just now pretty well used-up, but which still I would not wish to withdraw. Hard indeed would it be for me to picture the great men of Newmarket heath—the Lord Georges, the Grevilles, the Ansons, and others—looking more to the action of the watch than that of the crack; while on the other hand, for the "nobby kids" of Peckham, or the Hampton Court road, it is the very instrument I should suppose their wages would rest upon. Trotting and time-keeping have always gone hand in hand, and many may, perhaps, very naturally ask why they should not continue so old-established a fellowship? In answer to this I will enter no farther on the subject than by merely stating one simple fact connected with the American trotters—a country, be it remembered, in which the time is said to be very strictly regarded. There more than one horse, afterwards imported in his prime to this country, has (by the watch and the report) accomplished his twenty miles within the hour; a feat, how-

\* "There is no authenticated record of a horse running a mile in a minute."  
—*Answers to Correspondents*. The following also appeared in the same paper not a fortnight since:—"Our correspondent from the Swan River talks of a half-bred horse running a mile in a minute and six seconds, and yet is anxious to improve the breed. We recommend him, to re-purchase him from the Isle of France, and export him to England, where the mile, by thorough-bred horses, is rarely done under a minute and forty seconds."

ever, which not one as yet, either home or States bred, has succeeded in on our side of the water! Surely this might give one very reasonable doubts as to the value of the watch, even when matched with the harness-horse; while reaching another remove, its use cannot be too severely reprobated. Of all the horribly low and cruel contrivances, in any possible degree associated with British sports, I can call to mind none much worse than that gin-shop, cut-throat, "copper hell," kind of affair, *a galloping match against time*—a match in which some half-drunken butcher of a fellow is placed upon a (generally) good game old hack to gallop against himself, and to effect what one half of "the knowing ones" have already duly considered as an impossibility. Horse against horse, head for head, stride for stride, and we will call it sport, and honour it as such; but with the watch, and nothing but the watch to strive against, it sinks to a disgrace that in the full sense of the old saw "beats cock-fighting." Indeed, all things considered, I question whether we should not form our true sportsman like Sir Bulwer Lytton Lytton Bulwer does his grand creation—Henry Pelham, Esq.—without the necessity for any watch at all.

*Sporting Magazine for July.*

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT ROARERS AND WINDSUCKERS.

BY EQUES.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

MR EDITOR,—I have read with much pleasure and interest in various numbers of *Maga*, during the last several months, the excellent observations of your amusing and thoroughly practical contributor, "Harry Hie-over," upon horses. There is one subject, however, upon which he treats, which has been left, to a certain extent, in comparative darkness. The point to which I allude is the small chapter on "Roarers and Whistlers," in which he says that whistling is only a minor sort of roaring, and, in fact, not by any means so dangerous, although, of course, highly objectionable; neither does he enter any further into particulars about so insidious a disease.

Now, as to whether he is right or whether he is wrong, I am not going at the present moment to adjudicate, although I hope I may be allowed to enjoy my own opinion on the subject, but should be much delighted if either "Harry Hie-over" or any other experienced sportsman would reconsider the subject at issue, and, with the joint assistance of some really eminent professional man, explain to the world whether whistling is merely roaring in its infancy or not.



I have been led to make these few remarks upon the subject, when I fully remember, as many of your readers may also do, that Nimrod, who was invariably considered, in his day, as the great oracle upon all equine matters, in his valuable work entitled "Condition of Hunters," when speaking of roaring and whistling, declared that the latter was the "*ne plus ultra*" of the disease; and he affirmed that the shrill noise proceeded from the passage of the windpipe being contracted to a much greater extent than in the case of common roaring, and consequently more dangerous. I have not got his book by me at the present moment, or would quote his own words; where, if I recollect right, he also calls in the joint testimony of one of the most enlightened veterinary surgeons of the day to bear him out in his opinion.

There is a third branch of this most destructive disease, upon which both Hie-over and Nimrod have been silent, viz., "Grunting." Now, it is a well known fact that there are a great many first rate hunters which are distinguished by the porcine title of "*grunters*," and which, although to all appearance they are perfectly sound, never can command a figure in the market above the price of a cover hack, under the supposition that they are incipient roarers. Now, whether this is the case or not, I am at a loss to determine, as I have been assured, on the one hand, by a first-rate veterinary surgeon in one of the midland counties, that the noise has nothing to do with the wind, but is caused by the animal groaning with pain suffered in his feet, which is always perceptible when the horse either "*takes up*" as it is termed at a fence, or descends into the next field, accompanying the exertion with a deep sigh or grunt. While, on the other hand, I have been assured by not only innumerable hunting men, but also many experienced "*vets.*," that the disagreeable noise alluded to is nothing more or less than a species of roaring. There is one thing, however, which would lead one to suppose that the noise might be accounted for by the pain suffered in the feet, from the fact that horses are never known to express their anguish, excepting in the act of jumping, increased pace on no account producing it.

With regard to "Windsucking," I have no hesitation in saying that, if not put a stop to, the trick will invariably grow into confirmed crib-biting; either of which habits must materially affect the condition of the horse, by impairing his digestive organs. I once cured a valuable hunter of confirmed windsucking by the following simple method, and, as it was in the months of September and October, the discipline did not in any way interfere with his work. Excepting during the short time given him to clear up his allowance of hay, corn, and water, I had placed upon him a heavy breaking bit, attached to the eyes of his headstall, by means of small straps to take off and on, made with keys, both day and night; the novelty of which so pleased and amused him, that at the end of about five weeks he had totally forgotten his old tricks, nor was he ever after detected in a relapse; and I sold him afterwards, in 1832, in London, at a high figure.

*Sporting Magazine for July.*

## ANCIENT GREEK AND ROMAN DRAMA.

"Hæc de comædis te consultit ; illa tragedum."

*Juven. 595.*

In the festivals and sports of which we have thus attempted a brief outline, originated the Drama, too prominent in the list of Grecian amusements to be passed over unnoticed, although we are compelled to treat it in a cursory and superficial manner, as it is our purpose to give a fuller history of the theatre in connexion with the more interesting subject of the English stage. The performers in the different Grecian games being compelled by law to represent the life and exploits of the deity or hero in whose honour they were instituted, had already laid the basis of the Drama, long before Thespis, improving upon the hint thus afforded, conceiving the idea of introducing other actors to relieve the chorus, and render the progress of the story more intelligible and vivid. This founder of the stage, who flourished about 536 years before Christ, took for his subjects the historical traditions of Greece, which he embellished by appropriate fictions, an innovation highly displeasing to Solon the legislator of Athens. "If we applaud falsehood in our public exhibitions," said he to Thespis, "we shall soon find that it will insinuate itself into our most sacred engagements." Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, not only increased the number of characters, one of which became the hero of the piece, but perfected the dresses and scenic illusions, banished murders from the stage, and restricted the functions of the chorus, which now only occupied a subordinate station. The first of these writers has been censured for having admitted mute characters into his Drama. Achilles after the death of his friend, and Niobe after the destruction of her children, appear on the stage, and remain during several scenes motionless, their heads covered with a veil, and without uttering a word ; but if their eyes had overflowed with tears, and they had poured forth the bitterest lamentations, could they have produced an effect so terrible as this veil, this silence, and this abandonment to grief ?"

Lending himself to the popular belief that the ancient heroes had a more lofty and majestic stature than ordinary mortals, Æschylus raised his actors on high stilts or buskins, covering their features with a mask suitable to the characters they performed, and clothing them in flowing and magnificent robes. The inferior actors were also provided with appropriate masks and dresses. He obtained a handsome theatre, furnished with machines and embellished with decorations. "Here the sound of the trumpet was reverberated, incense were seen to burn on the altars, the shades of the dead to arise from the tomb, and the fiends to rush from the gulf of Tartarus. In one of his pieces

\* *Anacharsis, cap. 60.*

these infernal divinities appeared for the first time with masks of a horrid paleness, torches in their hands, serpents entwined in their hairs, and followed by a numerous retinue of dreadful spectres. It is said that at the sight of them, and the sound of their terrific howlings, terror seized on the whole assembly, women miscarried, and children expired with fear, and that the magistrates, to prevent similar accidents in future, commanded that the chorus should consist only of fifteen actors instead of fifty."

"By reducing heroism to its just standard, Sophocles lowered the style of Tragedy, and banished those expressions which a wild imagination had dictated to Æschylus, and which diffused terror through the souls of the spectators. Æschylus painted men greater than they can be, Sophocles as they ought to be, and Euripides as they are. By forcibly insisting on the important doctrines of morality, the latter was placed among the number of the sages, and will for ever be regarded as the philosopher of the stage.\*

Modern writers may well be astonished at the great fertility of these ancient dramatists, especially as they were contemporaries, or nearly so. Although we only possess seven of the tragedies of Æschylus, he wrote ninety, of which forty were rewarded with the public prize. Of the one hundred and twenty composed by his pupil Sophocles, seven only have come down to us; and nineteen are extant of the seventy-five ascribed to Euripides. None of their successors ever attained their talent, or rivalled the fame of these three illustrious fathers of Tragedy.

The comedy of the same era, as conducted by Aristophanes and his contemporaries, was infinitely below our modern farces, and indeed hardly upon a par with our ancient mysteries and moralities, abounding as it did in vulgar indecent reflections and illiberal satire, and employing by turns parody, allegorical images, buffoonery, and travesties, in which the gods and heroes were rendered ridiculous by the contrast between their mean disguise and their real dignity. It appears as if the Athenians were jealous of their deities in proportion to their contemptible character and utter worthlessness, for though they resented with a fierce intolerance any real or imaginary affront directed against them in the form of serious argument, they delighted in seeing them lampooned and burlesqued, indulging in immoderate laughter when the irreverent farces that bore the names of Bacchus and Hercules exposed the excessive poltroonery of the former, and the enormous voracity of the latter. To pander to the taste of the vulgar, the most celebrated authors sometimes furnished their actors with indecorous dresses and expressions, and sometimes put into their mouths virulent invectives against individuals, not only mentioning their names, but imitating their features on the actor's mask. Thus were Euripides, Socrates, and others, persecuted by Aristophanes, the same audiences growing the tragedies of the former, and the farcical burlesques into which they were turned by the latter.

\* Anacharsis, cap. 60.

Attempts were made to repress these gross abuses of the stage by various decrees, which, however, being found inconsistent with the nature of the government, or the genius of the people, were either forgotten or repealed; until at length a new enactment permitted persons attacked or ridiculed by the dramatists to prosecute them in a court of justice. By this measure, and some examples of its severe enforcement, the licentiousness of the stage was effectually checked, and the reform thus accomplished gradually extended itself to the accompaniments and composition of the drama, the extravagance of which had been unbounded. Fantastical and proposterous subjects no longer brought on the stage choruses of birds, wasps; frogs, and other animals habited in a grotesque resemblance to the forms of these animals, and even attempting to imitate their inarticulate noises.\* Human nature became a greater object of study, grossness and buffoonery were banished, as well as licentious personalities, and Comedy continued to improve, until it attained its highest degree of excellence under Menander, who flourished about 300 years before Christ, and by his chaste elegance, refined wit, and admirable judgment received the appellation of Prince of the new Comedy.

In order that the reader may form some idea of the manner in which these pieces were represented, it must be recollected that the Grecian theatres, although not altogether dissimilar in form from a modern circus, were of much larger dimensions, and without any roof. During the performance no person was allowed to occupy that portion of the building correspondent to our pit, experience having shown that the voices of the actors could not be distinctly heard, unless this space were entirely empty. The proscenium or stage was divided into two parts or terraces; the higher one being appropriated to the actors, and the lower one, which was ten or twelve feet above the pit, to the chorus, who could thus easily turn either towards the performers or the audience. At a later period the Roman theatres were provided with immense awnings, which drew over the greater portion of the top, so as to exclude the sun or rain; an improvement that seems to have been unknown to the Athenians, for we are told that in case of a sudden shower the spectators were obliged to take refuge in the adjacent por-

\* As a sample of this extravaganza, we subjoin a translation of the opening chant of the chorus of frogs, in Aristophanes's comedy of that name.

*Chorus.*

" Brekeke-kesh—Koash! Koash!  
 Shall the choral quirlsters of the marsh  
 Be censur'd and-rejected as hoarse and harsh,  
 And their chromatic essays depriv'd of praise?  
 No, let us raise afresh  
 Our obstreperous Brekeke-kesh;  
 The customary croak and cry  
 Of the creatures at the theatres,  
 In their yearly revelry  
 Brekeke-kesh—Koash! Koash!

ticoes and public buildings. Gratuitous representations always formed a part of the festivals; and it was during the celebration of the greater Dionysia, which lasted several days, that the pieces intended for competition were brought forward. In these contests the victory was not easily achieved. Exclusively of one of the entertainments called Satyrs, an author opposed his antagonist with three tragedies, which may in some degree account for the great number written by the more eminent tragedians. The duration of these pieces was, however, limited by the Clepsydra, or water-clock. Sophocles was the first who ventured to produce only a single tragedy, an innovation which became insensibly established. Beginning early in the morning the performance sometimes lasted the whole day, during which five or six dramas might be performed. Previously to their representation, all pieces were submitted to the principal archon, with whom rested the power of acceptance or rejection, and whose favour was accordingly courted by authors with great assiduity; the fortunate ones lauding his discrimination, while those whose pieces were rejected not unfrequently consoled themselves by making him the subject of their lampoons and epigrams. Athenian petulance, aggravated by disappointment, would naturally impart to these a peculiarly caustic character.

The crown, however, was neither bestowed by the archon, nor by the tumultuous applauses of the assembly, but by judges drawn by lot, and engaged by oath to decide impartially; an honourable mode of awarding the palm which can only be bestowed where audiences are gratuitously admitted, and authors desire no higher recompence than a laurel wreath. Besides the victor, the names of the two next in merit were proclaimed, while he himself, loaded with the applauses which the chorus had solicited for him at the conclusion of the piece, was frequently escorted home by some of the spectators, and usually gave an entertainment to his friends. As the superiority of the pieces written by Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides became established in the course of time, it was ordered that accurate copies of them should be preserved in some place of safety, that they should be annually recited in public, and that statues should be erected to their authors.

During the performance, the stage was never empty. Sometimes the chorus made its entry in the first scene; if later, it was introduced naturally, and it was necessary to assign a reason for its leaving the stage, however short the time of its disappearance. The division of a piece, and its distribution into interludes, during which the choral performers were considered as alone, and sang together, was entirely arbitrary. The chorus, which was usually understood to represent the people, and consisted latterly of fifteen in tragedy, and twenty-four in comedy, was composed of men and women, old and young, citizens or slaves, priests, soldiers, or others, according to the nature of the piece. As they came upon the stage, their steps were regulated by a flute-player; in tragedy they generally advanced three in front and five deep, or five in front and three deep; in comedy they were usually arranged four in front and six deep, or the reverse. In the interludes

they sang in parts, marching and countermarching, and performing different evolutions to the sound of the flute.

To acquire greater vigour and suppleness, for some of the parts, such as that of Ajax frantic, required extraordinary bodily powers, the actors, occasionally exercised with the youthful athlete; while others observe a strict regimen, that their voices might become more flexible and sonorous. Their pay must have been considerable, as it is recorded of one named Polus, that in two days he gained a talent, about 225*l.* sterling. Nor were their emoluments confined to a single city, for when they had acquired distinction on the Athenian stage, they were solicited by other states to contribute to the embellishment of their festivals. In singing, the voice of the performers was guided by a flute, and in declamation by a lyre, which prevented it from sinking and preserved a proper intonation, leaving the actor at liberty to accelerate or retard his delivery as he thought fit.

Two kinds of regulated dances formed an accompaniment of the ancient drama, one executed by the choral performers when some happy tidings compelled them to yield to the transports of their joy; the other appropriated to tragedy, and intended to represent actions, manners, and sentiments, by different movements and inflections of the body. Where it was so difficult, from the largeness of the theatre, to be universally heard, it became necessary to have recourse to that language of nature which influences the passions by appealing to the eye; the Greeks, therefore, neglected nothing which might contribute to the perfection of theatrical dancing, or give effect to poetry and music by correspondent action. In the tragic dances all was dignified, noble, elegant, and in exquisite accordance with the music, as well as the attitudes of the actor. Those of comedy, more free and familiar in their nature, were at one time disgraced by a licentiousness so gross, that even Aristophanes made a merit of banishing them from his pieces.

The spectators usually expressed their disapprobation of an actor, first by low murmurs, then by loud laughter, tumultuous exclamations, and violent hissings, stamping with their feet to oblige him to quit the stage, making him take off his mask that they might triumph in his shame, ordering the herald to call another performer, and sometimes even demanding that a disgraceful punishment should be inflicted on the unfortunate object of their dislike. So far, however, from any absurd stigma being attached to the profession, no one could be a member of it who had been dishonoured by any offence committed against the laws. Enjoying all the privileges of a free citizen, an actor might aspire to the most honourable employments of the state. Some possessed great influence in the public assemblies; a celebrated performer, named Aristodemus, was sent on an embassy to Philip, King of Macedonia; and Æschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes, like our own Shakspeare, held it no degradation to act a part in the pieces they had composed. Extraordinary expedients were sometimes used by the actors to excite their own feelings, and awaken the sympathies of the audience. In one of the tragedies of Sophocles the princess Electra embraces the urn which she imagines to contain the ashes of her bro-

ther Orestes. Polus, the Athenian, in enacting the part of Electra, for there were no female performers, caused the urn containing the remains of a son whom he had lately lost, to be brought from his tomb, and when it was presented to him upon the stage, "he seized it with a trembling hand, and taking it in his arms, pressed it to his heart, uttering accents of such lively grief, so moving, and so fearfully expressive, that the whole theatre resounded with exclamations; and the spectators shed torrents of tears in commiseration of the unhappy fate of the son, and the wretched condition of the father."\*

From the necessity of rendering the drama as intelligible as possible by visible signs, the age, rank, sex, and condition of every performer was generally indicated by his dress. Those suffering under misfortunes wore black, brown or dirty white garments, which frequently hung in tatters; and in all cases the disguise was assisted by a painted-mask, which covering the whole head like a helmet, substituted an artificial visage, provided with different-coloured hair or beards, or representing the charms of youth and beauty; the enormous mouth being sometimes lined with sonorous substances to assist the power of the voice. An individual portrait of a deity or a hero might be suggested by this clumsy contrivance, but the play of passion upon the countenance of the performer was necessarily sacrificed, while the expression of the visor itself, although it might portray the predominant feeling of the character, and might be changed with every scene, must sometimes have been at direct variance with the sentiments uttered. The voice, too, could no longer preserve its natural modulation, its intonations were abrupt and harsh, the laugh lost its effect, and nothing can be conceived more ridiculous to behold, more destructive of all sympathy between the audience and the actor, than the sight of a hideous mouth, motionless while the performer was speaking, and continually gaping when he was silent. Such were the defects inseparable from the colossal size of the theatres. It must be recollected, however, that as the female characters were performed by men, this contrivance assisted the illusion; and that in pieces similar to the *Mænæchi* of Plautus, whence Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors* is taken, in which the plot turns on the mistake of one person for another, the use of masks would give a greater air of probability to the incidents.

When the performances were concluded, different bodies of magistrates ascended the stage, and made libations on an altar consecrated to Bacchus, thus elevating the theatrical entertainments by impressing upon them a character of sanctity. As the rules of perspective became better understood, the scenery seems to have attained a considerable degree of perfection, although in tragedy the action was usually supposed to pass in the vestibule of a palace or a temple and did not require many changes. The opening display was sometimes very beautiful and grand: "Aged men, women, and children are beheld prostrate near an altar, imploring the protection of the gods, and the aid of their

\* *Anacharais*, cap. 70.

sovereign. Youthful princes arrive in a hunting-dress, and surrounded by their friends and their dogs, sing hymns in honour of Diana; or a chariot appears which brings in solemn pomp to the camp of the Greeks, Clytemnestra, attended by her slaves, and holding the infant Orestes sleeping in her arms. Here Ulysses and Diomed enter by night the Trojan camp, through which they quickly spread alarm, the sentinels running together from all sides, crying *Stop! stop! kill! kill!* There the Grecian soldiers, after the taking of Troy, appear on the roofs of the houses, and begin to reduce that celebrated city to ashes. At another time coffins are brought, containing the bodies of the chiefs who fell at the siege of Thebes; their funerals are celebrated on the stage, and their widows express their grief in mournful songs. One of them, named Evadne, is seen on the top of a rock, at the foot of which is erected the funeral pile of Capaneus, her husband. She is habited in her richest ornaments, and deaf to the entreaties of her father, and the cries of her companions, precipitates herself into the devouring flames."

"The marvellous also adds to the charm of the exhibition. Some god descends in dramatic machinery; the shade of Polydorus bursts from the bosom of the earth; the ghost of Achilles appears to the assembly of the Greeks, and commands them to sacrifice the daughter of Priam; Helen ascends to the vault of heaven, where she is transformed into a constellation; or Medea traverses the air in a car drawn by dragons."\*

Theatrical thunder was produced by causing stones to fall from a great height into a brazen vessel; and machines were constructed which not only served for effecting flights through the air, the descent of deities, or the apparition of ghosts, but by turning on rollers presented to the spectators the inside of a house or tent. We have said during the festivals the exhibitions were gratuitous, which was virtually, though not literally, the case. An obolus, equal to about three halfpence of our money, was demanded at the doors; but Pericles, finding probably that the Athenian populace, like that of Rome, required little more than bread and the public shows, caused a decree to be passed by which it was enacted that the magistrates, before every dramatic performance, should distribute to each of the poorer citizens two oboli, one to pay for his place, and another to assist in the supply of his wants during the festival. This soon degenerated into an enormous abuse, the revenues of the state being appropriated to the pleasures of the multitude: nor could so popular a misapplication of the public money be subsequently rectified; for when one of the orators proposed to repeal the law of Pericles, the general assembly passed a decree, forbidding any further mention of the subject under pain of death.

As the Roman theatre bore a close resemblance to that of the Greeks, from which indeed it was chiefly borrowed, it will require but

\* See the seventeenth chapter of Anacharsis, from which these observations on the Greek stage have been mostly abridged.



little notice. In some respects the Romans differed from their prototypes. The profession of an actor was not only declared infamous, but those who practised it were deprived of the rights of citizens; yet the historic art must have been held in high estimation, for the celebrated tragedian, *Æsop*, after a life of unbounded profusion, left at his death a sum equivalent to 160,000*l.*; and other performers were equally prosperous. Such was their influence, too, with the public, that every eminent actor had his party, and their absurd factions engendered so many brawls and riots, not unfrequently terminating in bloodshed, that in the reign of *Tiberius* the players were banished from Italy altogether. From this blow the regular drama never recovered, but the dancers and buffoons gradually returned to and usurped the stage, of which they thenceforward kept undisputed possession.

Authors, on the other hand, appear to have been very indifferently remunerated, the largest sum ever paid for any dramatic work having been given to *Terence* for one of his most esteemed comedies, and this did not exceed 50*l.* of our currency. At first the Roman comedy was wholly borrowed from the Greeks, and when they ventured upon original composition, they soon lost in purity of taste more than they gained in originality; for after the fall of the republic, the stage degenerated until it was finally abandoned, as we have just stated, to dancers and buffoons. Their tragedy was of late introduction, and the remains that have come down to our times are too scanty to allow us to pronounce upon their general merit.

After the play amateurs usually performed a farce, termed an *Atellane* comedy, wherein the actors composed an extemporaneous dialogue, which often degenerated into gross ribaldry. These performers could not be compelled by the audience to unmask, nor were they, like other actors, deprived of their civil rights. Between the acts were generally introduced interludes of tumbling, rope-dancing, and pantomimical representations, which, as the public taste declined, eventually superseded the regular drama. It is recorded that the emperor *Galba* possessed an elephant which walked upon a rope stretched across the theatre; and there is reason to suppose that similar exhibitions formed part of the amusements.

A singular custom prevailed upon the Roman stage, the occasional division of the same part between two actors, the one reciting while the other accompanied him with appropriate gestures. It is conjectured to have originated from the necessity of sparing some particular performer, rendered hoarse by reiterated repetitions of favourite passages, but it does not appear that this anomalous practice was ever extended to dialogue.

The sock, or low-heeled shoe of the comedians merely covered the foot; the high buskin of the tragedians reach to the mid-leg; whence these words were used to denote the different styles of comedy and tragedy. Pantomime actors usually performed bare-footed, though on some occasions they were wooden sandals. Professed dancers used castanets, playing them in unison with the music, as still practised in many parts of the continent. It appears that the chief female dancers

were Spaniards of the province of Andalusia, and that their mode of exhibition was then as remarkable as now for its voluptuousness. Hence it has been conjectured that the same fandango and bolero which charms the present audiences of Madrid once delighted the inhabitants of ancient Rome.

*Smith's Festivals, Games, &c., Ancient and Modern.*

## MILES ON THE HORSE'S FOOT.

*The Horse's Foot, and how to keep it sound; with Illustrations.* By William Miles, Esq. Exeter, 1846.

A lively French artist, wishing to exhibit English character, drew a Miler and Miladi during their honeymoon : they have ridden out together ; she is thrown, her horse having stumbled, to whose nose his master applies her smelling-bottle, while the victim of the *faux pas* lies fainting by herself. Passing these natural consequences of our selling wives like mares at Smithfield, Mr Miles considers bad farriery as an important item in indifferent husbandry. 'For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for the want of a shoe, the rider was tost : ' and how this is to be prevented is shown in his book, which all good men, married or bachelors, who love sound horse-flesh, should purchase.

The author, after serving his country in the Life Guards, was wounded and taken prisoner by Hymen. Such is the fortune of war, from which neither Mars nor Majors are exempt. His occupation was not however gone, when, like Othello, he bade farewell to plumed troops : buried in happy retirement, near the cathedral of Exeter, he retained his love for neighing steeds, as Virgil's cavalry officers when ghosts in Elysium kept up their stable-duty—

' Quæ cura nitentes

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.'

Here our Miles emeritus, possessing a good stud of his own, and enjoying the confidence of his equestrian friends, never wanted four-footed subjects to practise on : not content with theory, he did not mould his sabre into a ploughshare or metaphor, but forged it into horseshoes himself, after the fashion of Mr. Borrow on the great Northern road, or Portia's Neapolitan prince, who could 'not only talk of his horse, but shoe him himself ;' and his highness did well, for actual experiment alone conduces to sound conclusion and safe calceolation, which latter, like cookery in the diplomat, constitutes the

essence of the *Hippiatrist*—Heaven save the mark—as the *ferrier*, the iron-working farrier of yore, is called in new-fangled nomenclature. In vain may professors forge ponderous phraseology, cupodology, hippopathology, &c. &c. until ostlers speak Greek; to make horseshoes of iron is the sum of the modern veterinary craft; all the rest is leather and prunella. The shoe is their difficulty and the horse's weal or woe. The ancients never nailed to the feet of animals those coverings which they well knew the use of as occasional protections; and, we believe, fixtures made of unyielding metal were first fastened to the expanding hoof of English horses by William the Conqueror, whose death, a manifest judgment, was caused by the stumble of his foot-wounded steed. The name *De Ferrers* was assumed by his master of horseshoes, whose noble descendant, free from the false shame of Hippiatrists, still proudly charges his supporter with a horseshoe-argent, the *canting* badge of this chivalresque ancestor.

Mr. Miles, rightly considering the foot to be the important organ of a quadruped destined to go, and the shoe the thing which either makes or mars the foot, has limited his investigations (for the present only, we trust) to these two prominent points, which he has completely mastered, and is indeed a Flavius Vegetius *Renatus*—for so was named the Roman soldier and gentleman who, some 1500 years ago, wrote the first amateur treatise on veterinary art. Our author combines a clear head with a kind heart and a vein of quiet humour; he handles with equal dexterity hammer and scalpel, pen and pencil, paint-brush and engraver's tools: working and writing with a firm hand, his language is so plain that those even who ride, may read and understand. As there is no charlatanerie in his system, there is no technical jargon in his explanations: nay, he publishes so purely for the 'information of the uninformed,' that his treatise may be safely laid on any dragoon mess-table. Although scarlet is not our colour, yet pleasant is a gentle canter on breezy elastic downs, and salutary the constitutional jog in shady lanes, where goosequill and Albemarle-street are forgotten, and we owe to the horrors of a sudden stumble the comfort of 'Miles on the Horse's Foot.'

This portion of the quadruped, because it outwardly seems to be one solid block, thicker than a tandem-driver's head, and made, therefore, to be battered without mercy on roads as hard, contains a mechanism inside that is no less exquisite than those mainsprings of grace which are enclosed in the Cinderella slipper of Tagliioni.

The horny case is lined with thin plates, that are at once elastic and devoid of sensation; thus concussion is broken, and blows are not felt. By this admirable combination of solidity and elasticity, the given and most difficult mechanical problem, to wit, the moving a heavy body with great velocity, is solved. The exterior defensive casing is called the '*crust*' in England, and the '*wall*' in France, where men are unrivalled in making phrases, fortifications, and puffs. This crust is thickest at the fronts of the fore-feet, where the first and greatest shocks are received; and is thinnest—for Nature does nothing in vain—at the heels, where expansion, not resistance, is required. The ground-surface

of the foot is composed of the sensitive sole, which is endowed with a power of descent and ascent, according to the pressure on it from above, and of the *frog*, a spongy but less finely organized substance, which swells at the back part; bulby and well defined in the unshod colt, 'it is converted,' says Mr Miles, 'by the mischievous interference of art—i. e., repeated bad shoeing—into a mere apology for a frog.' He descants on the varieties with the gusto of a French epicure. The subject is important: how indeed can a horse be expected to jump if his frog be inactive? This obvious reflection induced Mr Coleman of the 'College' to devise a 'patent artificial frog,' and a 'patent grass-hopper shoe,' with which hunters were to clear six-barred gates; but both inventions unfortunately broke down, amid grins broader than those provoked by the professor's rhyming namesake.

The exact use of the frog, an open question among professional authors, is left so by our amateur: who shall decide when horse-doctors disagree? All, however, are of accord that its functions are most important, although none can tell what they are. The name frog is a corruption from *frush*—i. e. the *fourche* (furca) of the French, for which the German equivalent is *gabel* not *frosch*, their bonâ fide frog; the ancient term *Χελιδαν* had also reference to the fork-like form of the swallow's tail; our unmeaning frog, and its disease, the running thrush (*frush*), when translated into *grenouille*, and *merle courante*, occasion doubtful mirth to the parfait marechal of France.

Be the names and uses of the frog what they may, the horny wall of the hoof protects three bones in its interior—the coffin, coronet, and navicular: the former is let down to the point of the hoof, and represents the first bone of the great toe of the human foot; more correctly speaking, the whole foot of the horse is one toe; the action will be understood by comparing it to that of the fore-finger of our hand, the knee doing the functions of the wrist; a nail driven into this coffin renders a horse dead lame. Nature has placed the second bone, the coronet, on the top of this coffin, as is done at august funerals. The third bone, the navicular, is placed midway behind the two others: although very small, 'being only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long in a horse of 16 hands high,' it often bears his whole weight, and from doing all the hard work is the 'navie' of the locomotive concern; it rests on a cushion that is interposed between it and the frog, and which is softer than those eider-down pillows on which Cornish miners dream of the reduction of duties on feathers; a tendon passes under the navicular, whose pulley action is facilitated by the secretion of a natural grease. The slightest injury causes inflammation; 'a speck in the bone no larger than a pin's head produces a lameness that defies human art.' Neptune therefore, veterinarily speaking, was right, when in creating the horse marine, he substituted a tail for the hind legs, by which a pair of these ticklish naviculars were avoided.

Julius Cæsar, if Pliny and Suetonius write truth, rejoiced in a steed who had human fore-feet, which probably were booted like his grooms. Another Augustan horse-fancier buskined the feet of his favourite nag with plates of silver; while Poppea, the extravagant wife of Nero,

used gold for their mules. Caligula made a consul of his horse—a job, beyond doubt, since modern authorities find asses to answer equally for such onerous employment. Be that as it may, classical farriery, when the agricultural mind was instructed in hexameters, is a trifle too poetical for practical men of this prosaic age of iron; and an ordinary quadruped naturally requires double attention, since the greater the number of feet, the greater the chances of risk from accident or ignorance. A four-footed beast that has not one leg to stand upon is not likely to lead to much breaking of the tenth commandment.

‘There is, however,’ says our author, ‘perhaps no word in the English language which in its true signification implies *so much*, and in its usual one means *so little*, as the epithet ‘sound’ when applied to horses’ feet. The *great latitude extended to the meaning of words in horse-dealing transactions* has shorn it of every attribute which gave it value, until it conveys no other guarantee than this, that the horse is not palpably lame in one foot only; for if he chance to be lame in both fore-feet, the pain of allowing the weight to rest upon either will cause him to pass it as quickly as possible from one to the other, and not only save him from condemnation, but most probably gain for him the reputation of being a quick stepper.’—p. 42.

Beware nevertheless of hinting, however delicately, that a gentleman’s horse’s feet are unsound, since the indignation of the owner is almost as sure to be aroused thereby as if you suspected his wife; yet, although the fact need not be mentioned, whenever there is inflammation in the foot, no horse will stand on it; and ‘*pointing*,’ in all its varieties, is a sure indication of an attempt to relieve the navicular joint, and to shift the seat of pain. It is not a ‘trick,’ as the dealer will say; for a horse is too sensible a beast to inconvenience his whole frame—he never plays any tricks on himself, not even a frolicsome bit of ‘*bi-shoping*’ or exhilarating ‘*figging*.’

The progress of disease in the foot is almost imperceptible, and the development of lameness gradual; the spur of a brutal rider and the natural courage of a generous animal will cause much pain to be borne without flinching, but endurance has its limits: first the step is shortened, then the ground is struck less forcibly—yet yield at last he must in the unequal struggle of Nature against iron; and after sinking his head and neck to remove their weight from the feet, down he comes, decidedly lame, to the surprise of his master, who, from never suspecting the growing evil, overlooks the real cause, and attributes the casualty to some recent accident; ‘my stupid groom,’ &c. Mr Miles considers warrantics, certificates, &c., to be excellent papers wherewith to light cigars: his earnest advice to a gentleman who has just bought a horse is, to set perseveringly to work by good shoeing, a loose box, and plenty of exercise, to endeavour to *make him sound*; and those who follow his suggestions will at least have the best chance of attaining this consummation devoutly to be wished for.

In shoeing a horse properly, which requires two good hours, and is very seldom done, three points require consideration: the previous preparation of the feet, the form of the shoe, and the manner of fastening

it on. As a general rule, a horse should never be shod in his own stable, but always taken to the forge, where, if the shoe does not fit, it can be altered, which cannot be done at home, where the foot must be fitted to the shoe. Many foolish farriers put the foot in order, as they call it, by rounding it, which they fancy looks pretty. This they effect by cutting away the hoof of young colts, and pinching their feet like those of Chinese ladies, until they can scarcely walk. Where nature perseveres in one form, man, whether making shoes of iron or satin, cannot easily amend the shape. If the horse's foot be fettered, its expansion is circumscribed, by which elasticity is lost and unsoundness originated. The first step before putting on a new shoe is the taking off the old one; the nails must be gently drawn out, which requires as much tact as in managing those of the foot human; all wrenching off, all dragging them violently through the crust, distresses the patient, who struggles to get free as a man does from a rough chiropodist. Forceful extraction injures the laminae of the hoof, which, if once separated, never reunite, but form 'shaky places,' at which good farriers quake. The shoe once off, the edges of the hoof are to be rasped, and the sole pared out, as a thick one impedes the descent of the coffin-bone. An operator errs oftener by removing too little than too much—the frog excepted, although from its being cut as easily as Gruyere cheese, and its then looking so smooth and clean, 'it requires more philosophy than falls to the share of most smiths to resist the temptation to slice away.' Mr. Miles, after defining country farrier experience to be an 'untiring perseverance for years in one unvaried plan,' and that generally a mistaken one, observes that when gentlemen are contented to remain without knowledge, smiths who shoe by rote may be excused—for, after all, they neither wear the shoes nor ride the horse. The wonder is truly that the owner, however learned and dainty as regards his own calceolation, on which the comfort of walking depends, remains indifferent to that of the animal by which he is carried. A good master ought to be able to direct what should be done, and to know if it be well done, which he never will accomplish without some inkling of farriery. The 'far-spread prejudice of opening out the heels, and carving the frog into shape at every 'shoeing,' horrifies our kind author, who never would allow the knife to approach it; for what is sport to the farrier is death to the frog. This elastic organ, when bared of its thin covering texture, cannot stand the dry hard road, but shrivels up and cracks, while the edges wear into exfoliations called 'rags,' which a tidy smith cuts away because unsightly. Their separation should be left to nature, for the frog casts off these worn-out teguments as a snake does his old skin, or a child its first tooth, when a new one formed behind is ready to take its place.

The form of the shoe is a question of great consequence to the horse, and of not less difference of opinion among men; it has perplexed the mind veterinarian from Solleysel, the father of the art, down to the 'College'; nor can any general rule be laid down, or any standard pattern given, since every horse has his own particular foot,

just as every farrier has his own pet conundrum. A wise smith will be governed by the circumstances of every individual case, and will endeavour to make his artificial protection conform as nearly as possible to the model set before him by nature—that guide who never leads astray. The varieties of horseshoes in the ‘books,’ the ‘pan-ton,’ the ‘expanding,’ the ‘paratrite,’ &c., exceed those in the shops of Hoby and Melnotte. Mr Miles has carefully considered the works of his predecessors, and being a thorough master of the anatomy of the horse’s foot, has produced, by a judicious selection of the best points of each, coupled with his own original invention, a result which leaves nothing to be desired. His shoes, however, will be better understood by one glance of his engraved specimens than by pages of letter-press; suffice it therefore to say that the prevalent notion, that shoes cannot be too light, is an error. Horses, except at Astley’s, are not required to dance; and an ounce more or less, which makes too little difference in weight either to strain or weary the back sinews, prevents a shoe bending, and affords greater protection to the sole and frog. The shoes should be of equal thickness throughout, with a flat ground surface, as those with high heels, which asinine smiths make in imitation of their own, are dangerously absurd. The toe, which ought to be raised, is thus lowered, and Nature’s plan reversed, who elevates the point in order to avoid obstructions. The web should be wide, and of the same width throughout, instead of being pinched in, because the Vulcan operator ‘likes to see the shoe well set off at the heels.’ This is both unphilosophical and detrimental; it deceives the eye of man and injures the foot of the horse. ‘The outer edge of the foot rests on the inner edge of the shoe, and the remaining width of the web projects beyond the hoof;’ so that a master who thinks his horse has a good open foot, only has to be proud of a bad open shoe, which both conceals deformities underneath and ‘invites with open arms a bad road to come and do its worst.’ The heels are made bare just where the navicular joint is the most exposed; and if that be inflamed, what must the agony be when the unprotected foot treads on a sharp flint? The horse ‘falls suddenly lame,’ or ‘drops as if he had been shot,’—‘phrases in much too common use to require explanation;’ and small is the pity which the suffering animal meets with from man; who, having first destroyed the use of his victim’s feet, abuses him because he cannot go; and imputes ‘grogginess’ to him as a crime, as if he were in liquor like a groom, and not in agony.

The errors of a vicious shoe, and the merits of a good one, are set forth by Mr. Miles in several drawings which he has lithographed himself. By placing the two specimens in odious comparison, the *reductio ad absurdum* is complete. He was enabled to offer this treat to the public by having most fortunately purchased a horse in Devonshire with four genuine Damnouian shoes, in which all possible defects were concentrated. The originals are nailed over his stable door, to the terror of every witch, farrier, and old woman in the west of England. *A propos de bottes*, when a shoe is properly forged, there is no danger in applying it so hot to the hoof as

to burn the crust, since irregularities of surface are thus discovered and easily removed. In fixing, or putting on the shoe, it should rest only on the horny rim of the hoof; it must not press on the sole, and thus cramp its springy operation; or encumber the heels, where the crust is the thinnest and the power of expansion the greatest. As to the very important manner of fastening it on, and number of nails to be used, Mr Miles, wishing to ascertain with *how few* this could be effected, began with seven for the fore-feet and eight for the hind ones, which he gradually reduced to five and six. This limited number has been found to answer perfectly, and our author's views were entirely corroborated by an intelligent and practical bagsman whose life is spent on horseback, and by the veterinary surgeon of a dragoon regiment accustomed to escort the Queen at tip-top pace. Thin small nails are the best, as making the smallest holes in the crust; they should be driven into the outer quarter, where the crust is the thickest, and not forced in too high, but with the points brought out as soon as possible, and clenched down broadly, and then not too neatly rasped away, which weakens their hold. The heels and inside quarters are to be left free. The misery and destruction entailed on horses by nailing their shoes on both sides of the feet are entirely obviated by this simple system of one-sided nailing, which is unquestionably the discovery that does most honour to modern farriery; accordingly its adoption is pressed upon all owners and lovers of the noble animal, by Mr Miles, with arguments that must carry conviction to all who have heads. This grand specific diminishes at once the continual struggle between the expansion of the foot and the contraction of the iron. Thus fitted on, the shoe becomes a real comfort and protection to the wearer, instead of being a torment and incumbrance, and the foot is left nearly in a state of nature. From the ease which this gives the animal, one-sided nailing will often cure the habit of 'cutting,' or of spoiling his silk stockings, as old Solleysel terms this uncomfortable trick.

It is also the surest method of preventing corns, which are the curse of the stable, and, if Mr Eisenberg's testimonials be not mere puffs, of the house of lords. These corns, white in the feet of noble-men, are, it may be remarked, red in those of horses, being the result of lacerated inflamed blood-vessels; for what is called a 'corn,' being in fact a bruise, is produced by pressure from the heels of the coffin-bone, which itself suffers from loss of expansive power in the hoof, since Nature, who abhors sinecures worse than Joseph Hume, never continues the same measure of effective reparation to structures which are not employed, that she does to those constantly occupied in their allotted tasks.

The corn in the horse as well as his master arises from tight shoes, and the crying evil is best remedied by taking them off, and letting the patient stand all day on wet sawdust in a loose box; this answers every purpose of turning him out to grass, without any exposure to colds, accidents, or the organic injuries which arise from over-distension of the stomach and bowels. Under all circumstances, the shoes should be removed every two or three weeks, according to the work done on



them; when the heads of the nails are worn away the shoe gets insecure, and will rattle whenever a screw is loose: quiet is the test of efficient machinery in nations as well as in individuals, whatever Messieurs Polk and Thiers may predicate to the contrary.

Mr Miles condemns the mode in which the plates or shoes of racers are fastened on, in which eight and nine nails are frequently used for fear of 'casting.' No foot, human or equine, can expand in a tight shoe; and the horse declines, and very properly, throwing his whole weight with all his heart into his feet. The Derby course is a mile and a half in length; to accomplish which requires 330 good race-strides, of 24 feet each; the loss of one inch on each stride gives 9 yards and 6 inches:

'But suppose the loss to be 4 inches upon each stride, which it is much more likely to be, then it would amount to 36 yards 2 feet, or 13 lengths; which is full enough to raise a cry of 'foul play,' 'the horse is amiss,' &c. Now, no jockey in the world, however frequently he may have ridden a horse, can so exactly measure his stride as to be enabled to detect a deficiency of one 72nd part of it, which 4 inches would be, much less could he detect the 288th part, which 1 inch would be: so that he never could make himself acquainted with the real cause of so signal and unexpected a defeat, and the whole matter would remain involved in mystery, casting suspicion and distrust on all around.'—p. 35.

Unfortunately, the high-mettled racer, who wears the shoe and knows where it pinches, has not the gift of speech like Dean Swift's Houynims. The horse has his deficiency in common with the baby, whence farriers find their cavalry quite as difficult to manage as physicians do their infantry, who cannot explain symptoms.

The falling off of speed which is often observed between a horse's 'last gallop' and the race, may be accounted for by his having taken his gallop in his *old* shoes, to which the feet were accustomed, while the race was run in *new* ones, firmly nailed on from head to heel, effectually 'making him quite safe,' by putting it out of the range of possibility that he should ever be enabled to 'get into his best pace.' Mr Miles recommends three-quarter plates, which should be fastened on by no more than six nails, and these placed only between the outer heel and the inner toe. This is well worth Lord George Bentinck's consideration, whenever, his present race being over, the kind stars permit him to exchange the corrupt atmosphere, tricks, and politics of St. Stephen's for the fresh-aired downs of Newmarket, where, says Mr. Bracy Clarke, in his luminous Podopthora, 'wealth, learning often, and horses, do go hand-in-hand.' Note also this wrinkle for fox-hunters:—never, when the season is over, let the horses' feet remain cramped up in short hunting-shoes, but relieve them by longer ones, just as the rider exchanges his top-boots for slippers: an easy shoe—blessings on the man who invented it—comforts a groggy, over-hunted horse as much as it does a gouty, overhaunched mayor.

Mr Miles, duly estimating the advantages of freedom of motion, had long converted his stable-stalls into boxes, from a dislike to seeing

his hobby-horses treated worse than wild beasts; who at least are allowed to traverse their den. Loose boxes are too generally left untenanted because no horse happens to be an invalid; yet they are more useful to sound animals than even to sick ones, since prevention of disease is better than its cure. The poor beast, cribbed, cabined, and confined, chained to his rack, and tortured by being unable to change position, is put for hours to the stocks, and condemned to the hard labour of having nothing to do—which destroys dandies and bankrupt commissioners. The prisoner suffers more from long standing still than from any trotting on the hardest road—it is the rest, not the work, that kills; and still more, when the pavement of the stall is up-hill, which, as his legs are of equal length, and not like a camelopard's, is at once painful and injurious; he meets the difficulty by standing on his hind toes in order to equalise the weight, and thereby strains his tendons and gets 'perched.' The floor should be perfectly level and paved with granite slabs, which should drain themselves by having herring-bone gutters cut in them, as nothing is more fatal to the eyes of horses than the ammonia so usually generated under them. A box so arranged is not merely a luxury to a horse and mare, but as absolute a necessity as one at the Haymarket is to a lord and lady. Nature is ever our surest guide. The animal when grazing in a field never is quiet a second; frog and sole are always on the move, and therefore in good condition, because they regularly perform their functions; the cushion of the navicular is never there absorbed as it is in an idle stall. If the brains of learned men are liable to be dried up under similar circumstances of *otium cum pinguitudine*, the soles of irrational creatures necessarily must fare worse: turn the same animal into loose boxes, and the slightest tap on the corn-bin will occasion at least fifty wholesome expansions of every sensitive organ.

Mr Miles gives working plans of the simple contrivance by which he converted a four-stalled stable into one of three boxes. This suppression of supernumerary stalls was effected by shifting the divisions. A tripartite arrangement is far preferable to solitary confinement, for horses are curious, social animals; they love their neighbours, and like to see what they are at, as much as county families do, whose pews adjoin in their parish church. The best partition is brick noggin, which should be cased with boarding, and surmounted with iron rails: the separation should be carried highest near the manger, in order to prevent the company from watching each other at meals—a thing which is not only unmannerly, but injurious to health. Each hopes to get some of his neighbour's prog, and is also afraid of his neighbour getting some of his; inasmuch that the best-bred horse, even when next to a pretty filly, invariably bolts his feed—just as a Yankee senator does at a boarding-house table d'hôte, although Fanny Butler sits at his side. Dyspepsia is the sure result of this imperfect mastication.

One word only on diet. The groom will persist in treating his horse like a Christian, which, in his theology, consists in giving him as much too many feeds as he does to himself; but shoes are not more surely forged on anvils than diseases are in the stomach both of beasts

and men who make themselves like them. Nature contrives to sustain health and vigour on a precarious, stinted supply, since it is not what is eaten but what is digested that nourishes. Her system should be imitated in quantity and quality; she regulates the former according to the length of the day and the amount of work required to be done, and bids the seasons, her handmaids, vary the latter by a constant change in the bill of fare. Her primitive sauces are air and exercise, and her best condiment, however shocking to the nerves of Monsieur Ude, is mud: more pecks of real dirt are eaten by quadrupeds who graze in the fields, than are of moral dirt by your biped parasites who make love to my lord's eyebrow and soup-tureen. Provide, therefore, your nice nags with their cruet and salt-cellar, by placing in each manger a large lump of rock-salt and chalk, to which, when troubled with indigestion or acidity, they will as surely resort as the most practised London diners-out do to their glaubers and potash; nor will they often require any other physic. If a bucket of water be placed always in their reach, they will sip often, but never swill themselves out to distension, which they otherwise are 'obligated to do' (like their valet) whenever liquor comes in their way, in order to lay in a stock like the camels, who reason on the uncertainty of another supply.

Boxes, however beneficial to horses, are unpopular with prejudiced grooms, who have an instinctive dread of improvements which do not originate with themselves; and although in truth few classes are more ignorant of the philosophy and ologies of the horse than stable folk, yet, in common with all who handle ribbons or horse-flesh, they have jockeyed themselves into the credit of being the knowing ones *par excellence*; accordingly such servants, especially if old ones and treasures, generally rule and teach their masters, for gentlemen pique themselves vastly on connoisseurship of pictures and horses, and are shy of asking questions which imply ignorance. The whole genus groom has an antipathy to any changes which give them more work; they particularly dislike, when they have 'cleaned' their charges, to see them lie down, 'untidy' and 'dirty' themselves again; they sneer at what they call 'finding mares nest'; and pretend that horses eat their beds, as the pious Æneas and his friends did their tables. But Mr Miles has invented a femedial muzzle for these gross feeders, of which he gives us an engraving. Boxes again are ruinous to the veterinary surgeon, who fees grooms, since they do away with the great cause of profitable grogginess. These gentry are jealous of amateur farriery, and abhor any revelations to the uninitiated of family secrets in plain intelligible English. Mr Miles cannot expect to be popular in the west, a latitude which imports rather than exports wise men; the horse-doctor shudders lest disease, death, and himself should be set aside, by every man—*Milite duce*—becoming his own farrier. So thought the pupils of Abernethy, after his publication to the world of the panacea blue pill: 'but take courage, gentlemen,' said he, 'not one of your patients will ever follow any advice.' Mr Miles, however, like the Oriental hakim, prefers exercise to mercurial treatment—'the best physician is a horse, the best apothecary an ass.' Exercise, com-

bined with cleanliness, is meat, drink, and physio for horse and groom; although the latter loves rather to lurk in the larder, and never carries his own Roman-cemented carcase—and thinks, reasoning from his own sensations, that no harm is done to a horse by not going out until his legs begin to swell. A regular daily walking-exercise of two hours is the smallest possible quantity to ensure health; while three or four are much better.

‘When masters remember that the natural life of a horse is from thirty-five to forty years, and that three-fourths of them die, or are destroyed, under twelve years’ old—used up—with scarcely a foot to go upon; I take it,’ says Mr. Miles, ‘that they will be very apt to transfer their sympathies from the groom, and his trouble, to their own pockets and their horses’ welfare’.—p. 41.

Yet, were it not for the wise provision of nature which causes legs to swell after inaction, and the overlively exuberance of antics by which a fresh horse exhibits his schoolboy exultation of being let loose and getting out of the stable—probably even less than the present poor pittance of exercise would be given by idle grooms and timid masters.

The horny wall of the horse’s foot is apt to get dry and brittle in a hot stable, where temperature ought to range from 56° to 60°. Dry straw, coupled with excess of heat, produces cracks in the crust, the natural effects of overbaking; this is counteracted by grease and moisture, using the first first—which is an axiom—in order to prevent evaporation. Mr. Miles furnishes the receipt of an ointment which he has found to succeed admirably. In hot summer days the feet should be tied up in a cloth, and occasionally plunged into buckets of cool water; beware, however, of washing the feet too soon after exercise, as it checks perspiration and induces fever; clean them when cool, and rub the hock and pasterns dry with the hand—the best of towels; a stopping also at night of fresh cow-dung keeps the frog moist and sweet.

*Quarterly Review for June.*

## A FOX HUNT IN THE DECCAN BY SPECULATION.

As it is just possible the forthcoming number of the *Sporting Mag.* may have a sheet or two to spare, and knowing that all adventures in the Shikar line whether on foot or mounted, laying low the lordly Tiger, or scientifically knocking over the first Snipe of the season, spearing the mighty Boar or walking into any Reynard, are alike acceptable, I send you an account of what although perhaps not the most dashing exploit, was still about the most amusing occurrence I’ve ever witnessed.

The most conspicuous piece of humanity on the field was a freshly imported Cornet, sporting a tippy black beaver castor, and about the longest pair of Hussar muster spurs ever fixed on to a boot heel; to add to the elegance of these they terminated in understandings much resembling cabbage stalks, in size, but, by the powers, in length no stem of a Brussels sprout could come near them: these were cased in a pair of boots, and suspended across a nag said to be a good one, and most decidedly so in the Cornet's estimation—and why? he had once won the hack stakes at Bangalore, but how long since, was out of the memory of man: his legs were of a pleasing and uniform thickness, from the knee downwards, and might have been any thing you pleased, for any indication they shewed of bone or speed, nevertheless the Cornet said he had a go in him, and so he had, but a deuced little one, and that required the Cornet's long spurs, not sparingly administered, to get it out of him—but adieu to the Cornet, for a little, to give you a look at his companions. The one, a man upwards of six feet, weighing somewhere about 14 stone, and an old stager at this and all other Shikar work, was mounted on an animal big as an Elephant, and looking more fit for a Brewer's Drag than to take his place in a hunting field, but appearances were against him, for he proved to be what his owner said of him:—"Tho' Alderman by name and in appearance, he is as active as a cat." The third of this illustrious field was somewhat leggy, but no foot on horseback, for he kept his long legs still, and managed his horse like an experienced Jockey, but the horse he was perfect, as fine a specimen of a welter Arab, as ever appeared on the Indian Turf, and standing 15-1, a beautiful silvery Grey with black points. Now, Mr Editor, you have the men and horses. The dogs were not first chop, something of a drop between a Persian and Polygar, shewing no signs of great speed, but looking like devils to scrag. After leaving home half a mile behind us, two foxes were successively tallyhoed, but earths being plentiful they soon disappeared. The third was a fine vixen, and when put up was viewed about 290 yards off. The Cornet caring nothing for distance layed in as fast as his horse's legs would let him. Sticking his heels, settling himself in his most approved Riding School seat, he crammed in the Brummagem, gave a view halloo, and thought himself no end of a Nimrod—the Bangalore tit went away at a deuce of a rate, the gallant grey 'Speculation' was soon at his quarter, closely followed by the Alderman; the Bangalore nag for a few strides then shot a-head, leaving him to try a run with the Alderman, but the civil official declined his company, leaving the poor devil very nearly burst. However, away went the fox, dogs and men, over about the roughest ground ever ridden over. The dogs soon found they were no match for the vixen, but Spec and the Alderman determined not to go home without a brush; and upon the Alderman's asking if Spec had ever ridden down a Fox, and the reply being in the negative, it was determined to do so. You may therefore suppose, Mr Editor, the pace was no parade canter; it was awful, over black rotten soil mostly, with large holes at every yard, to get into which would have put an end to your nags hunting again. After rid-

ing about three miles, the Fox made for bund of a tank, over it Spec and the Alderman went, dropping some 10\* feet into the dry bed of the tank. The Alderman being a little in front here, thought he'd take a pull on his nag, and a look at his friends. Spec was taking an awful nullah in most sporting style, on either side of which the ground was broken, and much resembled a plate of walnut shells. Not so the Cornet, he was at a stand still, on the top of the bund; his horse, the famed Bangalore Hack, was standing gasping for breath, his fore legs extended to the front, looking very queer, and his tail tucked between his hind legs, his master leaning over his neck looking into the black soil of the tank, and demanding, in most piteous tones, to be informed if there was a bowrie down there, not feeling at all inclined for a bath, and strongly sympathising with a friend who had damaged his beauty and a bran new beaver by tumbling into a bowrie, horse and all, only a few days previous. But there was no time to be lost, as the vixen was getting away, so, taking she Alderman's advice, away we went, and after no end of twisting and turning, Spec and the Alderman taking it alternately the dogs came up, and the poor vixen was saved from being run to death by being scragged.

But the poor Cornet's mishaps were not at an end—for having made his appearance, shortly after the Fox was scragged, he kindly agreed to hold Spec while his rider detailed the Fox—never dreaming that his nag had a go in him, for he was so lame that he had only three legs to stand on, and his tucked up flanks, and slightly tremulous motion of his tail, indicated most strongly a case of bellows to mend.

But the Bangalore boaster finding he was left to himself thought going home without a rider would be preferable to carrying home his master, so off he went jogging at a walk, and gradually getting into a kind of three-legged run, leaving the astounded Cornet five miles from home ejaculating "why, there goes my horse." But, Mr Editor, I can give you no idea of the ground passed over, the only miracle is how we got over it without a fall. The pace was awful, nothing but cramming from first to last. Notwithstanding what has been said of the Cornet, he proved himself game, and rode like blazes till there was a chance of a bowrie, and I must leave you to imagine the shouts of laughter which greeted him on his arrival in cantonment, mounted on a grass cutter's tat 11 hands high.

Believe me, Mr Editor, yours,

SPECULATION.

*Madras Atlas, July 30.*

\* !—ED.

## AQUATIC.

## THE HENLEY-ON-THAMES GRAND REGATTA.

The aquatic festival is amongst the most interesting in the kingdom, on account of the rank and character of the competitors in the various boat races, the nature of the prizes contended for, the beauty of the scenery surrounding the limpid arena, and the gathering of fair women and brave men they attract from the metropolis, from famed Oxford, and from numerous other parts, both rural and urban. This regatta has now completed its apprenticeship the seventh year's contests taking place this week under circumstances proving perfection, so far as human powers could attain so great a desideratum. Thursday last was the opening day, and propitious it would have been had it not been for a couple of "pelting showers," the usual annual visitations on these occasions. Not lasting long—its effects cooling and clearing the atmosphere, and whisking away the dust and annoying insects, delightfully compensated for any temporary inconvenience it in the first instance caused. The meadows along 'Henley's beautiful reach' presented a most animated appearance, being thickly trodden by a gay male and female throng. The appearance of its banks, along which those fine young fellows, the life of both universities, and the hope of one high fraction of the nation, were to be seen running, cheering their favourites in the competing boats as they flew by, was most pleasantly exciting. The guard boats were as usual brought into requisition, and although they did their duty, no one, we think, would consider himself forced to intrude upon the river for a better view of the different aquatic antagonists, as the stands of the Bucks side of the river afforded every accommodation for obtaining a full and uninterrupted prospect, and did the beautiful greensward on the opposite side. The Stewards' Stand, admirably fitted up, was the recipient of the *élite* of both sexes, who delight in and patronise the manly and invigorating sport of boat racing. Among those present we noticed Lord Camoys (one of the stewards, and a staunch supporter of the regatta) and family, Lord Falmouth, Lord Anson, Sir Jasper Nicholls and family, John Fane, Esq., W. P. W. Freeman, Esq., C. Lane, Esq., Col. Moncrieff, Major L. M. Cooper, W. H. Vanderstegen, Esq. and many other influential gentlemen and their families. The bridge was lined with carriages, containing elegantly attired ladies, for from this part an excellent view of the regatta course could be obtained. On the second day the spectators assembled much more numerous than on the preceding one, notwithstanding the weather hazy and threatening, with a breeze from the south-west, but extremely favourable for the generality of competitors. At the close of the first day's proceedings the Earl of Falmouth, the Marquis of Downshire, and Lord Kilmorey were announced by Mr. Nash, the truly indefatigable hon. secretary, as hav-

ing consented to be added to the list of the stewards. There were the usual meetings at the Town Hall each morning, and we must say that no selection of stewards or committee could have exerted themselves more, or showed a great desire to meet the wishes of the contending parties. Mr Bishop again officiated as umpire, and his boat was, as formerly, manned by eight London watermen. The band of the Second Life Guards were engaged, and from a barge moored opposite the stewards' stand, enlivened the scene by the admirable manner in which they executed the task allotted them. The hospitalities so proverbial at Henley lost none of their former lustre, and among those who entertained large parties of visitors, as well as friends, were the Messrs Brakspear, Cooper, Lane, Byles, Brooks, Stubbs, Hickman, *cum multis aliis*. Amongst the various placards and other decorations of the Stewards' Stand, we noticed the very useful map of the regatta course, by Mr Allnatt, which we have alluded to in a former number, and a chart, in the form of a volute or shell, in which every event connected with the regatta since its establishment in 1839 is shown at one view; it is divided into sections, each section representing the events of a year. The smaller semicircles are appointed to the various regatta prizes on their respective colours, and show the names of the clubs who had from time to time been the holders of the various challenge cups, and the names of the winners of the presentation prize. In the larger white spaces between the smaller series of semicircles appear the appointments of stewards' committee, dates of entrance days, and regattas, number of entrances for each prize, the names of the winning crews, the amount of every year's subscription, entrance fees, expenses, and, in fact, forming a perfect record of every incident interesting to the parties connected with the regatta. It was prepared by Mr Nash, the hon. secretary, who, we trust, will be induced to comply with the wishes of many, to have it lithographed and published, and thus render useful to many that which was only intended to furnish a means of reference for himself. We must not, however, extend our preliminary remarks, as our space warns us to desist, and we shall, therefore, commence our description of the various contests during this two days' most interesting regatta:—

#### THE SILVER WHERRIES PAIR OAR RACE.

##### *First Heat.*

For these handsome prizes there were, it will be seen, nine pairs entered, and consequently, excellent sport was anticipated, and in this the spectators were not disappointed.

T. H. Fellows, Leander Club, and E. Fellows, Exeter College, Oxford... 1

J. W. Conant, St. John's, and W. C. Stapylton, Merton College, Oxford. 2

F. Royds, Brasenose, and W. Polehampton, Pembroke, Oxford ... .. 3

The betting generally was in favour of Conant and Stapylton, who went in advance at starting from the Berk shore, by Royds and Polehampton, who had the centre station, but the Messrs Fellows, from the Bucks side of the river, the best position, which they won by two, overhauled the second boat at Remingham Lodge, and in crossing the



water at the well known point, at the Poplars, came out ahead of the leading pair, ultimately winning, comparatively easy at the last, by two lengths, Royds and his partner being a respectable third.

### *Second Heat.*

W. H. Milman and M. Haggard, both of Christ Church, Oxford... .. 1

E. P. Wolstenholme and S. Vincent, Trinity College, Cambridge ... .. 2

E. Tonks, Queen's College, and F. T. Woodman, Magdalen Hall, Oxford 0

Shortly after starting Tonks and companion twice fouled Wolstenholme and Co., but the heat was continued, and Milman and partner came in well ahead of the Trinity College gentlemen. It was decided by the umpire that the first and second boats should row again, and Tonks and Woodman be considered distanced. In the race subsequently the two pairs a truly exciting scene, the struggle for victory being of the most determined and plucky character. The Oxonians and Cantabs ran in shoals along the path in the meadows, and by shouts, amounting frequently to screams, urged their respective friends to increased exertion. Haggard and partner had a slight lead, but at the Poplars their opponents made a tremendous spurt to go in advance, but it being met by a corresponding effort by the leading men, the Oxford pair were enabled to maintain their 'vantage ground, ultimately winning by barely a length.

### *Third Heat.*

F. George and W. Maule, both of Trinity College, Oxford... .. 1

F. M. Wilson, Ch. Church, and W. U. Heygate, Merton College, Oxford 2

Colquhoun, Trin. Hall Cambridge, and Colquhoun, Leander Club, London 3

This was also an admirably contested heat, George and Maule soon obtaining the lead, followed by Wilson and coadjutor, and in this way they continued to the finish, all pulling as if it were for the "life of them," the leading men winning by two lengths. At the point the Colquhouns got too near the bank, and fouled it, but on getting "all right," again they pluckily continued their exertions, and were not far from the second boat at the finish.

### *Final Heat.*

Milman and Haggard, Oxford... .. 1

T. H. Fellows, London and Oxford ... .. 2

F. George and W. Maule, Cambridge... .. 3

This heat, it will be seen, was rowed by the winners of the three preceding ones, and therefore the beautiful silver models of wherries with oars (presentation prizes) afforded considerable sport. It was an excellent race for the greater part of the distance, Milman and partner leading, who finally, however, won by about two lengths. The struggle for second place was extremely good, the Cambridge pair being only defeated by a very short distance. The Oxonians on the shore were in extacies at the success of their fellow collegians in this race, and confidently looked forward for even greater triumphs ere the regatta was brought to a close.

*Bell's Life in London, June 23.*

## ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

MATCH FOR THREE PRIZES SAILED FOR BY FIRST AND SECOND  
CLASS YACHTS.

On Saturday, the 4th inst. this distinguished club closed a brilliant season. The morning was splendid and the day such as we ought to expect in the height of a fine summer; but for sailing it was far from being what might reasonably have been desired. It was, however, a tempting day for gay and pleasure-seeking people; and, consequently, the steamer was crowded with a very distinguished party, among whom we noticed the Duke of Beaufort, Lord de Ros, Lord Sealham, and a most pleasing assemblage of ladies, whose elegant attire and demeanour gave more than usual brilliancy to the animated scene. The steamer on this occasion was punctual to her appointed time, and left London Bridge so exactly according thereto, that many who calculated on the delay which too generally attends her departure would have lost their passage but for the assistance of the Railway to Blackwall, where she made a considerable addition to her freight, and proceeded at speed to Erith. There we found all yachts of the first class, which were entered to sail, at their moorings; viz,

Belvedere, ...	... 25 tons...	...	... Lord A. Paget.
Ino, ...	... 25 „	...	... H. Gibson, Esq.
Secret, ...	... 25 „	...	... J. W. Smith, Esq.
Vixen, ...	... 25 „	...	... J. Heighington, Esq.
Prima Donna, ...	... 25 „	...	... T. Harvey, Esq.

And three of the second; viz.

Ranger, ...	... 12 tons...	...	... E. Roberts, Esq.
Enchantress,...	... 11 „	...	... — Atkinson, Esq.
Wee Pet, ...	... 12 „	...	... J. W. Gordon, Esq.

The Sea Nymph and Waterwitch were not forthcoming.

At 25 minutes after 12 o'clock, Lord Alfred Paget (the Commodore) gave the signal for preparation, and two minutes after the starting gun was fired, and the eager fleet of vessels sprung into life and action. There was only one that did not play her part with good effect, and we feel some compunction at having to visit so innocent a thing as the Wee Pet with notice of her *maladresse*. She *canted* the wrong way, and we are sorry to say seemed, in so doing, to have canted her luck overboard for she was literally thrown out of the match by this *lubberly* accident. Notwithstanding the calmness of the weather the yachts *deployed* in excellent style; and we could, if time permitted, mention some nice points of merit in several: we feel compelled to speak of the Ranger, whose trim and surprising quickness gave the alarm to many who favoured the first class yachts, whose reputation

really seemed many times, in the course of the day, in peril from this little vessel. The Ino made a movement which seemed questionable to some who are interested for her; but the event proved she was well handled. She stood away from all the other vessels, and made for the south shore of the *Roads*; and shortly afterwards a light air came out freely from the south, and carried her rapidly past the Belvedere, which yacht was then leading off with evidently improved action since we last had occasion to speak of her. The only vessel that followed the example of the Ino was the Ranger; and she shared so effectually the favour of the *Ausonian Zephyr*, that she became second boat before the fleet reached Purfleet. When the breeze grew less partial, the Secret showed her quality, and began by overhauling and passed the Belvedere; the other yachts also walked the water with more life than they had hitherto shown. The Prima Donna drew past the Belvedere, and seemed likely to retrieve the good opinions of her admirers. At the entrance of Long Reach, the Secret made an attempt to pass the Ranger, but failed; the little one would stand no nonsense, and held her own with praiseworthy determination. The Secret then shifted her large foressail, and tried what she could do by going freely to leeward for the advantage of the tide; but the Ino and Ranger went "fast and free," and seemed as if they would not yield a chance to any of their competitors. As we approached Greenhithe however, things assumed an aspect somewhat critical. The wind became *heady*, and it appeared doubtful whether the yachts which had made too free with the tide would be able to lay through the Reach. The Ino went well through; but we were anxious for the Secret and some others; and the fate of our favourite, the Ranger, seemed imminent; she was forced to tack to get clear of the lee shore, by which we thought her likely to lose considerably; for the Prima Donna passed her, and soon afterwards the Secret came up and robbed the little Ranger of her well contested second position in the race. The Ino, off Greenhithe, fell into a stark calm; and while we admired the grace and beauty of her form, which we could see reflected in the mirror-like surface on which she lay, we could not but regret the danger which was threatening her, as the Secret was coming "hand-over hand" upon her. We were relieved, therefore, when we observed a friendly ripple stealing over from the southward, and presently snatching the Ino away from her fearful opponent. Here, too, the Ranger once more passed ahead of the Prima Donna, showing that her board to windward was not so ill-judged as we had deemed it to be. The Belvedere sailed exceedingly well in the capricious light airs which every now and then favoured sometimes one and sometimes another of the yachts. She drew upon the Ranger rather rapidly: but did not succeed in getting past her. In the *dead run* and almost *dead drift* through St Clement's the Ranger and Prima Donna, and also the Secret, gained considerably upon the Ino; and off Grays, (the wind having favoured the sternmost vessels,) the whole fleet were brought together again, and made, as it were, a fresh start. We could dwell with some emphasis upon the scene which was here presented by the numerous yachts sailing in company, as well as by

those in the match. It was a rare and most exquisite display; and as the full blaze of the burning sun fell upon the broad bright sails which covered the lee shore, and fairly sparkled upon the horizon, it was more like the delusion of a fairy view than the mere combination of the graces of art with those of nature. Those who saw it will not wonder that we pause in our description of the match to revive, albeit imperfectly, their recollection of the vivid and glowing picture. At the top of Northfleet Hope, the Belvedere (the wind drawing more freely from south-west) set her giant topsail, and showed that she valued exertion at a low price compared with the credit she might win by it. As we have before said, the match made a fresh start here: and the Ranger very daringly advanced upon the weather quarter of the Ino, and saucily challenged the 'beauty' to cede her 'pride of place.' The order of the yachts, at the time was this:—The Ino leading, closely pursued by the Ranger, Prima Donna, Secret, Belvedere, Enchantress, and Vixen. The Secret made a mysterious movement here. Instead of looking up to windward she went to leeward, as she had done in Long Reach, and became a speculative object, for she fore-reached rapidly, and bade fair to go ahead, if the wind held true. The Vixen, which had much improved her position, was here ill-used by a big, and forced head to wind, to her serious disadvantage. At the bottom of Northfleet Hope the course adopted by the Secret was shown to be a fallacious one. The wind again grew short and scant, and the Ino and those who had held on to windward made good their way through this difficult reach; while the Secret was baffled, and forced to make a tack to windward before she could clear the point at the entrance of Gravesend Reach. The Prima Donna gained a distinguished place off Northfleet, and for a short time was second in the match. Ranger, however, again contrived to resume her ambitious post as second only to the Ino; and we, all who witnessed the act, were infinitely disgusted at the conduct of a new steam vessel which had accompanied the match. This vessel went close under the lee of the Ranger, at her greatest speed, and so shook the brave little craft that there was nothing left for her but to tack to save her from being washed on the north shore of Gravesend Reach, the wind at the moment being so light that it was impossible for her to work off by the other means. She managed, nevertheless, to pass ahead of the Belvedere, and off Rasherville, the Ino happening to be most cruelly becalmed, the Ranger and Belvedere gained rapidly upon her, and shortly after the Secret caught 'a slice of luck,' a puff of wind full and free from the S. W., came to her aid, and carried her, at the rate of eight or nine knots, abreast of the two yachts, which were pursuing Ino, who, at this moment seemed to be deserted by her good fortune, and lay literally choking in a calm, while the Secret was foaming along with savage mien and cruel energy of purpose, to tear the well-earned wreath of promised victory from the brow of her 'sauteous rival.' By this time the match had arrived at Gravesend, and here we witnessed one of those singular effects which occur in hot calm weather. Two winds were blowing in each other's teeth: the one which had helped

the Secret to the second place in the contest came fresh from the W. S. W., while we could see a whole fleet of large vessels running to meet us with studding-sails set, and a strong breeze, from E. N. E. On such occasions there is always a calm, so hot and still, that it seems as if the heat had caused a vacuum in the atmosphere. And it was in this oven-like space that the poor Ino lay apparently at the mercy of her jealous antagonist. Fortunately the north-easter came in time to fan the fainting Ino into life and motion before the Secret could pounce upon her; and at the same instant it seemed to baulk the eager advance of the Secret, which vessel was thrown upon the larboard tack, while the Ino achieved some advantage by making the best of opportunity, and standing to the northward on the other tack. This prolonged the contest, and revived the interest of it, which the oppressive calm had somewhat abated. The Enchantress, Belvedere, and Prima Donna, made some very good play; which we cannot help noticing in favour of the little one, who certainly would have done better had her sails not been so indifferent. And now the ebb tide being spent, it was evident that the yachts, as well as the spectators, began to question how far the Commodore would allow the match to proceed. The Secret, after a few boards to windward, shifted her jib; and the Belvedere was forced to haul down her large topsail, which she had carried on for sometime, in the evident expectation that the order would be given to sail round the steamer, and run for Greenwich. The Ino also shifted her topsail, which, considering its large dimensions, does great credit to her sail-maker. We are of opinion that the Commodore acted under the circumstances, with great judgment and impartiality. The contest between the Ino and Secret was much too interesting to be abruptly cut short: it was very judicious therefore to give those vessels a fair opportunity of trying their respective merits, and this was very admirably managed. For a long time the Ino resisted her clever foe with much ability and ingenuity; but when about a mile below Gravesend, the Secret did contrive to wrest the weather gage from the graceful Ino, and with some difficulty to hold it too. At about half-past three o'clock, the Commodore fired two guns to give the yachts notice of his intention, and she proceeded to anchor the steamer a little above Cliff Creek, in order that the yachts might sail round; it being quite impossible for the match to go the whole distance proposed in such variable and (to use a phrase which some of our readers may scarcely approve) such paltry weather. The yachts then sailed round in the following order:

	M. S.				H. M. S.		
Secret.....	3	48	0	Prima Donna .....	3	59	30
Ino .....	3	48	2	Enchantress.....	4	2	20
Belvedere.....	3	54	30	Vixen.....	4	10	20
Rangor.....	3	55	35				

The struggle between the Secret and the Ino at this juncture was by far the most interesting event of the day. They fought like generous enemies, without seeking to jockey each other; and as if it were agreed between the owners that the event should rest upon the merits

of the yachts alone. There was little difference in space between them, and we think we may assign merit where we think it due. (not assuming, however, that we are infallible) without fear of seeming too partial to the winning 'form and feature' of the admired *Ino*. We are therefore of opinion that she now displayed great judgment in her endeavour to recover her position; and we further venture a notion, that the *Secret* committed a trifling error in standing somewhat too far to the northward in her last tack in that direction. The result was, that *Ino* fetched her position to the southward of the steamer so exactly, that she had precisely sufficient room for her work, and nothing to spare. She came upon the starboard tack in most promising style; and it was doubtful whether she would not be first round when the *Secret* rushed rudely and powerfully athwart her bow, put her helm-a-lee with great energy, and succeeded in just flinging herself in the wind of the *Ino*. There was, however, no longer time to try out the case, it was 'a pretty quarrel as it stood,' and all parties were obliged to abide the issue. The *Ino* made one fast and brave effort to luff out upon the *Secret's* quarter; but it was too late: an instant after the gun fired, and announced that the *Secret* was round; and *Ino* was almost at the same moment in the same position as her rival. Away they went, big topsails and big jibs, and we thought we should never see them again, having to wait so long for the sternmost yachts. When the *Vixen* went round the steamer we were amused to see her for some thirty seconds or so, with five sails set, not having hauled down her winding jib till the other was hoisted and sheeted home. It would be tedious to dwell upon details in the run home, inasmuch as no change took place in the position of the yachts, which arrived at Greenwich in the time here specified:—

	R.	M.	S.		R.	M.	S.
1. <i>Secret</i> .....	6	45	30	4. <i>Ranger</i> .....	7	15	20
2. <i>Ino</i> .....	6	55	30	5. <i>Prima Donna</i> .....	7	24	20
3. <i>Belvedere</i> ....	7	0	55				

The others were not timed.

The prizes were presented in due and accustomed form, the *Ino* taking the second prize, and the *Ranger* the cup given to the second class boats. We often during the day expected to see this little iron clipper walk off with the first class £60 prize.

The splendid band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) again attended, no doubt by the order of their gallant and noble Colonel, who, we must mention, was, as usual, greeted by the company on board the steamer with a kind of enthusiasm that really amounts to affection.

Adam's accomplished band was doubled in strength on this occasion, and wrought in admirable harmony with the Blues' band, the two combined giving such powerful effect to their performance that an elegant party on board the Princess steamer danced quadrilles and polkas to the Commodore's music, an incident which was both amusing and interesting to those who witnessed it. We have not time to notice several similar occurrences, and we regret it. Space permits us only to add that the whole of the day's pleasure was pleasure indeed.

*Bell's Life in London, July 12.*

## GRAND CHALLENGE CUP RACE.

In this eight-oared race, for the honour of holding this magnificent prize, and receiving the handsome presentation medals, three boats were also entered, and they came in thus:—

The Thames Club, London,	...	...	...	...	...	1
The Cambridge Black Prince,	...	...	...	...	...	2
Eton and Westminster, Oxford	...	...	...	...	...	3

We have already given the names of the first two crews, and therefore it is only necessary to give those of Oxford, which were as follows:—W. C. Stapylton, E. Button, J. Traver, F. M. Wilson, J. W. Conant, J. A. Ogle, W. U. Heygate, W. H. Milman (stroke): but who steered them 'this deponent knoweth not.' The previous closely contested race had excited a lively interest among the spectators as to the result of the present one, and as the Thames Club evidently determined 'to do or die,' many were found to speculate on their success. The latter had the station on the Berks side of the river, with the Contabs next to them in the centre, and the Oxonians' (formerly of Eton and Westminster) on the opposite shore. The start was somewhat in favour of Oxford, but they could not long retain it, the Cambridge crew wresting the lead from them, the Thames presensing the latter crew. Between the two last named one of the most rapid and severe struggles ever witnessed ensued, which was continued for the greater part of the distance, but despite of the manly exertions of the crew of the Black Prince, the Thames Club drew in advance, increased their distance ahead almost every stroke, and finally went in winners by between three and four lengths, thus reversing the order of things, the Contabs beating them in the previous race for the Ladies' Plate. The Oxford, however, were not more than a boat and half's length astern of the Black Prince, having, although defeated, 'worked like Britons' the whole away. It was one of the quickest races on record, the distance about a mile and a quarter against stream being completed in 8min. 15sec.

Some races among the London watermen engaged in the umpire's boat, &c., were on the *tapis*, but as 'the train waits for no man,' we did not wait to witness it. The regatta has evidently lost none of his attractions, and the whole passed off with considerable *éclat*.

*Bell's Life in London*, June 28.

## LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

*Life in the Wilderness; or, Wanderings in South Africa.* By HENRY H. METHUEN. Bentley.

Nothing can be more original and animated than this narrative of travel in the wilds of South Africa. It opens to us a new region and a new state of existence. It is one of those works issued now and then which every one will be eager to read, and which every one will be delighted with.

The author, with three companions, left Graham's Town in April, 1844, to explore the wilds that lay to the north of the British possessions at the Cape. The party consisted of the four gentlemen, and ten or twelve Hottentot attendants. They had three waggons well stored with all necessary baggage and provisions, about fifty oxen, thirty horses and some dogs.

It inspires one with a strange kind of emotion to hear of this little party boldly venturing into the wilderness, exploring an unknown region, trusting themselves in the heart of savage and unreclaimed deserts abounding with all description of ferocious life, for the mere love of adventure and novelty. For a supply of food they trusted chiefly to their guns and the swiftness of their horses, for water to the streams and fountains that crossed their track, and for forage to the grass and herbage that were generally met with in abundance. Their travel lasted for eight months, yet during the whole of that time they seem to have suffered nothing from scarcity. They were generally well supplied with one kind of game or another.

By the Orange and the Maragua rivers they met with the best sport and with the most magnificent scenery. In the waters they met with crocodiles and hippopotami; on the banks, in thick jungles, with elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, leopards, and panthers, and in the more open country with herds of buffalos, deer, and giraffes. Their sporting excursions were attended with all the excitement of danger, but none of the party were seriously injured, though they often lost their cattle from the ferocious attacks of wild beasts. From April to December they lived in the freedom of savage life, and returned at last to the Cape in the enjoyment of excellent health, and highly delighted with their travel in the wilderness.

Our extracts from this entertaining volume must necessarily be scattered. The author kept a journal, and has here reproduced it almost *verbatim*. All his details have the rough force of the life he led, and are marked by the high spirit in which he wrote. On the 30th of June, while encamped near the Vaal river, he made his

## FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH A LION.

Before daybreak I was roused from my slumber in the tent by Bain saying, 'Something has got hold of an ox,' and, listening, heard



the poor creature bellow and moan piteously, but in a kind of stifled tone. The horses had all been fastened to the waggon wheels, but the oxen, having had a hard day's work, had been allowed to lie loose during the night. In the course of half an hour the grey light was, we judged, sufficient for our purpose, and three of us, well armed, sallied forth in the direction of the outory, to reconnoitre. We marked a crow hovering, and by its guidance soon discovered one of the oxen lying dead. We approached with caution, and a quick sighted Hottentot pointed to the large print of a lion's foot in the sand just by us. The lion had attacked the ox in the rear, and fastened his tremendous claws in the poor wretch's side, one having pierced through to the intestines: he had then bitten him in the flank, and, to show the prodigious power of the monster's jaws, the thigh joint was dislocated, the hide broken, and one of the largest sinews snapped in two, and protruding from the wound: having thus crippled his victim, he had, apparently, seized by the throat and throttled him.

We could discern that the cattle had all been sleeping together when first surprised, and the lion, following on the trail of some Griqua horsemen, whom he had met on the preceding evening, had come across the oxen, and sprung on the nearest. We traced his spoor all along the road to the scene of slaughter, and on the retreat after it. He had not eaten a morsel, which was some satisfaction to our feelings. The first scuffle had evidently been violent, for the ground was much indented by it. This having been the outside ox, and the wind blowing from the rest, they had not smelt their dreaded foe, and had only run a little way off, else they would not have stopped for many miles. Execrations and cries for revenge were universal; so, forming a large party, we started in pursuit of the lion, attended by some good dogs. With the greatest difficulty we followed his track over sand and stones, by the assistance of Hottentot eyes; but even these would in one or two cases have failed, if a sagacious dog, perceiving our object, had not run on the scent, stopping constantly to see if we advanced, as if conscious of the fierce creature we were pursuing.

The search became at intervals very exciting, when the spoor led into a glen of long dead grass, or rushes; but, whether purposely or not, the lion always left us to windward, so that his nose would inform him of our approach; and after a fatiguing, unsuccessful chase, the sun growing very hot and our stomachs craving for breakfast, we resought the waggons.

The habits of the king of beasts are not of that noble order which naturalists formerly ascribed to him. In the daytime he will almost invariably fly from man, unless attacked, when his courage is that of mingled rage and despair. I have seen the lion, suddenly roused from his lair, run off as timidly as a buck. It is said that even at night they do not like to seize a man from a party, especially if the persons exercise their voices; and that the carcase of an antelope, or other game, may be preserved untouched by hanging some stirrups to a branch near, so that the irons may clash together when blown by

the wind: a white handkerchief on the end of a ramrod is another receipt for effecting the same object. The lion is a stealthy, cunning brute, never attacking unless he has the advantage, and, relying on his vast strength, feels sure of the victory. The natives tell incredible stories of his sagacity, which would almost make him a reasoning animal. There are well authenticated cases on record of lions carrying away men at night from the fireside, but these are quite the exception. They are gregarious, as many as twenty having been seen in a troop.

Balked of our revenge, we started for the next water, but first of all we carefully cut up, and stowed away, all the flesh of the dead ox, leaving only the entrails, which vultures and crows would speedily devour, and dragging the hide behind the last waggon, that the assassin might follow and be entrapped. We came to a pool, called Popkuil's fountain, surrounded by low clumps of bush and long grass, well fitted to be the head quarters of *felis leo*. Two guns loaded with slugs were secured to stakes near the water, their muzzles protruding through some bushes, cut and placed so as to conceal them: a string was then attached to the triggers, and fastened to a large piece of meat, in such a manner that any creature laying hold of it would discharge the guns in his face. Care was taken that there should be no path but in front of the battery, and twilight had begun to fade when all our preparations were completed. Much trouble was experienced in tying up the oxen and horses; one young ox broke away, and was of necessity abandoned to his fate. Good fires were made, a slight hedge of thorn boughs was formed round our camp at the least secure point, and, supper over, we all retired to bed.

At about 2 a. m., Hendrick, ever wakeful, shouted out, 'There stands the lion; shoot!' and, before we could jump from our beds, the discharge of a gun was heard. The horses and cattle had been very uneasy for some time previously, snorting and struggling to get free: one horse actually broke his halter, and ran away, but was brought back by Frolic. It is miraculous how both escaped from the lion, which then must have been prowling round us. On emerging we saw the oxen, like so many pointers, with their noses in one direction snuffing the air; and found that an old white ox, which had not been fastened up on account of its age and docility, but merely driven amongst the rest, had strayed about thirty yards from our camp, to nibble some grass, and had been assailed by the enemy. Piet said that he saw the brute on the ox and fired, whereupon he relinquished his prey and fled, and the poor terrified ox hurried back to the waggon and his comrades; where he began stretching out first one leg, then another, as if engaged in a surgical examination of his limbs. The air all the while was piercingly cold, and a basin of water in the tent had a coat of ice on it an inch thick. The fires were anew supplied with fuel and a watch set; the profoundest silence, broken only by the deep breathing of the oxen, reigned again; and, being thoroughly chilled, we nestled once more under our warm blankets. On inspecting the trap in the morning we found, to our grievous disappointment, that a

bad cap had prevented the principal gun from exploding ; and that the small one had gone off, but missed its aim—the meat bore the mark of a claw, but was none of it eaten. The ox which had deserted was found uninjured, but the white one showed several severe scratches on his neck, which swelled extremely. We resolved to wait another day, and prepared for the lion.

The lion, however, escaped them ; but in the night they shot a large hyæna.

*Britannia, August 1.*

## JAUNTING IN JAMAICA—AS IT USED TO BE.

[Now that the railroad is the mode of annihilating space, both in the Eastern and Western Indies, the following sketch of a ride in the Island of Jamaica, twenty years ago, may not be without worth in the way of an historical record. It is from the pen of an esteemed correspondent.]

To speak of Jamaica as it was near forty years ago, is, as life runs in the tropics, reverting to past generations, and drawing a picture in ancient history. Since that time—albeit the sun burns with its wonted ardour, the rains fall with their usual vehemence, the sea-breeze rises in the morning, and rustles with the same exhilarating freshness through the trees, and ruffles the blue expanse of the ocean, as it did thousands of years ago ; and the hills frown now, like then, in their dark shadows, or in scorched ridges—still, where all things teem with life, life is teeming with death ; animal, and with it human existence, like the local vegetation, without a winter and without repose, is born, and perishes in rapid velocity. Above all, the white man comes in from Europe, full of activity, enterprise, and hope, and in a few years has returned to his father land, sometimes with wealth, more often with a broken constitution, and with fearful recollection of the number of his friends, of his acquaintances, of youth, beauty, talent, principle, cunning, misfortune, and success, all promiscuously swept away. In less than half a century, the very elements of social life are changed to him, and a second generation is already fast verging to dissolution.

Yet in the genial climates of the sun it is pleasant living : existence has a primævality about it, which during the dreaminess of repose, the *dolce far niente*, hangs like a mist about the mind ; and fancied glimpses into Eden, with its golden suns and purple shades, its celestial voices in the verdant foliage, whispering on and on towards distant vistas, while a real brook, or a rushing cascade in the distance, aids the ~~imaging~~ brain to picture a sleeping Eve, an angelic form reposing in the moss-clad grot, while around her bed sports the “flush of life,” in ani-

mal forms full of grace and beauty, and the serpent glides past unmindful of mischief—images like these crowd upon the mind with the greater vivacity of colouring, because half realities of the voluptuousness of being are constantly encountered, and the many wants of the north press not with their hourly necessities upon our nature. Disease itself, with all its destructiveness, gnaws not for months and years to devour its victims by inches; but it comes silent and sudden, and the departed are gone as if to sleep. Hence, the white man returned from a tropical climate nearly always carries charmed recollections in his memory, perhaps not the less smiling because they depict the period of his youthful hopes, and the land where he was not subservient or equal to the mass of population, but a master, possessing the indisputable prerogative of his colour, and the consciousness that it conferred upon him powers greater than the law pretended to grant.

Holding an influential military situation in Jamaica, I traversed the island in every direction through nearly two thousand miles of road in the course of a single year. In this service I had opportunities of exploring its most romantic sites and sylvan scenes, which, as the central nucleus of its mountain system is the most elevated of all the West Indian islands, offers the probability of being also the grandest. But in those days no Doctor Syntax in search of the picturesque, no enthusiast with the pencil, had traversed the country; sugar and rum, coffee and dollars, were the universal themes of study; and a Maroon war, or threatened French invasion, short-lived episodes, which served only to enliven with anecdote the scenes of high living and hard drinking which were then the ruling fashion.

The militia reviews being in those days matters considered of importance, the governor and commander of the forces was in the habit of visiting the different places on the island, where the corps of infantry and troops of horse had their appointed places of assembling; and at the same time he had to notice the Maroons, and inspect more particularly the regiments of the line at their stations and the batteries along the coast. On one occasion, when, as usual, the officers of the staff were to attend his Excellency near St. Ann's Bay, on the north side of the island, it was a duty imposed on me to reconnoitre the different mountain roads leading from that direction to Kingston; and for this purpose I had set out some days in advance, with a view of ascending the passes of the Hope river, forming in themselves one of the most romantic rides that can be imagined. Leaving Kingston by the Up-park camp military station, the road leads round the western termination of the rocky Long mountain, and then turning directly east is seen the noble sugar plantation of the Hope estate, on the left, with Papeen and Ripleys on the right, both sides fenced in with prickly pear and numerous clumps of cocoa-nut trees, an occasional acacia, or a few *chordea sebastianas*, glowing with scarlet clusters of flowers; and further inwards, ancient and enormous cotton trees (*Adansonia*); while the north face, or what is called the back of the Long mountain, replete with thorny plants, displays its cavernous limestone. Higher up to the left, are sloping grassy hills, with a park-like aspect, which they derive

from large solitary trees, among which the tamarind is conspicuous; but in front, right before the traveller, who, unmindful of the heat, inhales the sea-borne trade-wind, there is a profound yawning space, formed by the glen of the Hope river, with cultivated mountains beyond, and the narrow gap where the waters tumble and roar over rocks, till they reach the flats at the sea side.

To him who was long a resident on the island, the view all round remains hallowed in recollection; for memory's eye rests on many a humble roof, albeit often dignified by the title of castle. It sees them embosomed in citron and orange trees; there are avenues of mangos, and clusters of papaws overtopping the waving plumes of bamboo; and far off is the lofty mountain palm, standing in columnar majesty high above the rest. But to proceed; we now come to a more enclosed series of pictures; the road turns suddenly towards the hills, and foreground rocks overhang it with broad shadows; the ascent is steeper still: yon house, somewhat below the level towards the river, with all around overgrown plantation and wild vegetation, is already a ruin; the rain pours into the deserted chambers; all around the piazza, and through the rotten boards of the piazza itself, the nettle of Europe luxuriates; the floor crumbles under the visitor's feet: in a side room a boudoir encloses an ancient piano-forte, on a shelf above it lie quantities of old music, some having fallen on the floor by the rushing in of the rain upon the heap of paper; the rest of the house without furniture. How came this? Surely here resided one, in those days of far higher education, mental activity, and spirit, than are usually seen among the gentle but indolent beauties of the pallid rose? Oh! yes; there once was living secluded here one full of grace and beauty: this was her room; here she was remembered, long after her departure; when from a blessing to the slave, she rose high in station as she was in merit, and died Duchess of Chandos. So said one who had known her in his earlier years, as we musingly withdrew, closing a door that had never been bolted from within.

Onwards the road becomes still more narrow, and hangs over the valley below; a gig can just get on, but one axle is ever grazing the vertical rock on the other side. The eye falls upon the summits of lofty trees entirely beneath it; there, at a projecting angle of the rock, is the spot where, some time ago, a kittereen (the local name for a gig having a top and side curtains) was recklessly driven, and thrown, with horse and driver, over the precipice into the summit of a tall tree, where it hung: the madman was saved; but the fate of the poor animal could not be averted, which broke through and was killed. Negroes were sent with ropes to angle for the vehicle from above, while others went up the valley, and climbing the tree to where the disconsolate whip was imprisoned, helped him out of his fearful plight.

Occasionally one-arched bridges span smaller torrents hastening to join the Hope. Near them there are ever groups of sable females washing, and among them, some with a bandana handkerchief knotted on the right hip for all clothing, display, while beating and turning their linen upon stones, that beautiful freshness of early maturity only to be found in the tropics, and certainly conspicuous in the serpentine

form of many a youthful black nymph. It was at one of these our chief one day stopped to ask if a gentleman, who had a cool retreat in the vicinity, was at home; several duennas not explaining the matter to "Massa" satisfactorily, as it would appear to a young naiad present, she had to give her opinion, and stood up from her stooping work. The water she had been splashing abundantly in the frizzly mop of her hair ran down so fast that she could not open her mouth to speak; wherefore, it being necessary to wipe her face, she took her *bandana* and wiped it accordingly. All the elder women shouted with laughter; she looked abashed; the general turning round, said, "Did you ever see anything more beautifully graceful?" I thought the act an innocent inadvertence; but he said it was the innate art of her sex. True, no classic figure of antiquity could equal the lambent symmetry of her form!

Beyond this the valley opens, and the botanic garden, anciently the property of Mr Wallen, appears between two glens, perched on a bright green hill, which interposes to their junction. It is a lovely and a healthy spot, where the air is ever bracing and fresh, and shade is obtained under a multitude of tropical trees, collected from both hemispheres. The road continues to ascend far above it; the opposite slope of the mountain, clothed in the darkest variety of greens, comes nearer and nearer; below, deep in the vale, beneath the densest foliage, the river may be heard occasionally prattling over pebbles, and again the loud laughter of the genii of the stream, bathing and sporting in the shaded waters, the presiding spirit white, or more often pale yellow and all around brown and black. Now the climate begins to change, the traveller sniffs the breeze of the mountain, clouds cap the summits; and at "Cold-spring" stands the solitary specimen of English oak, which I never passed without taking off my hat! Here are other European-imported plants, and abundance of nettles; but the *Euphorbia Luneolia*, first observed here by Mr Wallen, and a beautiful creeper, a *Solanum*, with sky-blue flowers in bunches, very like the lilac, named *Brownriggia* by Dr Brown the discoverer, are both natives of the locality, and would be ornamental in England, with but slight protection. Cold-spring forms a pass across the vertex of the mountain-range traversing the island. An opinion was long entertained that here was a silver mine; but in the days under review mineralogy was but little understood, and new coffee plantations were the mines which absorbed the silver, and even the gold of cane-fields. It was within a hundred yards of the summit, that I once encountered a northwester. During the whole ascent from the south the sky was serene and the sun hot; here I suddenly perceived before me a cloud rise up above the crest, and come toppling over in rolling, tumbling, around, wool-like masses, with so threatening an aspect that my Spanish grey took fright, and instantly wheeling round, endeavoured to scamper down. Before he was pulled up, the cloud had enveloped us in a dense chilly mist, like an operation of magic; and from thence onwards by Dallas castle to a friend's coffee-mountain there was a complete storm of wind and rain.

During my stay, the business and amusements of the time passed rapidly off in the midst of slave labour, and among masters who, in their common intercourse with fellow-men, showed all the generous cordiality of the best feelings, and with such rare exceptions towards the black, unless in the tone of command, and the occasional mistaken view of duty, that it was the state of the law which deserved entire blame, and often bitter scorn. It was the law which generated at home, out of pure humanity, feelings of that easy kind of virtue, which preaches the labours of love where it has no contrary interest, and is not ashamed to enlist in its cause misstatement and exaggeration. Already at that period a more truth-seeking middle course was scouted by both parties : no wonder that the interested rejected conclusions drawn from many a false picture, and then went into an opposite and culpable extreme of opinion.

In the mountains, though with the thermometer at 75°, walking the steep paths of coffee plantations is no pleasure ; riding over to neighbours within reach of signals, but accessible only through miles of round-about roads, leads only to drinking sangaree more than is beneficial : books, chess, and backgammon kill time indeed ; and rifle practice at some vulture or solitary eagle seen perched upon a decayed mahogany tree, pluming his prey within doubtful distance of the ball, may be for a moment exciting ; or flying shots at bald-pate pigeons, or at a clamorous flight of parrots, high in air, may cause a bet ; but more constant amusement is sought in the pursuit of cray-fish, beneath the stones in the purling rivulet below, and to the naturalist in searching for birds, insects, and plants. In such occupations, the hour of joining the general's staff approached : to go the day before, was to increase with our presence the probable superabundance of visitors at all the plantations in the vicinity of the rendezvous, and it was asserted that by starting at a proper hour it might be easily ridden before the review would commence. But when the morning arrived, the distance round to St Ann's Bay by mountain paths was found to be so considerable, that to arrive in time became impossible ; and, as all present were obliged to be there, the dilemma was for some time thought to be insurmountable. Our host, denurring a moment about uniform coats, asked if we would venture to ride down the river, promising that there was only three quarters of a mile of it a little steep. He had gone down himself once, when pressed for time, but that was not in his regimentals ; and there were, to be sure, sundry plunges, where the horses would be above the back under water ; but it was all clear, the sun was hot, and we would soon be dry again. With these blessings before us, we mounted, and immediately came to two or three steep places in the coffee grounds, which, with the horses sitting on their hams, and their fore feet stretched somewhat before them, we slid down at angles of not less than 45°, successively rounding occasional bushes to the cross roads, and then commencing again another slide. Although my own horse had never, so far as I know, performed this feat, he seemed to be quite accustomed to it ; and in this manner we soon reached the river course, where it was a per-

feet roaring torrent, with the banks on each side precipices. In went the leader, and presently we all floundered through the eddying waters generally as high as the riders' knees, with large rolling stones under the horses' feet; at times thrown forward over ledges of rock, above four feet high, by the force of the cascade, plunging beneath into deep holes, and swimming for a moment to reach footing out of the pool, and re-commence similar adventures. When we could look back, it was amusing to see the last of us, with a succession of cascades towering in foaming steps high above him, with the sun flickering upon the eddying and leaping falls; while he would cry out, from amid the roaring waves, that those before him seemed to sink in an abyss of whirlpools. Excepting broken knees for the horses, it was evident there was not the least danger. To sit firmly, and give the horse his head, was all we had to think of; for, cushioned in the stream, no fall could be hard, and rocks above water were always around. Once or twice there was a longer swim, and then also a moment's scrambling along the bank; but with care and patience we soon lowered ourselves several hundred feet, and then struck into a path, where we alighted, and, undressing, in a few minutes dried our dripping garments upon the broiling rocks, from whence, at an easy canter, we reached the review ground, about seventeen hundred feet below our starting place. We were on the spot before the troops began to fall in, all parties refusing to believe in the route by which we had arrived.

Militia infantry reviews are soon over in the West Indies; and the cavalry, which once understood how to ride round a portentous cotton tree, with a colonel who warned the general with the remark—'Ab, sir! if you did but know how much trouble I had to get them to do so much, I am sure no further exertion would be demanded'—was now, after, a miserable failure at a flourish from a negro trumpeter, handsomely dismissed, in order to prepare in real earnest for the coming grand dinner; where numerous toasts were drunk, and sundry gentlemen commenced singing ballads, whereof many beautiful stanzas were unfortunately drowned by the excessive applause bestowed upon the first.

*Sporting Review for May.*

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**THE GREAT IRISH WOLF-DOG;  
IDENTICAL WITH THE HIGHLAND DEER-HOUND OF MODERN  
TIMES.—AN ESSAY.**

BY H. D. RICHARDSON, S.E.R.R.S.E.

The identity of the Highland deer-hound with the old Irish wolf-dog not being generally known or admitted, it strikes me that it will be as well to demonstrate that fact ere going any further, and for this purpose I shall quote a paper which I published about a year ago\* in the *Irish Penny Journal*; at the head of it also will be found a good engraving taken from a portrait of Oscar, a Highland deer-hound of prodigious size and beauty, the property of my friend J. J. Nolan, of White's Avenue, Merrion. I may be accused of vanity in thus quoting from my own works, but I really cannot avoid doing so when they are the only writings, to which I can at all refer. I quote the paper to which I allude, almost entire.

“ The greyhound ! the great hound ! the graceful of limb !  
Rough fellow ! tall fellow, swift fellow, and slim !  
Let them sound through the earth, let them sail o'er the sea,  
They will light on none other more ancient than thee ! ”

OLD MS.

“ No individual of the canine race has attained an equal amount of fame, or excited an equal degree of attention throughout Europe—not merely in the days of his acknowledged existence among our dogs of chase, but even now, that he is considered to be extinct—with that once possessed by the superb creature whose picture adorns our title-page, and an account of whom forms the subject of our present article. Public opinion has long been divided respecting the precise appearance and form of this majestic animal ; and so many different ideas have been conceived of him, that many persons have been induced to come to the conclusion that no particular breed of dogs was ever kept for wolf hunting in this country, but that the appellation of ‘ *wolf-dog* ’ was bestowed upon any dog swift enough to overtake and powerful enough to contend with and overcome that formidable animal.

“ There are those who hold this opinion, and there are likewise those who hold that while a particular breed was used, it was a sort of heavy mastiff-like dog, now extinct. It is the object of the present paper to show that while Ireland did possess a peculiar race of dogs, exclusively devoted to wolf hunting, these dogs, instead of being of the mastiff kind, resembled the greyhound in form ; and instead of being extinct, are still to be met with, although we are compelled to acknowledge that they are very scarce.

\* This was published in 1841.—Saturday, May 8, No. 45.

"We are informed by such disjointed scraps of Celtic verse as Time, that merciless destroyer, has suffered to come down, though in a mutilated form, to our days, that in the times of old, when Fioun Mac Comhail, popularly called Fin McCoul, wielded the sceptre of power and of justice, we possessed a prodigious and courageous dog, used for hunting the deer and the wild boar, with—though last, not least—the grim and savage wolf, which ravaged the folds and slaughtered the herds of our ancestors. We learn from the same source that these dogs were also frequently employed as auxiliaries in war, and that they were 'mighty in combat, their breasts like plates of brass, and greatly to be feared.' We might adduce the songs of Ossian, but that we fear to draw upon ourselves the envious rancour of some snarling critic. We cannot, however, avoid observing that the epithets 'hairy footed,' 'white breasted,' and 'bounding,' are singularly characteristic of some of the striking peculiarities of the dog in question, and strangely coincide with the descriptions furnished by other writers respecting him; so that McPherson must at all events have been at the pains of considerable research if he actually *forged* the beautiful poems which he put forth to the world under Ossian's name. The word 'Brau,' the name given to Fingal's noble hound, employed by others than Ossian, or I should not mention it, is Celtic, and signifies 'mountain torrent,' implying that impetuosity of course and headlong courage so characteristic of the subject of my paper. I have said that many assert the Irish wolf-dog to be no longer in existence, I have ventured a denial of this, and refer to the *wolf-dog* or *deer-dog* of the Highlands of Scotland as his actual and faithful living representative. Perhaps I am wrong in saying 'representative:' I hold that the Irish wolf-dog and the Highland deer-hound are one and the same; and I now proceed to cite a few authorities in support of my position.

"The venerable Bede, as well as the Scottish historian John Major, informs us that Scotland was peopled from Ireland, under the conduct of Renda; and adds, that even in his own days, half Scotland spoke the Irish language as their mother tongue; and many of my readers are, doubtless, aware that even at this present time the Gaelic and the Erse are so much alike, that a Connaught man finds no difficulty in comprehending and conversing with a Highlander, and I myself have read the Gaelic bible with an Irish dictionary. Scotland was also called by the early writers Scotia Minor, and Ireland Scotia Major. The colonization, therefore, of Scotland from Ireland admits of little doubt.

"As the Irish wolf-dog was at that time in the enjoyment of his most extended fame, it was not to be expected that the colonists would omit taking with them such a fine description of dog, and one which would prove so useful to them in a newly established settlement, and that too at a period when hunting was not merely an amusement, but one of their main occupations, and their main source of subsistence. The Irish wolf-dog was thus carried into Scotland, and became the Highland or Scottish wolf-dog, changing, in process of time, his name

with his country; and in the course of ages, when the wolves died out of the land, his occupation being no longer the hunting of those animals, but of deer, he became known as the Highland deer-dog, and no longer as the Highland wolf-dog; though, indeed, he is to the present called by the latter of these appellations by many writers, both Irish and Scottish.

"In Ireland the wolves were in existence longer than in Scotland; but as soon as the wolves ceased to exist in this country, the dogs were suffered to become extinct also; while in Scotland there was still abundant employment for them after the days of wolf hunting were over, for the deer still remained; and useful as they had been as *wolf-hounds*, they proved themselves, if possible, more as *deer-hounds*.

"That the Irish wolf dog was a tall, rough greyhound, similar in every respect to the Highland dog of the present day, I beg to adduce in proof the following authorities:—

"Strabo mentions a tall greyhound in use among the Pictish and Celtic nations, which he states was held in high esteem by our ancestors, and was even imported into Gaul for the purposes of the chase. Campion expressly speaks of the Irish wolf-dog as a 'greyhound of great bone and limb.' Silans calls it also a greyhound, and asserts that it was imported into Ireland by the Belgæ, and is the same with the renowned *Belgic dog* of antiquity, and that it was, during the days of Roman grandeur, brought to Rome for the combats of the amphitheatre. Pliny relates a combat in which the Irish wolf-dogs took a part: he calls them '*Canes Grati Hibernici*,' and describes them as much taller than the mastiff. Hollinshed, in speaking of the Irish, says 'they are not without wolves, and greyhounds to hunt them.' Evelyn, speaking of the bear-garden, says, 'the bull-dogs did exceeding well; but the Irish wolf-dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature, and beat a cruel mastiff.'

"Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, was presented by King John with a specimen of this kind of dog;

'The greyhound! the great hound! the graceful of limb!'

and most of my readers are acquainted with that beautiful poem, the 'Grave of the Greyhound.' These animals were in those days permitted to be kept only by Princes and chiefs; and in the Welsh laws of the ninth century we find heavy penalties laid down for the maiming or injuring the Irish greyhound, or as it was styled in the code alluded to, the *Canis Gravius Hibernicus*; and a value was set on them equal to more than double that set on the ordinary greyhound.

"Moggyson, secretary to Lord Deputy Mountjoy, says, 'the Irish men and greyhounds are of great stature.' Lombard says that the finest hunting dogs in Europe were produced in Ireland: greyhounds useful to take the stag, wild boar, or wolf. Pennant describes these dogs as scarce, and as being led to the chance in leather slips or thongs, and calls them 'the Irish greyhound.' Ray describes him as the 'greatest dog' he had ever seen. Buffon says, he saw an 'Irish

greyhound' which measured five feet in height when in a sitting posture; and says that all other sorts of greyhounds are descended from him, and that in Scotland it is called the Highland greyhound, that it is very large, deep-chested, and covered with long rough hair.

"Scottish noblemen were not always content with such specimens of this dog as their own country produced; but frequently sent for them to Ireland, conceiving, doubtless, that they would be found better and purer in their native land. The following is a copy of a letter addressed by Deputy Falkland to the Earl of Cork, in 1623:—

"My LORD,—I have lately received letters from my Lord Duke of Buccleuch, and others of my noble friends, who have entreated me, to send them some greyhound dogs and bitches, out of this kingdom, of the largest sort, which I perceive they intend to present unto divers princes and other noble persons; and if you can possibly, let them be white, which is the colour most in request here. Expecting your answer by the bearer, I commit you to the protection of the Almighty, and am,

'Your Lordship's attached friend,

'FALKLAND.'

"Smith, in the second edition of the History of Waterford, says, 'The Irish greyhound is nearly extinct: it is much taller than a mastiff, but more like a greyhound; and for size, strength, and shape, cannot be equalled.' Roderick, King of Connaught, was obliged to furnish hawks and greyhounds to Henry II. Sir Thomas Rue obtained great favour from the Great Mogul, in 1615, for a brace of Irish greyhounds presented by him. Henry VIII. presented the Marquis of Dessarages, a Spanish Grandee, with two goss-hawks and four Irish greyhounds."

The space to which I have resolved upon restricting this paper renders it necessary that I should here put a period to my quotations.

The Highland or Irish wolf-dog is a stately, majestic animal, extremely good tempered and quiet, unless when irritated, when he becomes furious, and is, in consequence of his tremendous strength, a truly formidable animal. The size of this animal has been exaggerated. Dr. Goldsmith asserts that he saw several, some of which were four feet high! They are certainly however, even now, taller than the common run of dogs—perhaps, if we except the boar-dog, the very tallest in existence. Her Majesty possesses one, "Braun," 33 inches high.

The Scottish greyhound is by some writers classed as identical with this dog, and by others as altogether dissimilar, and as a totally different breed. For my part, I am disposed to regard the Scottish greyhound as merely a half-bred cross between the wolf-dog and the common greyhound. Yet as the Scottish greyhound is known as a distinct dog, and sometimes sold by roguish dog-dealers as the deer-hound, it may not be amiss to present our readers with a description of him.

The principal characteristic of the Highland deer-hound, and that by which he may with greatest facility be distinguished from the

Scottish greyhound, is his *pendulous ear*. His ear does not stand half erect like that of the latter, but, inclining at first slightly backwards, falls, and is decidedly pendulous; hence, some are of opinion that this hound had for one of his ancestors the old southern hound or Talbot. This, however, I should be rather inclined to doubt, as I conceive the Highland deer-hound to be of far more ancient origin even than that animal.

Another point in which this dog differs from the Scottish greyhound is in the length and texture of his hair. The hair of the Highland deer-hound is very long, shaggy, but not wiry, and stands forth around his face and eyes, which, in a *fancy* specimen, it almost conceals from view. He is, besides much more powerfully built, and is a great deal taller.

The deer-hound stands from 28 to 33 inches in height, and frequently weighs more than 100 pounds avoirdupois. I should say, however, judging from my own experience, that this average height is 27½ inches, and his average weight 70 to 75 pounds. His head, when a well-bred specimen, is carried high; his *tail* never; his mien is proud, daring, and commanding: I do not, indeed, know any dog in existence which exhibits such majestic deportment, or carries on his front greater evidence of purity of blood and originality of breeding. His body and limbs are not fleshy, but exceedingly firm and muscular; his back is arched; his legs straight and clean, and the hard projecting muscles may be felt upon his limbs standing out like iron prominences. His tail is long and bushy, with long hair depending from the under surface; it is usually carried in a hanging curve: when in the chase it is carried nearly horizontally, but curved downwards; and when excited to anger, it rises in a straight line.

The colours of domestic animals, especially dogs, will so vary, despite of all our care to the contrary, that I feel some hesitation in saying what I think *should* be the colour of this dog; that which is most fancied is yellowish, or sandy, with a darker shade through it, approaching to a brindle—an iron grey is by no means to be despised, and this is the prevailing colour of the Irish dogs. If the prevailing colour be dark grey, the breast, throat, and belly are generally white.

A good hound of this breed should be able to kill an ordinary-sized wolf single-handed; and, doubtless, all my readers are acquainted with the legend of Beth Gelert, in which a hound of this variety is introduced as saving his master's heir from one of those fierce marauders.

The most frequent epithets applied to this dog in Ossian's poems are singularly characteristic of the breed, viz.—“hairy footed,” “white-breasted,” and “bounding.” The two former are singularly true—of the white breast I have already spoken; and I have now to mention that the feet are much more hairy on the *sole* than those of other dogs: nay, in a high-bred specimen these are almost like a hare's—a perfect brush; this is a wise provision, for it protects the dog's feet from being cut, by the sharp stones, and rocks, and briars, which form the main features of the country in which his services are most put in requisition.

"Bounding" is also a singular characteristic : the common greyhound runs in the ordinary manner, by a succession of springs of equal length ; but the deer-hound is remarkable as having the propensity of bounding in his course, i. e., of taking an occasional extra spring, equal perhaps to two or three ordinary ones. The name of Fingal's dog, "Brau," is in itself remarkable, it signifying in Celtic *mountain torrent*.

In Hollinshed's *Chronicles*\* we find recorded a circumstance which proves the high estimation in which these dogs were formerly held, viz., of a quarrel which took place between some Pietish and Scottish nobles in consequence of the abduction of some deer-hounds by the former from their Scottish neighbours—a quarrel which led to a serious war between the two nations, and to the loss of many lives.

The deer-hound is very fierce towards other dogs, so much so that when brought to a house or bothy in the stalking season, all the other dogs must be sent out of the way, as otherwise they will be surely worried to death.

Deer-hounds are now becoming very scarce, and sell for very high prices. It is a curious fact that in no breed of dogs does there exist such disparity of size between the male and female as in this ; the bitches in the same litter with dogs of 28 inches in height rarely reaching that of two feet, or even 23 inches ; indeed, a slut of this breed 26 inches high is regarded as quite a phenomenon.

Many noblemen and gentlemen, proprietors of parks and forests, have sought to repair the scantiness and degeneracy of this race of dogs, by crossin<sup>g</sup>, &c. Perhaps a few judicious remarks might not be thrown away, or deemed superfluous ; accordingly such shall be found in another place.

The Scottish greyhound is, whatever may be the opinion of other naturalists or sportsmen, neither more nor less than a badly bred deer-hound ; and I have not lightly adopted this conclusion, having only arrived at it after years of research and inquiry ; he differs only from that dog in stature, texture of his hair, and in being more fashioned after the slim form of the greyhound, and built like him rather for speed than strength. The Scottish greyhound is a very fast dog ; and although not permitted to entrance by some coursing clubs, on the ground of his being apt to run sly, or in other words, endeavouring to catch the hare by a *short cut*, which he certainly will occasionally do, is decidedly a dangerous opponent—witness the recent exploits of a rough dog† at the Glasgow coursing meetings, who has gained unperishable fame for himself, despite of much envious endeavour to write him down as a mongrel.

The Russian greyhound is evidently a branch of the great Irish stock, and a twin brother of the Highland deer-hound, which he closely resembles, the only striking point of difference being in the greater business of his tail, and the back part of his thighs. This dog being occasionally used in the pursuit of the wild boar or bear,

\* A. D. 1593

† Need I mention his name ?—"Gilbertfield."

is often erroneously styled "Boar-dog." The true dog entitled to that appellation, will be treated of in his proper place. As is usually the case, the true boar-dog differs as much as possible from the suppositious.

Resembling the same stock is the Persian greyhound, or Polygar dog of India—one of the most perfectly beautiful creatures that can be conceived. There are two varieties: one which is covered all over with a long silky hair like a spaniel, and carrying a deep fringe to his ears; and the other smooth on the body, with a lighter coloured fringe of the length of eight or nine inches on the tail and back part of the thighs. The former is to be found in the southern and flat parts of India: the latter inhabits the more inhospitable mountainous regions, and is accordingly a fiercer and more hardy dog. These dogs possess good noses, are fast, and very courageous.

And lastly we come to the French *mâtin*, hardly indeed a true greyhound; his head is too thick across the temples, and his general form savours of coarseness. Buffon, in an enthusiastic burst of nationality, sought to prove this dog to be the source of the entire canine race. I have seen some dozens, but would banish every one of them from my kennel as useless, barking curs; and, indeed, the French word *mâtin* is synonymous with our word *cur*, and is applied at present indiscriminately to those nameless, wretched wanderers, who seek their existence from the offal of the street—*Chiens des Rues*.

NOTE—Some of the above animals were treated of, by me, at length in former numbers of this magazine, and I merely advert to them in this place for the sake of rendering my present subject complete.

*Sporting Review for May.*

## RHINOCEROS AND WILD BUFFALO HUNTING ALONG THE CASHAN MOUNTAINS.

Leaving the waggons to proceed to the ground where our operations against the Elephants were to commence, I went with 'Lingap to the carcass of the Antelope I concealed yesterday, near which I killed two females of the same species. I believe I may with safety assert that I am the only European that ever shot a Water Buck. It is about the size of an ass, and of somewhat browner colour. The hair is coarse, like that of the Indian Rusa Stag, and in texture resembles split whalebone. The appearance of the male animal is stately; the eyes are large and brilliant; the horns ponderous, three feet in length, white, ringed, and placed almost perpendicularly on the head, the points being curved to the front. A mane encircles the neck, and an elliptical white

band, the tail, which is tufted at the extremity. The female is similar, but hornless and rather smaller. The flesh of both is coarse, and so highly ill savoured that even savages are unable to eat it. On cutting off the head, the effluvia literally drove me from the spot. Mr. Stedman had the merit a few years ago of bringing this Antelope under the observation of the scientific world, and Dr. Smith brought down other two specimens with the late expedition.

On the bank of the river I observed the perfect skeleton of an Elephant. Near to it 'Lingap suddenly stopped, and pointing with his assegai to a bush a few yards off, whispered "*Tao*," and I immediately perceived three Lionesses asleep. Ensconcing himself behind his shield, he made signs to me to fire, which I did into the middle of the party, at the same moment springing behind a tree which completely screened me. Thus unceremoniously awakened, the three ladies broke covert, roaring in concert, and dashed into the thick bushes, while we walked as fast as possible in the opposite direction. In the course of a few minutes we heard several discharges of musquetry, and an infuriated Rhinoceros, streaming with blood, rushed over the brow of the eminence that we were ascending, and was within pistol shot before we were aware of his approach. No bush presenting itself behind which to hide, I threw my cap at him, and 'Lingap striking his shield and shouting with stentorian lungs, the enraged beast turned off. I saluted him from both barrels, and he was immediately afterward overturned by a running fire from the Hottentots, every one of whom I now saw had left the waggons at the mercy of the oxen, conduct for which we reprimanded them severely, threatening to withhold further supplies of ammunition.

Three hours travelling between two ranges of the Cashan mountains, brought us to the Ooli river, a pretty little stream, upon the further bank of which we halted. A party of savages joined us, having feasted heartily upon the Gnool killed yesterday, and as we did not require their services we sent them to eat up the Rhinoceros, with injunctions to return in the evening. The banks of the Ooli are precipitous, and clothed with extensive mimosa groves, abounding with wild Buffaloes, Pallahs, and Guinea Fowl.\* We made a large bag of the latter, and obtained a supply of Ostrich eggs. In order to drive the Elephants into the plain, preparatory to hunting them the next day, we set fire to the grass, and moved the camp to a more secure position where the savages who had returned, assisted in fortifying our stockade against the Lions.

At day break the following morning, we crossed an extensive valley which skirts the mountain range, passing the ruins of several stone kraals, which in former times served to confine the cattle of numerous Bechuana tribes then living in peaceful possession of the country. These crumbling memorials now afford evidence of the extent to which this lovely spot was populated before the devastating wars of Nossekatse laid it waste, and indicate also a refinement in the art of building that I had not met with before. Our guides eagerly plucked

\* *Numida Meliagris*. -



several plants of tobacco that grew wild about the enclosers, drying them for the manufacture of snuff. Soon afterwards we entered a gorge of the mountains, and began to ascend. The ravages of Elephants were here still more conspicuous, and foot prints of the preceding day were numerous. We paused on mountains to admire the stupendous depth and formidable character of the ravines and chasms, which have been scooped out by the mighty torrents of water that roll down during the rainy season, with fury irresistible, uprooting ancient trees, and hurling into the plain below huge masses of rock, which, once put in motion bound from ledge to ledge until they reach the bottom of the valley. Nearly all the rivers in this part of Africa, take their source in the Cashan range. It divides the waters that flow to the Eastward into the Mozambique sea, from those that run to the Westward into the Atlantic Ocean; and the country on both sides being abundantly irrigated, is far better calculated both for grazing and cultivation than any part of the district that we found the Matabili occupying. The fear of Dingan, however, has led them to neglect it, and to establish themselves in a more secure position. A gigantic savage of a subordinate tribe of the Baquaina, a conquered nation to the Northward, here accidentally joined us. He was a perfect ogre in dimensions, six feet four inches high, and stout in proportion. From him we learned that there was a large herd of Elephants on the opposite side of the mountains, out of which he had speared a young one the day before. We proceeded under his guidance, and threading a pass in the mountains formed by the dry channel of a ravine, through which a waggon might be brought with little difficulty, sat down to breakfast by a refreshing mountain rill. A large colony of Pig-faced Baboons,\* shortly made their appearance above us, some slowly advancing with an inquisitive look, others deliberately settling themselves on the rocks, as though debating on the propriety of our unceremonious trespass on their domains. Their inhospitable treatment at length obliging us to make an example, we fired two shots among them. Numbers assembled round the spot where the first had struck, scraping the lead with their nails, and scrutinizing it with ludicrous gestures and grimace. The second, however, knocked over one of their elders, an enormous fellow, who was strutting about erect, laying down the law—and who, judging from his venerable appearance, must have been at least a great-grand-sire. This national calamity caused incredible consternation, and many affecting domestic scenes. The party dispersed in all directions, mothers snatching up their infants, and bearing them in their arms out of the reach of danger with an impulse and action perfectly human.

Conducted by an Elephant path, we descended through the forest to a secluded dell on the northern side of the range. Beyond, the whole plain was studded with detached pyramidal stony hills, amongst which we could perceive the extensive remains of cattle enclosures and ruins, similar to those we had passed in the morning, testifying of "cities long gone by." The tracts of the Elephants leading back again to the mountains, we reascended by a steep path con-

\* *Cynocephalus Procerius*.

siderably to the Westward of the defile through which we had come, and, on arriving at the summit, perceived our waggons like small white specks in the distant valley. Bare and sterile rocks occupy the highest elevation of these mountains, commanding an extensive view, and forming a strong contrast with the middle and lower regions, so thickly covered with verdure and forests, the latter chiefly occupying the ravines. Having reconnoitered the whole country through a telescope, without being able to discern the animals of which we were in quest, we descended by a steep foot-path, the face of the mountain being strewn with round white pebbles. Near the summit grew a venerable mimosa, which completely overshadowed the path, and a little on one side of it we observed a large heap which had been formed by each passenger contributing one of these pebbles as he passed. Our savages added their mite, simply picking up the nearest, and casting it irreverently towards the hill. This being the only approach to external worship or religious ceremony that we had seen, we naturally became very inquisitive on the subject, but could elicit no satisfactory information. Mohanycom said it was "the King," from which very sapient reply we were left at liberty to conclude, either that the hill was a monument of respect to royalty, or that they had been engaged in an idolatrous rite. The former is the most probable, for, amongst the Matabili, the reigning monarch, whilst he absorbs all their praises, is the only deity. He it is, in the opinion of this benighted race, that "maketh the rain to fall and the grass to grow, that seeth the evil and the good, and in whose hands are the issues of life and death." They have no idea of a Creator, so far as we could learn, or knowledge of a future state; nor could we ascertain that by the term King, they ever referred to any being beyond the despot who presides over their mortal destinies.

On reaching the foot of the mountains, we found a portion of the skull of the Elephant's calf that our colossal savage friend had destroyed the day before. It was all that the Hyænas had left, of the little that he had considered too hard for his own digestion. The tracks of the drove had gone Eastward over the country where we had already hunted, and as it waxed late we made the best of our way to the camp. I shot two Quaggas for our savage allies, who returned during the night laden with flesh, and bringing with them a Wild Hog,\* that they had buried in the morning in a Porcupine's earth, to which it had been driven by their dogs.

The grass on the opposite side of the mountains having been burnt, we resolved by the advice of the natives, to skirt them on the South side for a day or two. As soon as it was light, I set out with Mohanycom, and killed a spotted Hyæna,† that had been attracted with many others by the smell of the pork to our camp. I was glad to have my revenge, for they had annoyed our cattle all night long, moaning funereally in concert with the dismal yelling of Jackals,‡ and roaring of Lions, with whose melody our only surviving dog never failed to chime in. The sole of my shoe coming off, I had the felicity of running

\* *Sus Larvatus*.

† *Hyæna Crœtata*s.

‡ *Canis Mesomel*.

barefooted over sharp flints to overtake the waggons, which had crossed four inconsiderable mountain streams, and were entering a field of tall reed-grass, that waved above the heads of the oxen. An immense white Rhinoceros suddenly started from his slumbers, and rushed furiously at the leading waggon, crushing the dry reeds before him, and alarming the cattle by his loud snorting, and hostile demonstrations. A volley, however, cooled his courage, and he retired to a suitable bush where we despatched him. Three more Rhinoceroses were added to the list on our way to the Massellan river, which flowing through the mountains, joins the Lingking, a tributary to the Limpopo.

Although said to be very expert in following the tracks of wild animals, the Hottentots are far less skilful than the Asiatics, and I not unfrequently eclipsed them myself. Piet was the most accomplished in wood craft, and besides being possessed of considerably more nerve, was the only one of our followers upon whom I could depend for any assistance in the field. The rest were ready enough to go out that they might obtain a supply of ammunition, and gain a pretext for evading their other duties—but their natural indolence extending itself even to their recreations, they never hesitated to abandon me at their convenience, in order to divert themselves with the more common species of game, which could be circumvented with little exertion. The savages never accompanied us beyond the carcase of the first large animal slain, upon which having gorged to repletion, they fell fast asleep over the fire.

On the 5th November, we followed the traces of Elephants along the side of the mountains for miles, though stupendous forests, all the Hottentots excepting Piet dropping in the rear in succession, either to solace themselves with a pipe, or to expend their ammunition upon ignoble game. Time not permitting us to continue the search, we descended into a valley, bent upon the destruction of a Roan Antelope,\* a large herd of which rare animals were quietly grazing. A pair of white Rhinoceroses opposed our descent, and being unwilling to fire at them, we had some trouble in freeing ourselves from their company. A large herd of wild Swine† or as Indians term it, a *souder* of Hog, carrying their long whip-like tails erect, then passed in order of review, and immediately afterwards two bull Buffaloes were observed within pistol shot. It was a perfect panorama of game; I had with great difficulty restrained Piet from firing, and was almost within reach of the Bucks, when a Hottentot suddenly discharging his gun put every thing to flight. The Buffaloes passed me quite close on their way to the hills. I fractured the hind leg of the largest, and mounting my horse, closed with him immediately, and after two gallant charges performed upon three legs, he fell, never to rise again. This was a noble specimen of the African Buffalo, standing sixteen hands and a half at the shoulder. His ponderous horns measured four feet from tip to tip, and like a mass of rock, overshadowing his small sinis-

\* *Aigocerus Equina*. Delineated in the Africa Views.

† *Phascolæurus Africanus*.

ter grey eyes, imparted to his countenance the most cunning, gloomy, and vindictive expression. The savages instantly set to work upon the carcase with their teeth and assegais—Piot providing himself with portions of the hide for shoe soles, and of the flesh, which though coarse, is a tolerable imitation of beef.

From the summit of a hill which commanded an extensive prospect over a straggling forest, I shortly afterwards perceived a large herd of Buffaloes, quietly chowing the cud beneath an umbrageous tree. Creeping close upon them, I killed a Bull with a single ball, but the confused echo, reverberating among the mountains alarming the survivors, about fifty in number, they dashed panic stricken from their concealment, ignorant whence the sound proceeded, and every thing yielding to their giant strength, I narrowly escaped being trampled under foot in their progress. We moved five miles to the Eastward in the afternoon, stopping to take up the head of the Buffalo, which Andries could with difficulty lift upon the waggon. Myriads of vultures, and the clouds of smoke, which arose from the fires of the giant and his associates, directed us to the spot. In commemoration, I presume, of the exploit of Guy Fawkes, they had kindled a bonfire, which bid fair to destroy all the grass in the country, the flames fanned by the wind already beginning to ascend the hills. Nothing can be conceived more horribly disgusting than the appearance presented by the savages, who, gorged to the throat, and besmeared with blood, grease, and filth from the entrails, sat nodding torpidly round the remains of the carcase, sucking marrow from the bones, whilst their lean famished curs were regaling themselves upon the garbage. Every bush was garnished with flaps of meat, and every man had turned beef butcher,\* whilst swollen vultures\* were perched upon the adjacent trees, and others yet ungorged were inhaling the odours that arose.

The sun set upon us with every demonstration of rain. The night was dark and gusty. Thunder pealing amongst the mountains, and vivid flashes of forked lightning presaged a coming storm; fortunately, however, it expended its fury in the hills, and only visited us with a few drops. Before going to bed, I had been gazing for hours upon the singular and sublime effect produced by the extensive and rapidly spreading combustion of the grass. A strong South Easterly wind setting towards the hills, was driving the devouring element with a loud crackling noise, up the steep grassy sides, in long red lines, which, extending for miles swept along the heights with devastating fury, brilliantly illuminating the landscape, and threatening to denude the whole country of its vegetation. Suddenly the storm burst above the scene. The wind immediately hushed; a death-like stillness succeeded to the crackling of the flames. Every spark of the conflagration was extinguished in an instant by the deluge that descended, and the Egyptian-like darkness of the night was unbroken even by a solitary star.

*Capt. Harris's Expedition into Southern Africa.*

\* *Vultus Fulvus*, and *Vultus Auricularis*: White and Black Aas-vogel of the Cape Colonist.

## • ELEPHANT HUNTING IN THE CASHAN MOUNTAINS AND LION SHOOTING FROM THE WAGGONS.

Before daybreak the following morning, it was discovered that the oxen having been alarmed by Lions, had made their escape from the pound. A party was despatched in pursuit of them, and we proceeded into the hills to look for Buffaloes. The thunder-storm having purified the atmosphere, had rendered the weather delightfully cool, and a deep wooded defile which had not been approached by the conflagration of the day before, was filled with game that had fled before the flames. A Rhinoceros was killed almost immediately, and before we had reloaded, a noble herd of near one hundred and fifty Buffaloes was perceived on a slope overhanging a sedgy stream. Having crept within five and twenty yards, we despatched two Bulls before the alarm was spread. Crashing through the forest, they overturned decayed trees in their route, and swept along the brow of the opposite hill in fearful confusion, squeezed together in a compact phalanx, and raising an incredible cloud of dust to mark their course. We mounted our horses, and after sticking some time in the treacherous mud of the rivulet, gained the opposite bank and brought two more to bay, which were despatched after several charges. Our savage friends, still torpid from their yesterday's feast, had not made their appearance; we therefore despatched Claas, after breakfast was over, to bring in some narrow bones, in the act of collecting which delicacies, he was put to flight by a Lion that jumped out of a bush close to him, and did not leave him time to think of his gun. After some hours, however, he mustered courage to proceed with a large party to recover it.

Early in the afternoon the Hottentots returned with the oxen, and we proceeded without loss of time to the Eastward, following the course of the mountains through very high grass, and passing between two conical hills of singular appearance which stood like sentinels on either hand; after crossing six inconsiderable streams, we with some difficulty gained the vicinity of a remarkably abrupt opening in the range, which through a telescope appeared to afford a practicable road to the Northward. Both our waggons stuck fast in the Sant river, and were with difficulty extricated by the united efforts of the teams. The heat was intense, not a breath stirred, and heavy black clouds fast collecting bade us prepare for a deluge. We therefore formed the camp in a sheltered and elevated position, under the lee of a high stone enclosure, which only required the entrance to be closed with bushes to make a secure pound for the cattle. Scarcely were these arrangements completed, when a stream of liquid fire ran along the ground, and a deafening thunder clap, exploding close above us, was instantly followed by a torrent of rain, which "came dancing to the earth," not in drops, but in continuous streams, and with indescribable violence, during the greater part of the night; the thunder now receding and rumbling less and less distinctly, but more incessantly among

the distant mountains—now pealing in echoes over the nearer hills, and now returning to burst with redoubled violence above our heads.

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“Far along  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leapt the wild thunder, not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain soon had found a tongue.”

The horses and oxen were presently standing knee deep in water ; our followers remained sitting all night in the baggage waggon which leaked considerably, but our own, being better covered, fortunately resisted the pitiless storm. Sleep was however out of the question, the earth actually threatening to give way under us, and the lightning being so painfully vivid that we were glad to hide our heads under the pillow.

Those only who have witnessed the setting in of the South West monsoon in India, are capable of fully understanding the awful tempest I have attempted to describe. About an hour before dawn its fury began to abate, and at sunrise it was perfectly fine, but the rivers were quite impassable. I proceeded with some of the Hottentots to reconnoitre the pass, but found that it was impassable for waggons, being nothing more than a narrow channel flanked by perpendicular crags, between which the Sant river rushes on its way to join the Lingklung, making a number of very abrupt windings through a most impracticable country, intersected by a succession of rocky acclivities. From the highest peak we saw several herds of Buffaloes, and whilst descending, came upon the tracks of a huge Elephant that had passed about an hour before. This being the largest foot print we had seen, I had the curiosity to measure it, in order to ascertain the animal's height—twice the circumference of an Elephant's foot being, it is notorious, the exact height at the shoulder. It yielded a product of about twelve feet, which notwithstanding the traditions that have been handed down, I believe to be the maximum height attained by the African Elephant.\* We followed the trail across the Sant river, which had now considerably subsided—and finding that it proceeded Eastward along the mountain chain, returned to our encampment for horses and ammunition.

Leaving the waggons to proceed to a spot agreed upon, we again took the field about ten o'clock, and pursued the track indefatigably for eight miles, over a country presenting every variety of feature. At one time we crossed bare stony ridges, at another threaded the intricacies of shady but dilapidated forests ; now struggled through high fields of waving grass, and again emerged into open downs. At length we arrived amongst extensive groups of grassy hillocks, covered with loose stones, interspersed with streams, and occasional patches of forest in which the recent ravages of Elephants were surprising. Here to our inexpressible gratification we descried a large herd of those long sought animals, lazily browsing at the head of a distant valley, our

\* *Elephas Africanus*. Delineated in the African Views.

attention having been first directed to it, by the strong and not to be mistaken effluvia with which the wind was impregnated. Never having before seen the noble Elephant in his native jungles, we gazed on the sight before us with intense, and indescribable interest. Our feelings on the occasion even extended to our followers. As for Andries he became so agitated that he could scarcely articulate. With open eyes and quivering lips he at length stuttered forth "*Dar stand de Oliphant.*" Mohanycom and 'Lingap were immediately despatched to drive the herd back into the valley, up which we rode slowly and without noise, against the wind; and arriving within one hundred and fifty yards unperceived, we made our horses fast, and took up a commanding position in an old stone kraal. The shouting of the savages, who now appeared on the height rattling their shields, caused the huge animals to move unsuspiciously towards us, and even within ten yards of our ambush. The group consisted of nine, all females with large tusks. We selected the finest, and with perfect deliberation fired a volley of five balls into her. She stumbled, but recovering herself, uttered a shrill note of lamentation, when the whole party threw their trunks above their heads, and instantly clambered up the adjacent hill with incredible celerity, their huge fan-like ears, flapping in the ratio of their speed. We instantly mounted our horses, and the sharp loose stones not suiting the feet of the wounded lady, soon closed with her. Streaming with blood, and infuriated with rage, she turned upon us with uplifted trunk, and it was not until after repeated discharges, that a ball took effect in her brain, and threw her lifeless on the earth, which resounded with the fall.

Turning our attention from the exciting scene I have described, we found that a second valley had opened upon us, surrounded by bare stony hills, and traversed by a thinly wooded ravine. Here a grand and magnificent panorama was before us, which beggars all description. The whole face of the landscape was actually covered with wild Elephants. There could not have been fewer than three hundred within the scope of our vision. Every height and green knoll was dotted over with groups of them, whilst the bottom of the glen exhibited a dense and sable living mass—their colossal forms being at one moment partially concealed by the trees which they were disfiguring with giant strength; and at others seen majestically emerging into the open glades, bearing in their trunks the branches of trees with which they idolently protected themselves from the flies. The back ground was filled by a limited peop of the blue mountainous range, which here assumed a remarkably precipitous character, and completed a picture at once soul-stirring and sublime!

Our approach being still against the wind was unobserved, and created little alarm, until the herd that we had left behind, suddenly showed itself, recklessly thundering down the side of the hill to join the main body, and passing so close to us, that we could not refrain from firing a broadside into one of them, which however bravely withstood it. We secured our horses on the summit of a stony ridge, and then stationing ourselves at an opportune place on a ledge overlook-

ing the wooded defile, sent Andries to manoeuvre so that as many of the Elephants as possible should pass before us in order of review, that we might ascertain by a close inspection, whether there was not a male amongst them. Filing sluggishly along, they occasionally halted beneath an umbrageous tree within fifteen yards of us, lazily fanning themselves with their ample ears, blowing away the flies with their trunks, and uttering the feeble and peculiar cry so familiar to Indians. They all proved to be ladies, and most of them mothers, followed by their little old fashioned calves each trudging close to the heels of her dam and mimicking all her actions. Thus situated we might have killed any number we pleased, their heads being frequently turned towards us, in such a position, and so close, that a single ball in the brain would have sufficed for each; but whilst we were yet hesitating, a bullet suddenly whizzed past Richardson's ear and put the whole herd to immediate flight. We had barely time to recede behind a tree, before a party of about twenty with several little ones in their wake were upon us, striding at their utmost speed, and trumming loudly with uplifted heads. I rested my rifle against the tree, and firing behind the shoulder of the leader, she dropped instantly. Another large detachment appearing close behind us at the same moment we were compelled to retreat, dodging from tree to tree, stumbling amongst sharp stones, and ever coming upon fresh parties of the enemy. This scene of ludicrous confusion did not long continue—and soon approaching the prostrate lady, we put an end to her struggles by a shot in the forehead. Andries now came up in high good humour at his achievements, and in the most bravado manner discharged his piece into the dead carcase, under the pretence that the animal was shamming. His object evidently was to confound the shots—for thrusting his middle finger into the orifice made by my two ounce ball, he with the most modest assurance declared himself the author of the deed, being pleased altogether to overlook the fact of the moral shot having entered the Elephant on the side opposite to that on which he was stationed, and that his own ball, whether designedly or not, had all but expended my worthy and esteemed fellow traveller.

On our way to the camp, of the exact position of which we were uncertain in consequence of the late inundation, we passed three other large herds of Elephants. One of these standing directly in the route we attacked it and pursued the fugitives about a mile over loose stones. Much has been said of the attachment of Elephants to their young, but neither on this, nor on any subsequent occasion, did we perceive them evince the smallest concern for their safety. On the contrary they left them to shift for themselves, and Mohanycom and 'Lingap, who were behind us, assagated one, the tail of which they brought in. We slew another old female as we ascended the brow of an eminence, and at the same moment perceived our waggons within a few hundred yards of the spot. The whole herd dashed through the camp causing indescribable consternation amongst cattle and followers, but fortunately no accident occurred, and after the fatiguing day's work we had undergone, we were not sorry to find ourselves at home.



Watery clouds hung about the sun as he set heavily behind the mountains. Loud peals of crashing thunder rent the air, and ere it was dark, we had a repetition of yesterday's storm, the river roaring past us with frightful fury. Troops of Elephants flying from the scene of slaughter, passed close to our waggons during the darkness, their wild voices echoing amongst the mountains, and sounding like trumpets above the tempest. It was impossible to keep the fires burning; and the oxen and sheep were alarmed to such a degree, that they broke from the kraal, and sought safety in the wilderness. Tired as I was, the excitement I had undergone banished sleep from my eyes. I ruminated on the spirit-stirring events of the day, and burned with impatience to renew them. Heedless of the withering blast that howled without, I felt that my most sanguine expectations had been realized, and that we had already been amply repaid for the difficulties, privations and dangers, that we had encountered in our toilsome journey towards this fairy land of sport.

It was still raining heavily when the day gloomily dawned. The mountain torrents having overflowed their banks, the valley in which we were encamped had become a continuous pool of water; and those of our followers, who had not slung their hammocks beneath the waggons, were partially submerged. High roads had been ploughed through the mire by the passage of the Elephants, and whole acres of grass, by which we were surrounded the preceding evening, had been completely trampled down. Soon after sunrise it cleared up, and the cattle having been recovered, we armed a party with hatchets, and proceeded on foot to cut out the teeth of the slain Elephants; but walking was exceedingly toilsome, and our feet sinking to the ancles in black mud, were extricated with inconceivable difficulty. Taking advantage of our situation, an irritated Rhinoceros sallied from behind an old stone wall: and the damp causing three of the guns to miss fire, he was actually amongst us when my ball fortunately pierced his eye, and he fell dead at our feet.

Not an Elephant was to be seen on the ground that was yesterday teeming with them; but on reaching the glen which had been the scene of our exploits during the early part of the action, a calf about three and a half feet high, walked forth from a bush, and saluted us with mournful piping notes. We had observed the unhappy little wretch hovering about its mother after she fell, and having probably been unable to overtake the herd, it had passed a dreary night in the wood. Entwining its little proboscis about our legs, the sagacious creature, after demonstrating its delight at our arrival by a thousand ungainly antics, accompanied the party to the body of its dam; which swollen to an enormous size, was surrounded by an inquest of vultures. Seated in gaunt array, with their shoulders shrugged, these loathsome fowls were awaiting its decomposition with forced resignation: the tough hide having defied all the efforts of their beaks, with which the eyes and softer parts had been vigorously assailed. The conduct of the quaint little calf now became quite affecting, and elicited the sympathy of every one. It ran round its mother's corse with touching

demonstrations of grief, piping sorrowfully, and vainly attempting to raise her with its tiny trunk. I confess that I had felt compunctions in committing the murder the day before, and now half resolved never to assist in another; for in addition to the moving behaviour of the young Elephant, I had been unable to divest myself of the idea that I was firing at my old favorite *Mowla-Bukhs*, from whose gallant back I had vanquished so many of my feline foes in Guzerat—an impression, which however ridiculous it must appear, detracted considerably from the satisfaction I experienced.

The operation of hewing out three pair of tusks, occupied several hours, their roots, imbedded in massy sockets, spreading over the greater portion of the face. My Indian friends will marvel when they hear of tusks being extracted from the jaws of a female Elephant—but, with very few exceptions, all that we saw had these accessories, measuring from three to four feet in length. I have already stated my belief that the maximum height of the African male is twelve feet; that of the female averages eight and a half—the enormous magnitude of the ears, which not only cover the whole of the shoulder, but overlap each other on the neck, to the complete exclusion of the *Mahout* or Driver, constituting another striking feature of difference between the two species. The forehead is remarkably large and prominent, and consists of two walls or tables; between which, a wide cellular space intervening, a ball, hardened with tin or quicksilver, readily penetrates to the brain and proves instantaneously fatal.

The barbarous tribes that people Southern Africa have never dreamt of the possibility of rendering this lordly quadruped serviceable in a domestic capacity; and even amongst the Colonists, there exists an unaccountable superstition that his subjugation is not to be accomplished. His capture, however, might readily be achieved; and, as he appears to possess all the aptitude of his Asiatic relative, the only difficulty that presents itself, is the general absence, within our territories, of sufficient food for his support. Were he once domesticated, and arrayed against the beasts of the forest, Africa would realize the very *beau idéal* of magnificent sport. It is also worthy of remark that no attempt has ever been made on the part of the Colonists to naturalize another most useful animal, the Camel, although soil, climate, and productions appear alike to favor its introduction.

We succeeded, after considerable labor, in extracting the ball which Andries pretended to have fired yesterday; and the grooves of my rifle being conspicuous upon it, that worthy, but unbashed squire, was constrained not only to relinquish his claim to the merit of having slain the Elephant—but also to forego his fancied right to the ivory. The miniature Elephant, finding that its mother heeded not its caresses, voluntarily followed our party to the waggons, where it was received with shouts of welcome from the people, and a band of all sorts of melody from the cattle. It died, however, in spite of every care, in the course of a few days; as did two others, much older, that we subsequently captured.

The day again closed with a thunder-storm, which twice passed

off, and twice revisited us in the course of the night. The rivers, which had subsided during the day, became once more agitated, and instead of the trumpet accompaniment from Elephants, we were serenaded by a legion of jackals. An opening shriek from one of these crafty animals, resounding during the conflict of the elements, amid craggy rocks and solitary glens, was the signal of a general chorus; and, re-answered by a long protracted scream from an hundred throats did not fail in its effect upon our harrassed cattle, causing the sheep to break out of the enclosure, notwithstanding our efforts to control them.

Although the ground was very heavy, we resolved upon shifting the camp a few miles to the Eastward, in order to be within reach of the Elephants. All the mountain rills were full, but they were not of sufficient magnitude to obstruct the waggons. As we proceeded, several Elephants were observed clambering with the agility of Chamois, to the very summit of the chain. Shortly after we had halted, I went out alone, and ascending by a narrow path trodden by wild animals, entered a strip of forest occupying an extensive ravine. On the outside of this, stood a mighty bull Elephant, his trunk entwined around his tusk, and but for the flapping of his huge ears, motionless as a statue. Securing my mare to a tree I crept silently behind a block of stone, and levelled my rifle at his ample forehead. The earth trembled under the weight of the enormous brute as he dropped heavily, uttering one deep groan, and expiring without a struggle. His height at the shoulder was eleven feet and a half, and his tusks measured more than seven in length. The echo of the shot, reverberating through hill and dale, caused the mare to break her tether and abscond, and brought large tribes of pig-faced baboons from their sylvan haunts, to afford me any thing but sympathy. Their ridiculous grimaces, however, could not fail to elicit my mirth, whatever might have been my humour. It was long before I recovered my horse, and did not regain the waggons until after night-fall. The new moon brought, if possible, a more abundant supply of rain than usual; nor did the Lions fail to take advantage of the nocturnal tempest, having twice endeavored to effect an entrance into the cattle fold. It continued, until nine o'clock the next morning, to pour with such violence, that we were unable to open the canvas curtains of the waggon. Peeping out, however, to ascertain if there was any prospect of its clearing up, we perceived three Lions squatted within an hundred yards, in the open plain, attentively watching the oxen. Our rifles were hastily seized, but the dampness of the atmosphere prevented their exploding. One after another, too, the Hottentots sprang out of the pack waggon, and snapped their guns at the unwelcome intruders, as they trotted sulkily away, and took up their position on a stony eminence at no great distance. Fresh caps and priming were applied, and a broadside was followed by the instantaneous demise of the largest, whose cranium was perforated by two bullets at the same instant. Swinging their tails over their backs, the survivors took warning by the fate of their companion, and dashed into the thicket with a roar. In another half hour, the voice of *Lepo* was again

heard at the foot of the mountains, about a quarter of a mile from the camp; and from the waggon-top we could perceive a savage monster rampant, with his tail hoisted and whirling in a circle—charging furiously along the base of the range—and in desperate wrath, making towards John April, who was tending the sheep. Every one instinctively grasped his weapon, and rushed to the rescue, calling loudly to warn the expected victim of his danger. Without taking the smallest notice of him, however, the infuriated monster dashed past, roaring and lashing his sides until concealed in the mist. Those who have seen the monarch of the forest in crippling captivity only, immured in a cage barely double his own length, with his sinews relaxed by confinement, have seen but the shadow of that animal, which “clears the desert with his rolling eye.”

The South African Lion, differs little from that found in Guzerat, in Western India,\* measuring between ten and eleven feet in extreme length—but generally possesses a finer mane, a peculiarity which is attributable to the less jungly character of the country that he infests, and to the more advanced age which he is suffered to attain. Amongst the Cape Colonists it is a fashionable belief, that there are two distinct species of the African Lion—the yellow, and the black—and that the one is infinitely less ferocious than the other. But I need scarcely inform the well-instructed reader, that both the color and the size depend chiefly upon the animal's age; the developement of the physical powers, and of the mane also, being principally influenced by a like contingency. That which has been designated the “maneless Lion of Guzerat,” is nothing more than a young Lion whose mane has not shot forth; and I give this opinion with less hesitation, having slain the “King of beasts” in every stage from whelphood to imbecility.

*Ibid.*

\* The reader is aware that the Tiger is not a denizen of Africa. Both the Leopard, and the Hunting Leopard occur, but differ in no respect from those found in India.

## SHOOTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND HUNTING IN THE VALLEY OF THE LIMPOPO.

It was unfortunately requisite, during the greater part of our journey, to furnish the Hottentots with ammunition for their protection whilst tending the cattle; and their incessant firing, which no remonstrance could control, soon disturbing the whole of the game in our neighbourhood, we found it useless to remain more than one day at any place. Compared with the quantity of powder expended by these men, the number of animals they killed was exceedingly limited—the supply of meat for the camp generally depending upon my success; but the beasts of the forest, having been unmolested all their lives, and unaccustomed to the report of the gun, fled before their attacks in consternation; so that within a few hours after the formation of the camp in a spot abounding with game, not a living quadruped was to be seen.

The country through which we travelled being chiefly characterized by open plains or straggling forests, it will readily be conceived that *woodcraft* availed little in the destruction of game. Many of the species that occur are naturally slow and heavy; and the gregarious habits of the fletter, rendering them easy of approach on horseback, almost every animal, from the mighty Elephant to the most diminutive Antelope, must be pursued in the saddle. Not only, however, does the success of a hunting party mainly depend upon the number and condition of the horses—which are almost daily required also for the recovery of straying cattle—but its safety in event of an attack from the savage tribes, is equally involved. We could therefore have found ample employment for forty, instead of sixteen, half starved, shoeless Rozinautes, with nothing but grass to eat, and not so much even as a cloth to protect them from the cold and wet during a succession of inclement nights. But whilst none of our many trading advisers, who had doubtless experienced the difficulty of destroying on foot sufficient game for the subsistence of their followers, had suggested our going better provided; they had unfortunately succeeded in dissuading us from carrying a supply of shoes or grain, the absence of both of which essentials we never ceased to deplore. The anxiety may be estimated with which we watched the now daily improving condition of our meagre steeds, and assiduously endeavoured to free them from the clusters of bursting ticks, which having been contracted amongst the bushes, threatened to relieve them of the little blood they possessed. A sturdy stall fed Arab, would have now been worth his weight in gold; but ragged as the Cape horses undoubtedly are, it is but justice to their manifold merits to declare, that they only require feeding to render them most useful allies during an African campaign. Hardy, docile, and enduring, any number may be driven on the line of march, by a single Hottentot; and they are soon habituated to graze unattended within sight of the waggons, wherever grass is abundant. In

the chase, the most formidable animal does not inspire them with the slightest alarm; and the bridle being thrown over their heads, they may generally be left standing in the wilderness for hours together without attempting to stir from the spot.

Our next movement brought us to the source of the Oori or Limpopo—the Gareep of Moselekatse's dominions. Fed by many fine streams from the Cashan range, this enchanting river springs into existence as if by magic; and rolling its deep and tranquil waters between tiers of weeping willows, through a passage in the mountain barrier, takes its course to the Northward. Here we enjoyed the novel diversion of Hippopotamus\* shooting—that animal abounding in the Limpopo, and dividing the empire with its amphibious neighbour the Crocodile. Throughout the night, the unwieldy monsters might be heard snorting and blowing during their aquatic gambols, and we not unfrequently detected them in the act of sallying from their reed-grown coverts, to graze by the serene light of the moon; never, however, venturing to any distance from the river, the stronghold to which they betake themselves on the smallest alarm. Occasionally during the day, they were to be seen basking on the shore amid ooze and mud; but shots were more constantly to be had at their uncouth heads, when protruded from the water to draw breath, and if killed, the body rose to the surface. Vulnerable only behind the ear, however, or in the eye, which is placed in prominence, so as to resemble the garret window of a Dutch house, they require the perfection of rifle practice, and after a few shots become exceedingly shy, exhibiting the snout only, and as instantly, withdrawing it. The flesh is delicious, resembling pork in flavour, and abounding in fat, which in the colony, is deservedly esteemed the greatest of delicacies. The hide is upwards of an inch and a half in thickness, and being scarcely flexible, may be dragged from the ribs in strips like the planks from a ship's side. Of these are manufactured a superior description of *sjambok*, the elastic whip already noticed as being an indispensable piece of furniture to every Boor proceeding on a journey. Our followers encumbered the waggons with a large investment of them, and of the canine teeth, the ivory of which is extremely profitable.

Of all the Mammalia, whose portraits, drawn from ill stuffed specimens have been foisted upon the world, *Behemoth* has perhaps been the most ludicrously misrepresented. I sought in vain for that colossal head—for those cavern-like jaws, garnished with elephantine tusk—or those ponderous feet with which “the formidable and ferocious quadruped” is wont “to trample down whole fields of corn during a single night!” Defenceless and inoffensive, his shapeless carcase is but feebly supported upon short and disproportioned legs, and his belly almost trailing upon the ground, he may not inaptly be likened to an overgrown pig. The color is pinkish brown, clouded and freckled with a darker tint. Of many that we shot, the largest measured less than five feet at the shoulder; and the reality falling so lamentably short of the mon-

\* *Hippopotamus Amphibius*. Delineated in the African Views.

strous conception I had formed, the "River Horse," or "Sea Cow,"\* was the first, and indeed, the only South African quadruped in which I felt disappointed.

The country now literally presented the appearance of a menagerie; the host of Rhinoceroses in particular, that daily exhibited themselves, almost exceeding belief. Whilst the camp was being formed, an ugly head might be seen protruded from every bush, and the possession of the ground was often stoutly disputed. In the field, these animals lost no opportunity of rendering themselves obnoxious—frequently charging at my elbow, when in the act of drawing the trigger at some other object—and pursuing our horses with indefatigable and ludicrous industry, carrying their noses close to the ground, and uttering a sound between a grunt, and a smothered whistle. In removing the horn with an axe, the brain was discovered, seated in a cavity below it, at the very extremity of the snout—a phenomenon in the idiosyncrasy of this animal, which may in some measure account for its want of intelligence and piggish obstinacy; as well as for the extraordinary acuteness of smell with which it is endowed. Irascible beyond all other quadrupeds, the African Rhinoceros appears subject even to unprovoked paroxysms of reckless fury; but the sphere of vision is so exceedingly limited, that its attacks although sudden and impetuous, are easily eluded, and a shot behind the shoulder, discharged from the distance of twenty or thirty yards, generally proves fatal.

On our way from the waggons to a hill not half a mile distant, we counted no less than twenty-two of the white species of Rhinoceros, and were compelled in self-defence to slaughter four. On another occasion, I was besieged in a bush by three at once, and had no little difficulty in beating off the assailants. Wild Buffaloes too might often be seen from the waggons. Riding up a narrow defile, flanked by steep banks, I one morning found myself suddenly confronted with the van of a vast troop of these formidable animals, which were ascending from the opposite side—their malevolent grey eyes scowling beneath a threatening brow. Unable to turn, they must have charged over me, had my horse not contrived to scramble up the bank; from the top of which I fired both barrels into the leader, a poudorous bull, whose appearance stamped him father of the herd. Falling on his knees, the patriarch was instantly trampled underfoot by his followers as they charged, bellowing in close squadron, down the declivity with the fury of a passing whirlwind, and making the woods re-echo to the clatter of their hoofs.

In the vegetable world, a great variety of novel and interesting forms, grace the banks of the Limpopo, but the airy acacia is still pre-eminently beautiful. Green and shady belts, bedizened with golden blossoms and purple pods, or fringed with the cradle nests of the pen-sile grosbeak, extend on either side—their mazes being intersected by

\* The Hippopotamus is termed by the Colonists *Zakee* or *Sea-Cow*, the least applicable designation perhaps; not excepting that of the *River Horse*, that could have been conferred.

paths worn by Hippopotami during their nocturnal rambles. The recesses of these fairy groves are the favorite haunts of many forest-loving Antelopes. The graceful Pallah, with knotted, and eccentrically inflected horns of extraordinary proportions, is found in large families. Shy and capricious in its habits, the elegance of its form, and the delicate finish of its limbs, are unrivalled. The usual succentorial hoofs are wanting, but the hinder legs are furnished with remarkable cushions of wiry hair, which occur in no other species, and remind us of the heels of a Mercury. This favored spot too, is a chosen resort of the majestic Water Buck, which I now found might be ridden down with facility; a discovery that enabled me to obtain many splendid specimens. This rare and remarkable animal which has been already described, is never found at a distance from the banks of tropical rivers, in the waters of which he delights to plunge.

Another rare species—the Roan Antelope, or Bastard Gemsbok—is an inhabitant of the elevated downs and ridges about the source of this river, and being utterly destitute of speed, may be ridden to a stand-still without difficulty. This most imposing animal, which charges viciously when unable to continue its flight, is the size of a large horse; and excepting the head and tail, which are jet black, is uniformly of a delicate roan color. It is heavily built, and has an upright mane, long asinine ears, and robust scimitar-shaped recurved horns. Here too, I first met with, and slew the Koodoo.\* Majestic in its carriage, and brilliant in its color, this species may with propriety be styled the king of the tribe. Other Antelopes are stately, elegant, or curious—but the solitude-seeking Koodoo is absolutely regal! The ground color is a lively French grey approaching to blue, with several transverse white bands passing over the back and loins; a copious mane, and deeply fringed, tricolored dewlap, setting off a pair of ponderous, yet symmetrical horns, spirally twisted, and exceeding three feet in length. These are thrown along the back, as the stately wearer dashes through the mazes of the forest, or clambers the mountain side. The old bulls are invariably found apart from the females, which herd together in small troops, and are destitute of horns.

Every open glade abounds with the more common species of game, such as the Brindled Gnoo, Hartebeest, Sassyby, and Quagga, together with the Ostrich and Wild Hog; the tusks of this latter most hideous animal attaining in some instances to an enormous size, although its stature is insignificant. Among the sedge grown rivulets, the Riet Buck is common; and the mountain range and its grassy environs, are the resort of six smaller species of Antelope, hitherto unnoticed in these pages; viz. the Klipspringer, Rheeback, Rooe Rheeback or Nagor, Ourebi, Steenbuck, and Duiker,† of each of which I obtained several specimens. Although described in the Appendix, the remarkable character of the two first demand further notice; the Klipspringer,

\* *Strepsiceros Koodoo*. Delineated in the African Views.

† *Oreotragus Saltatrix*, *Redunca Capreolus*, *R. Lalandii*, *R. Scoparia*, *Tragulus Rupetris*, and *Cephalopus Mergens*.



which is closely allied to the Chamois of Europe, and coney-like, has its house on the mountain-top, being furnished with singularly coarse hair, imparting the appearance of an Hedge Hog ; whilst the fur of the Rheebuck again, is of a curly woolly nature, resembling that of the Wild Rabbit.

Excepting the Guinea Fowl, which usually abounded in the vicinity of wood and water, feathered game was comparatively scarce throughout our journey. Occasionally, however, and here in particular, we found two species of the Bustard, or *Paow* of the Colonists—two of the Florican or *Koram*—with four distinct kinds of Partridge. To these, however, I had little leisure to attend, my time being fully occupied from dawn until dark, in the pursuit of far more attractive objects.

In the extensive and romantic valley of the Limpopo which strongly contrasts with its own solitude, and with the arid lands which must be traversed to arrive within its limits, Dame Nature has doubtless been unusually lavish of her gifts. A bold mountain landscape is chequered by innumerable rivulets abounding in fish, and watering a soil rich in luxuriant vegetation. Forests, producing timber of the finest growth, are tenanted by a multitude of birds, which, if not generally musical, are all gorgeously attired ; and the meadows throughout are decked with blossoming geraniums, and with an endless profusion of the gayest flowers, fancifully distributed in almost artificial parterres. Let the fore-ground of this picture, which is by no means extravagantly drawn, be filled in by the animal creation roaming in a state of undisturbed freedom, such as I have attempted to describe, and this hunter's paradise will surely not require to be colored by the feelings of an enthusiastic sportsman, to stand out in striking relief from amongst the loveliest spots in the universe.

*Ibid.*

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## CRICKET.

## MATCH BETWEEN SIMLA AND SUBATHOO.

## SIMLA, 1st DAY.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
Captain Haines, bd. by Bannister	25	bowled White	... 2
Lieut. Malleson, bd. by White	... 4	bowled Bannister	... 15
Lieut. Hall, bd. by Bannister	... 4	bowled Bannister	.. 1
Capt. Hillier, bd. by ditto	... 20	bd. White, ct. Bannister	... 0
Capt. Higgins, not out	... 4	bd. ditto ct. Greville	... 1
Captain Burton, bd. by White	... 4	bowled Bannister	... 4
Capt. Sim, bd. by Boyd caught			
White	... 10	ct. Hawes, bd. Bannister	... 0
Captain Currie, bd. by Bannister	3	ct. Hawes, bd. White	... 0
Capt. Doyle, bd. by White	... 2	not out	... 1
Capt. Cox, bd. by Bannister	... 0	bowled White	... 1
Capt. Bethune, bd. by White	... 0	bowled ditto	... 0
Wide Balls	... 0	Wide balls	... 1
Byes	... 12	Byes	... 1
	<hr/> 88		<hr/> 27

## SUBATHOO, 1st DAY.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
Lieut. Baldwin, bd. by Hall, ct.			
Sim	13	bd. Hall, ct. Cox	.. 5
Lieut. Bannister, bd. by Cox	... 4		
Lieut. Battye, bd. by Malleson, ct.			
Sim	... 19		
Lieut. Boyd, bd. and ct. by Haines	22		
Lieut. Hawes, bd. by Malleson	... 0		
Lieut. White, bd. by Cox	... 1	bd. Halls, ct. Malleson	... 0
Lieut. Wheeler, bd. by Malleson	2	not out	... 7
Lieut. Palmer, bd. Hale, ct. by			
Currie	... 0	not out	... 15
Lieut. Greville, bd. Hall, ct. by			
Malleson	... 2		
Lieut. Cunliffe, not out	... 3		
Lieut. Gaynor, bd. by Haines	... 0		
Wide Balls	... 7	Wide Balls	... 1
Byes	... 4	Byes	.. 12
	<hr/> 77		<hr/> 40

Subathoo beating with 8 wickets to go down.

## SECOND MATCH BETWEEN SIMLA AND SUBATHOO.

## SIMLA, 2d DAY.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.		
Hillier, bd. White, ct. by Bannister	1	bowled, Stumped out	...	0
Haines, bd. by Bannister	... 17	bowled White	...	15
Higgins, bd. by White	... 8	not out	...	6
Hall, bd. by ditto	... 0	bd White, ct. Palmer	...	2
Burton, bd. White ct. Hawes	... 11	bowled Bannister	...	21
Sim, bd. by White, run out	... 17	bd. Bannister, ct. Baldwin	...	1
Cox, bd. White, Batty stumped	... 3	bd. White, ct. Batty	...	0
Currie, bd. by Bannister,	... 0	bowled and ct. White	...	6
Doyly, bd. White ct. by Bannister	1	bowled Bannister	...	0
McKinnon, not out	... 5	bd. White, Hit wicket	...	2
Malleson, bd by White	... 0	bowled White	...	10
Wide Balls	... 3	Wide Balls,	...	0
No Balls	... 0	No Balls	...	0
Byes	... 5	Byes	...	2

## SUBATHOO.

1st Innings.			2d Innings.		
Baldwin, bd. by Malleson	...	7	not out	...	2
Battye, bd. Cox, ct. by Haines	..	8			
Bannister, bd. Currie, leg before wicket	...	16			
Boyd, bd. by Haines	...	22			
Hawes	...	0			
White, bd. Hillier, ct. by Sims	...	14	not out	...	10
Wheeler, bd. Currie, ct. by Haines		26			
Palmer, bd. Malleson, ct. by Malleson	...	1			
Greville, bd. Hall	...	1			
Cunliffe, not out	...	15			
Gaynor, bd. Haines, ct. by Malleson	...	2			
Byes	...	18			
Wide Balls	...	7			
		132			12

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## MATCH BETWEEN H. M.'S 29TH FOOT AND THE 2d EUROPEAN REGIMENT.

## HER MAJESTY'S 29TH.

1st Innings.			2d Innings.		
Sutton, ct. by Day	...	21	bowled by Bell	..	13
Woodward, ct. by Bassett	...	1	stumped by Day	...	1
Slade, bd. by Mearing	...	6	bowled by Bell	...	0
Mitchell, bd. by Mearing	...	0	bowled ditto	...	6
McClowen, ct. by Day	...	1	bowled by Mearing	...	1
Bout, bd. by Bell	...	0	bowled by Bell	...	8
Hall, not out	...	8	bowled ditto	...	5
Grey, bd. by Mearing	...	0	not out	...	4
Bagworth, hit wicket	1		bowled by Bell	...	0
Long, ct. by Bell	11		bowled ditto	...	0
Taylor, bd. by Mearing	3		bowled ditto	...	0
Wide Balls	0		Wide Balls	...	0
No Balls	0		No Balls	...	0
Byes	1		Byes	...	3
<hr/>			<hr/>		
Total	...	58	Total	...	41

2d EUROPEANS.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
Woodroffe, run out	.. 0	bowled by Hall	... 8
Hallis, ct. by Backworth	... 0	caught Bagworth	... 7
Seers, ct. by Long	... 1	not out	... 12
Bell, bd by McLean	... 8	caught by Bagworth	... 7
Farmer, ct. by Sutton	... 0	not out	... 8
Mearing, st. by Long	... 5	bowled by McLean	... 9
Day, ditto ditto	... 4	caught by Long	... 0
Rose, bd. by McLean	... 0	run out	... 0
Hagden, ct. by Woodward,	.. 0		
Bassett, not out	... 19	bowled by McLean	... 10
Grover, bd. by McLean,	... 5		
Wide Ball	... 0		
No Ball	... 0		
Bye	... 1	Byes	... 2
Total	... 43	Total...	53

*Ibid.*

BANGALORE.

MATCH BETWEEN THE FUSILIERS AND THE 14th N. I.

FUSILIERS.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
Lieut. Christie, bowled Mootesawmy	... 8	Run out	... 1
Lieut. Ward, bd. Barrow	... 7	Not out	... 27
Private Parkes, bowled Barrow	... 1	Bowled Mootesawmy	... 22
Serjeant Saunderson, ct. Tautiah..	... 4	Caught Mootesawmy	... 12
Private Wright, bowled Barrow...	... 7	Bowled Barrow	... 19
Private Bell, bd. Mootesawmy	... 26	Bowled Barrow	... 10
Private Hoare, bowled Mootesawmy	... 4	Caught Maduranaigum	... 1
Private Chaplin, bd. Mootesawmy	... 9	Caught Mootesawmy	... 5
Private Green, bowled Barrow	... 6	Bd. by Mootesawmy	... 1
Private Carton, not out	... 5	Caught Barrow	... 28
Private Parker, bowled Barrow	... 4	Bowled Mootesawmy	... 0
Byes	... 4	Byes	... 1
Wide Balls	... 6		
Total	... 91	Total	... 128
		Do. 1st Innings	... 91
		Total both Innings	... 217

## 14TH N. I.

1st Innings.			2nd Innings.		
Lieut. Tapp, caught Carton	...	3	Stumped by Wright	...	0
Lieut. Barrow, caught Bell	...	2	Bowled Parkes	...	0
Lieut. Partridge, bowled Wright...	...	3	Run out	...	0
Lieut. Kensington, bd. Wright	...	0	Bowled Wright	...	4
Private Mootesawmy, caught Ward	...	7	Bowled Wright	...	1
Private Mootesawmy, bowled Parks	...	15	Bowled Wright	...	0
Private Soondum, ct. Wright	...	0	Bowled Wright	...	0
Private Maduranaigum, bowled Wright	...	1	Bowled Wright	...	5
Private Tautiah, caught Wright...	...	0	Caught Ward	...	1
Private Shaik Meeran, not out	...	0	Bowled by Parkes	...	0
Private Hoossain Khan, bowled Wright	...	8	Not out	...	0
Byes	...	2	Byes	...	3
Total.	...	41	Total	...	14
Grand Total.					
Fusiliers	...	..	...	...	217
14th Regiment N. I.	...	...	...	...	55
162					

## SECOND MATCH BETWEEN THE FUSILIERS AND THE 14TH N. I.

## 1st FUSILIERS.

1st Innings.			2nd Innings.		
Lieut. Christie, bowled Venketachillum	...	0	Bowled Venketachillum	...	0
Lieut. Ward, bowled Venketachillum	...	0	Caught Kensington	...	17
Private Laire, run out	...	12	Bowled Mootesawmy	...	1
Private Hutchins bowled Mootesawmy	...	7	Caught Venketachillum	...	1
Private Pidd, bowled Venketachillum	...	1	Bowled Venketachillum	...	6
Private Warren, bowled Venketachillum	...	14	Bowled Mootesawmy	...	4
Private Carton, caught Kensington.	...	0	Caught Kensington	...	2
Private Green bowled Venketachillum	...	0	Not out	...	0
Private Palmer, not out	...	14	Bowled Venketachillum	...	0
Private Orridge, bowled Venketachillum	...	0	Bowled Venketachillum	...	0
Private Chaplin, bowled Venketachillum	...	1	Bowled Venketachillum	...	1
Byes	...	17	Byes	...	4
Wide and No Balls	...	2	Wide No Balls	...	0
Total 1st Innings	...	68	Total 2d Innings	...	30
			Do. 1st Innings	...	68
			Grand Total	...	

14TH N. I.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Lieut. Kensington, run out	... 1	Caught Carton	... 3
Lieut. Tapp, bowled Christie	... 7	Caught Christie	... 0
Lieut. Barrow, bowled Christie	... 20	Bowled Christie	... 21
Havdr Venketachillum, caught Christie	... 0	Bowled Christie	... 0
Private Mootesawmy, bowled Warren	... 1	Bowled Warren	... 0
Private Mootesawmy, bowled Warren	... 0	Bowled Warren	... 5
Private Soondrum, run out	... 4	Not out	... 5
Private Hoossain Khan, bowled Christie	... 0	Caught Hutchins	... 1
Private Tautiah, bowled Christie	... 6	Caught Ward	... 4
Private Maduranaigum, bowled Warren	... 5	Bowled Warren	... 0
Private Chungulroyah, not out	... 0	Bowled Warren	... 2
Byes	... 8	Byes	... 11
Wide No Balls	... 0		
Total 1st Innings	... 52	Total 2nd Innings	... 52
		Do 1st Innings	... 52
		Grand Total	...10

THIRD MATCH BETWEEN THE FUSILIERS AND THE 14TH N. I.

1st FUSILIERS.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Captain Warrington, c. Maduranaigum	... 2	c. Mootesawmy	... 4
Lieutenant Christie, b. Venketachillum	... 8	run out	... 5
Lieutenant Ward, c. Kensington	... 0	c. Barrow	... 24
Serjeant Saunderson, c. Venketachillum	... 6	b. Venketachillum	... 16
Private Hutchins, run out	... 0	not out	... 0
Private Hoare, not out	... 1	c. Kensington	... 0
Private Carton, b. Barrow	... 1	c. Venketachillum	... 0
Private Parker, b. Venketachillum	... 0	b. Barrow	... 0
Private Green, c. Maduranaigum	... 1	b. Barrow	... 0
Private Bell, run out	... 3	c. Mootesawmy	... 7
Private Chaplin, run out	... 4	b. Venketachillum	... 0
Byes	... 8		13
Wide and No Balls	... 1		0
Total 1st Innings	... 35	Total 2nd Innings	... 69
		Do 1st Innings	... 35
		Grand Total	...104

## 14TH REGIMENT N. I.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Lieut. Kensington, b. Saunderson..	0	c. Ward	... 12
" Tapp, b. Saunderson	... 1	b. Bell	... 0
" Partridge run out	... 1	not out	... 2
" Barrow, b. Saunderson	... 10	c. Parker	... 26
Havildar Venketachillum, run out...	11	b. Saunderson	... 10
Private Mootesawmy, run out	... 0	b. Bell	... 11
" Chungulroyah, not out	... 1	c. Ward	... 0
" Maduranaigum, c. Chaplin...	2	c. Christie	... 1
" Mootesawmy, b. Saunderson..	0	b. Saunderson	... 0
" Tautiah, b. Saunderson	... 5	b. Saunderson	... 2
" Soondrum, c. Parker	... 11	b. Bell	... 3
Byes ...	... 4		... 4
Wide and No Balls	... 0		... 0
Total 1st Innings...	... 46	Total 2nd Innings	... 71
		Do. 1st Innings	... 46
		Grand Total	...117

*Athenæum, July 15.*

## BARODA.

## MATCH BETWEEN THE 2ND GRENADIERS AND 22ND REGT. N. I.

1st Innings		2nd Innings.	
Captain Schneider, bowled by Macdonald	... 0	bowled by Mandonald	... 11
Lieut. Jermyn, caught by Beale, bowled by Jones	... 1	caught by Briggs, bd. by Jones	... 27
Lieut. Curtis, bowled by Macdonald	... 8	bowled by Briggs	... 8
Lieut. Bolton, caught by S. Karr, bd. by Macdonald	... 38	caught and bowled by Macdonald	... 8
Lieut. Harding, run out	... 1	bowled by Briggs	... 26
Dr. Larkins, caught by S. Karr, bd. by Jones	... 33	bowled by Jones	... 40
Lt. Gleig bd. by Macdonald	... 3	run out	... 1
Lieut. Law, not out	... 0	caught by Briggs, bd. by Hale	... 0
Lt. Macdonald, bd. by Jones	... 4	caught and bowled by Briggs	... 0
Sew Deen, caught by Hossman, bd. by Macdonald	... 0	not out	... 2
Ram Buckus, run out	... 0	bowled by Hale	... 0
Byes	... 4	...	... 0
Wide Balls	... 1	...	... 4

Total 1st Innings..... 93—Total 2nd Innings... .. 127

Grand Total.. 221

No. of Balls bd. 1st Innings 204 ... .. 2nd Innings 216—Total 420

22ND REG. N. I.

1st Innings.			2nd Innings.		
Major Hale, not out	...	0	bowled by Larkins	...	0
Capt. Beale, bd. by Larkins	...	1	caught by Bolton, bd. by Larkins	...	2
Capt. Macdonald, bowled by	...	15	caught by Schneider, bowled by	...	1
Larkins	...	1	Larkins	...	2
G. Seton Karr, Esq, bowled by	...	1	bowled by Curtis	...	7
Curtis	...	10	caught by Macdonald, bowled by	...	1
Lieut. Jones, bd. by Curtis	...	0	Larkins	...	13
Lt. Briggs, bd by Larkins	...	8	bowled by Larkins	...	5
Lt. Hessman, bd. by Larkins	...	1	run out	...	0
Lt. Millar, bd. by Curtis	...	2	run out	...	1
Lt. Landford, ct. by Bolton, bowl-	...	2	caught by Bolton, bd. by Larkins	...	1
ed by Curtis	...	1	caught by Curtis, bd. by Larkins...	...	2
Lt. Campbell, run out	...	0	Larkins	...	0
Lt. Short, ct. by Bolton, bd. by	...	0	not out	...	0
Larkins	...	0	Byes	...	0
Byes	...	0	Wide Balls	...	0
Wide Balls	...	0			

Total 1st Innings..... 41—Total 2nd Innings... 37

Grand Total... 78

No. of Balls bd. 1st Innings 84—2nd Innings 84—Total 168

*Bombay Times, August 29.*



## PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

### AMENDED PROSPECTUS OF THE AGRA RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Monday, 5th October, 1846.*

*1st Race.*—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M., with 15 added from the Fund for all Arabs, 9st. 7lb. R. C. to close on the 15th September and name the day before the Race. Maidens allowed 5lb.

*2d Race.*—Cheroot Stakes of 100 Rs. from the Fund,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile Heats, 11st. 7lb. G. R. Any horse in the race to be sold for 500 rupees if claimed within half an hour after the Race. Entrance 2 G. M. Any Jockey starting or coming in without a lighted Cheroot to be distanced.

*3d Race.*—Galloway Plate of 12 G. M. from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. each, 1 mile heats, 14 hands  $9\frac{1}{2}$ .

SECOND DAY, *Wednesday, 7th October, 1846.*

*1st Race.*—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. with 15 G. M. from the Fund, for all horses. English excepted. 9st. 7lb.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

*2d Race.*—Pony Race of 100 Rupees from the Fund,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M. Catch weights.

*3d Race.*—Give and Take Purse of 12 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 4 G. M. for all horses, English excepted. 14 hands and aged 9st. 1 mile heat, the winner of the 1st Race 1st day to carry 5lb. extra. To close and name the day before the Race.

THIRD DAY, *Friday, 9th October, 1846.*

*1st Race.*—The Agra Welter of 15 G. M. from the Fund, for all Horses, English excepted. Arabs 11st. 7lb., Cape, Country Breds and N. S. Wales horses to carry 12 stone. Entrance 5 G. M. R. C. Maidens allowed 5lb.

*2d Race.*—Forced Handicap for all horses who have started during the Meeting, Pony, and Stelling Plates excepted, to be Handicapped by the Stewards, entrance 4 G. M. with 10 G. M. added from the Fund. Winners of Races during the Meeting who do not stand the Handicap, to forfeit 2 G. M., losers to forfeit 1 G. M.

*3d Race.*—Hunters Stakes of 100 rupees. Entrance 3 G. M. for all horses, English excepted, 11st. 7lb. 4 Hurdles of 4 feet each, R. C. 3 horses to start or no Race.

G. C. ALLEN, Esq.	} <i>Stewards.</i>
CAPT. FRASER, H. M. 21st.	
CAPT. HILL.	
H. R. DREW, Esq., <i>Secretary.</i>	
G. C. DICKENS, Esq., <i>Clerk of the Course.</i>	

## FEROZEPORE RACES.

### FIRST DAY, Monday, 5th October.

*First Race.*—Purse of 250 Rs. for all horses, 5 G. M. entrance, 1 mile heats, 9½st.

*Second Race.*—Purse of 8 G. M. for all Hacks ¾ mile, heats 2 G. M. entrance; 11st. The winner to be sold for 400 Rs. if claimed within a ¼ of an hour in the usual manner.

*Third Race.*—Purse of 8 G. M. for all untrained chargers (*bona fide* the property of Officers of Ferozepore,) 2 G. M. entrance, ¾ mile, 11st.

### SECOND DAY, Wednesday, 7th October.

*First Race.*—Purse of 10 G. M. for all Galloways, 3 G. M. entrance, 9st. 7lb., ¾ mile heats.

*Second Race.*—Purse of 10 G. M. for all C Bs., 3 G. M. entrance; 10st. ¾ mile heats.

*Third Race.*—Purse of 5 G. M. for all ponys; 20 Rs. entrance; catch weights, ½ mile heats.

### THIRD DAY, Friday, 9th October.

*First Race.*—Purse of 200 Rs. for all beaten horses (to be handicapped by the Steward), 3 G. M. entrance, 1¼ mile 20 Rs. forfeit should any owner object to the Handicap.


*Second Race.*—Purse of 200 Rs. for all horses, 1¼ mile over 6 hurdles 3½ F. 2 G. M. entrance; 10½st.

Mares and Maidens allowed 5lb.

The Rules of the N. W. T. C. to be applicable to these Races.

No Horse to start for public money (Pony Purse excepted) the owner of which has not subscribed 2 G. M. Each confederate to pay the above sum, and all confederacies to be declared to the Secretary the day before the meeting.

Each winning horse to pay 6 Rs. for the Race Course repairs, losing horses 3 Rs.

 Settling day, Tuesday, 13th October.

*Delhi Gazette, July 22.*

## PROSPECTUS OF THE LAHORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Saturday, 9th October, 1846.*

\* *First Race.*—Lahore Stakes of 250 Rupees. For all horses 10st. 7lbs., each to be sold for 500 Rupees; one mile heats. Entrance 25 Rupees to go to 2nd horse.

*2nd.*—"The Minister's Purse" of 500 Rupees open to subscribers to the Races of 50 Rupees; one and a half mile. Entrance 80 Rupees, one half to 2nd horse, remainder to winner, 3 horses or no race; weight for age.

2 years,	6 stone	5 years,	9 12
3    ,,	7 7	6 and aged,	10 7
4    ,,	8 12		

Winners once 3lbs., twice 5lbs., three times and oftener 7lbs. extra. Cape, N. S. W. and Country Breds 10lbs. English 2 stone extra, horses that never started, mares, geldings allowed 3lbs. To close and name 1st September, 20 Rupees forfeit if declared 1st October.

*3rd.*—"The London Purse" of Rupees 300 for all Sikh horses the property of Sikhs and Sikh riders; one and a half mile; any weight.

*4th.*—"The little go" for 200 Rupees for all galloways, 9st. 7lbs. each, to be sold for Rupees 400. Entrance 20 Rupees to go to second horse; mile heats.

SECOND DAY, *Tuesday, 12th October.*

*1st Race.*—"The Maharajah's Purse" of 1000 Rupees, one and a half mile heats on the terms of the Minister's Purse, the winner whereof to carry 5lbs., extra additional.

*2nd.*—"The Calcutta Purse" of 200 Rupees for all Sikh horses, the property of Sikhs and Sikh riders; one mile.

*3rd.*—"Consideration Stakes" "for horses to be sold for the prices at which entered," Rupees 400; heats one mile; all horses' weight for value. Horses priced 1200 Rupees to carry 12 stone each and 7lb. to be deducted from every 100 Rupees deduction of price; entrance 25 Rupees to go to 2nd horse. To close and name on 1st October.

THIRD DAY, *Thursday, 14th October.*

*1st Race.*—"The Durbar Purse," 350 Rupees open to all horses' handicap, one mile heats; entrance 32 Rupees to 2d horse. Horses not standing handicap to receive back 20 Rupees; to name rider before sunset 2nd day.

*2nd.*—Hurdle Race for all horses 250 Rupees, weight 11 stone; Gentlemen riders; one mile and a half; 6 hurdles 3½ feet high; entrance 16 Rupees to go to the 2nd horse; winner to be sold for 800 Rupees.

**3rd.**—Hurdle Race for all galloways 200 rupees, weight 10 stone. Gentlemen riders; one mile over 4 hurdles  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high; entrance 16 rupees to go to 2nd horse; winner to be sold for 400 rupees.

Foot Races for European	25 rupees $\frac{1}{4}$ mile.
Sack Jumping	100 yards 25 rupees.
Foot Race for natives	16 rupees $\frac{1}{4}$ mile.
Sack ditto	16 „ 100 yards.

#### FOURTH DAY, *Saturday, 16th October.*

**1st Race.**—Forced Handicap 200 rupees for all winners, horses not standing the handicap to pay 32 rupees; 1 mile heats.

**2nd.**—“Losers’ Handicap” 200 rupees; one mile heats.

Cheroot Stakes 200 rupees. Horses to be sold for 300 rupees; one mile; entrance 10 rupees to be returned to those who come in with Cheroots lighted not distanced.

Extras time of which to be named hereafter.

16 rupees for Bullocks, 1 mile.

20 „ Jackasses.

20 „ Grass Cutters’ Tattoos.

25 „ Mules.

If funds fall short an equal per centage, deduction to be made from all stakes, plates and purses, except the Rajah’s, Minister’s and Durbar purses. Subscriptions to be paid to the Secretary on or before the issue of pay in August. Winning horses to pay  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., losers 1 per cent. On the value of each purse started for, for Race Course expenses. All entrance fees to be sent with nominations. When no time is specified the entrance to close at 12 o’clock the day previous to running, except for the plates for the Sikhs (which are free as to time and amounts), the horses to be shown at sunset of the day of entering at the Race Stand when galloways and poneys will be measured. Horses previously entered to be shown at the Race Stand at sunset the day previous to the 1st Race. The usual rules for racing to be observed. All decisions of Stewards to be final.

Ordinaries to be held the evening before each day’s racing, the lotteries at which are to be paid for on the issue of tickets.

In the claims for horses for selling purses preference to be first given to those who start horses, and as the horses come in, and then to subscribers; if two or more of the latter claim preference to be accorded by lots. Any collusion to entering, running, buying or selling to disqualify from receiving purses already won and from running a horse during the meeting.

Copies of this prospectus and rules with proceedings of the former meeting to be sent to the *Mofussilite* and *Delhi Gazette* Newspapers, and copies of the prospectus and rules to be struck off at the *Delhi Gazette* Press for distribution at Lahore and neighbouring stations.

All confederacies must be declined.

At a Race Meeting held at Lahore on the morning of the 10th June, Major Pott having been requested to take the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

1st.—That all former proceedings of Lahore Races be deemed null and void.

2d.—That subscriptions to the Lahore Garrison Sky Races be requested.

3d.—That papers requesting subscriptions be sent to each Corps and Department, and that gentlemen who favor the Races with their subscriptions be requested to nominate five gentlemen to act as Stewards, also a Clerk of the Course and a Secretary.

4th.—That the five gentlemen whose names have the most votes be requested to act, and that to them collectively be entrusted the drawing up of the prospectus, the selection of the Race Ground and all other matters therewith connected.

5th.—That in case any of the gentlemen elected as Stewards decline to act, such as have the high greatest number of votes be elected and be requested to act.

6th.—That three Stewards be considered a quorum and their decision final.

7th.—That Captain Leeson, 2d Irregular Cavalry, be requested to take the matter in hand until Stewards, &c. &c. be elected.

(Signed,) D. POTT.

8th.—That the thanks of this meeting be given to Major Pott for his able conduct in the chair.

JOSEPH LEESON, *Capt.*

By a majority of votes the following gentlemen were elected and requested to act as Stewards, Clerk of the Course, and Secretary:—

Stewards, { COL. CARNEGIE,  
COL. HUISE,  
MAJOR MACGREGOR,  
CAPTAIN LEESON,  
CAPT. SAYERS,

Clerk of the Course,  
LIEUT. WROUGHTON.

G. WALLICH,  
*Secretary.*

## THE BANGALORE CANTONMENT RACE

C. BILL, Esq., 15th Hussars. | H. ACTON, Esq., 4th Cavalry.  
A. WARD, Esq., 1st Madras Fusilier. | D. BARROW, Esq., 14th Regt N. I

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, 13th October, 1846.*

*1st Race.*—The Maiden Stakes of 20 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M. each P. P. distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile for all Arab horses that have never started for Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes 8st. 7lb. To close on the 14th September 1846, and name the day before the Race.

*2d Race.*—A Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund, for all horses, entrance 10 G. M. each H. F.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile and distance, 9st. Maidens allowed 7lb. English Horses to carry 21lb. Cape and Australian 12lb. extra. To close on the 14th September and name the day before the Race.

*3d Race.*—The Great Welter 15 G. M. from the Fund, with 10 G. M. each, entrance P. P. for all Arabs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile and distance 11st. 7lb. Maidens allowed 10lb. Gentlemen Riders. To close and name the day before the Race.

SECOND DAY, *Thursday, 15th October, 1846.*

*1st Race.*—The second Maiden Stakes of 20 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M. H. F. for all Arabs that have never won, 9st., distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. To close on the 14th of September, and name the day before the Race.

*2d Race.*—The Galloway Stakes of 15 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M. P. P. for all Galloways 8st. 12lb. Winners 5lb. extra,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile. To close and name the day before the Race.

*3d Race.*—The Cavalry Brigade Stakes of 10 G. M. from the Fund, for all chargers, the property of Officers of this Brigade and Registered as such previous to the 1st June 1846, distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile 11st. 7lb. English 2lb. and Cape and Australian Horses 12lb. extra, entrance 5 G. M. to be ridden by Officers.

*4th Race.*—The Mysore Rajah's Cup, if any, on its terms.

THIRD DAY, *Saturday, 17th October, 1846.*

*1st Race.*—The Turf Club Purse of 350 Rupees, Handicap for all Horses, entrance 100 Rupees, Horses not standing the Handicap to pay Half Forfeit. To close and name the day before the Race.

*2d Race.*—The Ladies' Purse of 15 G. M. from the Fund, for all Horses, entrance 10 G. M. P. P. Weight for inches  $\frac{1}{4}$  hands to carry 8st. 7lb.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile. To close on the 1st October, and name the day before the Race.

**3d Race.**—The Little Welter of 10 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M. P. P. for all Arabs 10st. 7lb. Maidens allowed 10lb.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile and a distance. The Winner of any previous Welter excluded. To close and name the day before the Race.

#### FOURTH DAY, Monday, 19th October, 1846.

**1st Race.**—The Turf Club Purse of 350 Rupees, for all Horses, entrance 10 G. M.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile Heats. The Winner if to be sold for 500 Rupees to carry 7st. 12lb., 1000 Rupees 8st. 7lb., 1500 Rupees, 9st. 2000 Rupees, 9st. 7lbs. and upwards 10st. To close and name the day before the Race.

**2d Race.**—The Bangalore Purse of 15 G. M. from the Fund for all Arabs 2 Miles 9st., entrance 200 Rupees, H. F. To close on the 1st October, and name the day before the Race.

**3d Race.**—The Give and Take Plate of 15 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M. P. P. for all Arab Horses,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile, 14 hands to carry 9st. To close and name the day before the Race.

**4th Race.**—A Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each for Horses, the property of Officers of this Cavalry Brigade, 1 Mile Heats, 10st. 7lb., English 21lb., Cape and Australian 12lb., extra. Winners of the first Charger Race excluded.

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#### FIFTH DAY, Wednesday, 21st October, 1846.

**1st Race.**—Winning Handicap of 15 G. M. from the Fund, Handicap, with a Subscription of 2 G. M. for each Race. Winners of the 3d Race of the 2d day and 4th Race of the 4th day optional.

**2d Race.**—Beaten Plate of 15 G. M. from the Fund Handicap, with a Subscription of 5 G. M. each for all beaten Horses of the Meeting.

**3d Race.**—Pony Purse value 50 Rupees, 10 Rs. entrance, P. P. Heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile catch weights, to name the evening before the Race. Height 13 hands and under.

**4th Race.**—Hurdle Stakes of 5 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 5 G. M. P. P. 11st. 7lb.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile and distance over 4 Hurdles 3 feet 6 inches in height. Three Horses to start or no Race. To close and name the evening before the Race.

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#### RULES FOR THE MEETING.

1. The Bangalore Turf Club Rules to be applicable, all disputes to be settled by the Stewards. Their decision is final.

2. Should there not be sufficient funds to make good the Stakes, per centage to be taken from all Winners.

3. A day will be named for ageing and measuring.

4. All Horses training on the Course to pay 8 Rupees.

5. All confederacies to be declared to the Secretary by the 1st September 1846.

6. Cape and Australian Horses to carry 12lb. extra, Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb., Country Breeds to run as Arabs.

7. Owners of Horses provide their own Handicapper.

8. The word "off" once given by the appointed starter is decisive,

9. Horses walking over for Public Money to receive only Half the stakes, and no Horse can walk over twice during the Meeting.

J. WARINGTON, *Secretary*.

*Madras Spectator.*

## PROSPECTUS OF THE JULLUNDUR RACES TO COME OFF ON THE 15TH OCTOBER 1846.

### FIRST DAY.

*1st Race.*—A Purse of 30 G. M. from the Fund for all Maiden Arabs, 9st. each. Distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile Heats. Entrance 10 G. M. To close and name on or before 1st October 1846; 5 G. M. forfeit if declared the day before the race.

*2d Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 5 G. M., with 20 G. M. from the Fund for all C. B. Horses, 9st. 7lb. each. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile Heats. To close and name on or before 1st October 1846.

*3d Race.*—The Hurry Skurry Stakes of 5 G. M. from the Fund for all Horses;  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile Heats. Crossing and jostling allowed, Catch Weights. Entrance 20 Rs. G. R. Winner to be sold for 250 Rs. if claimed within  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour after the Race. To close and name at 12 o'clock the day before the Race.

### SECOND DAY.

*1st Race.*—The Jullundur Little Welter of 15 G. M. from the Fund for all Arabs, 10st. 7lb. each, Maidens allowed 7lb. Entrance 5 G. M., G. R. 1 mile Heats. To close and name on or before 1st October 1846.

*2d Race.*—A Purse of 20 G. M. from the Fund for all Horses,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile Heats. Entrance 5 G. M., Maidens allowed 7lb. The winner of either 1st or 2d Race, 1st day to carry 5lb. extra. Arabs 9st. 7lb. C. B. 10st. C. and N. W. S. 10st. 12lb. English 12st. 7lb. To close and name by 1st October 1846.

*3d Race.*—A Pony Race of 50 Rs. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile Heats, Catch Weight; to name at 12 o'clock the day before the Race.



## THIRD RACE.

*1st Race.*—A Give and Take Purse of 15 G. M. from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each for all Arabs, 14 hands to carry 9st. 7lb. Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. To close and name on or before 1st October 1846.

*2d Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each for all Arabs, 9st. 7lb. each; 1 mile Heats. To close and name 1st October 1846; 5 G. M. forfeit if declared the day before the Race.

*3d Race.*—A Selling Purse for all Horses 100 Rs. from the Fund. 1 mile Heats. Entrance 2 G. M. 11st. each. G. R. The Winner to be sold for 600 Rs. if claimed within  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour after the last Jockey is weighed. To close and name by 12 o'clock the day before the Race.

## FOURTH DAY.

*1st Race.*—Charger Stakes of 150 Rs. for all charges *bonâ fide* the property of Officers in the Jullunder Doab. Entrance 50 Rs. Distance 1 mile; 11st each. G. R. To close and name by 12 o'clock the day before the Race.

*2d Race.*—The Winner's Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund for all Horses, that have during the Meeting won public money for which they must enter (Hacks and Ponies excepted). Distance  $1\frac{3}{4}$  mile, to be Handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 5 G. M. Horses not standing the Handicap to pay 50 Rs.

*3d Race.*—The Beaten Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund for all Horses that have run for and not won Public money during the Meeting to be Handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 5 G. M. Horses that do not stand the Handicap to pay 20 Rs. Distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

## RULES OF THE JULLUNDUR RACES.

*1st.*—All disputes to be settled by the Stewards and their decision to be final.

*2d.*—Sealed nominations and entrance money of Stakes to be sent to the Secretary by 12 o'clock the day before the Race (if not otherwise provided). The nominations to be opened at the Ordinary.

*3d.*—All Races in which public money is given, the owner of each Horse entered shall declare to the Stewards the evening before the Race by 9 o'clock or when the nominations are opened, whether his Horse is to run or not, which declaration shall be deemed obligatory, if in the affirmative, unless the Horse is taken ill, and if in the negative his name shall be erased from the list.

*4th.*—No Horse shall be allowed to start (Hacks and Ponies excepted) the owner of which has not subscribed 80 Rs. to the Races. In confederacies each confederate must subscribe that sum. The owners of Hacks and Ponies to pay 1 G. M. subscription to the Races to qualify them to start.

*5th.*—In all Sweepstakes and Matches, Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.; the allowance must be specified to be claimed.

6th.—Winning Horses to pay 10 Rs. for the Race Course repairs, losers 5 Rs.

7th.—Horses measuring in shoes allowed  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch, such shoes being *bond fide* Racing shoes.

8th.—In the Selling Purse the preference to be given to owners of Horses as they come in, and then to any *bond fide* subscriber of 20 Rs. or upwards. The Horse to be sold without his engagements.

9th.—Settling day to be the last of the Meeting.

10th.—The first mounted at the starting post to claim the whip hand, but in running Heats the Winner of the first has a right to claim it.

11th.—After the Bugle has sounded for bringing out, 5 minutes to be allowed for delay. When the person appointed to start them will leave out any Horse that may not have come up.

12th.—Any deficit from the subscription, to be deducted proportionably from the Stakes.

13th.—Horses that never started, and cannot produce a certificate of age, to be aged by the Stewards, or by such persons as they may appoint.

14th.—Half an hour allowed between the heats for bringing out the Horses on the Course; time to be regulated by one of the Stewards from the weighing of the last Jockey.

15th.—First Bugle to sound a quarter of an hour before the second for bringing out.

16th.—A Horse can walk over but once for public money during the Meeting, and any Horse walking over to receive half the Purse.

17th.—If it appear clear to the Stewards that a Horse is started in collusion with another to give him the whole Purse, they may withhold half the Purse from the Winner and bar the loser from starting again for public money.

18th.—No Horse allowed to start whose owner has not lodged his subscription and entrance money with the Secretary.

19th.—All confederacies must be declared on or before the 1st October 1846.

20th.—The word "go" once given by the Steward or person appointed to start them, is decisive, and all Horses must start are to be distanced. No caution required beyond the calling of the Horses up to the post.

21st.—The North Indian Turf Club rules as published on 1st January 1846, applicable on this Course in all cases not otherwise provided for.

COL. HAMILTON, C. B.	}	<i>Stewards.</i>
MAJOR CHRISTIE,		
CAPT. STUDDY,		
A. WRENCH, ESQ.		

R. MERCER, ESQ. *Secretary.*  
H. TWISDEN, ESQ. *Clerk of the Course.*

## UMBALLA RACES.

The following Races did not fill :—

“The Trial Stakes.”  
 “The Breeders.”  
 “The Suttlej.”  
 “The Umballah Cup.”

The following are closed :—

“The Sirhind Cup.”

For Arabs the property of Officers stationed in the Division, that are Maidens on the day of running, 10st, 7lbs. G. R. 2 miles.

Mr Walter's	ch. h.	...	...	<i>Lall Singh</i> , late <i>Creeper</i> .
”	gr. h.	...	...	<i>Sham Singh</i> .
”	gr. h.	...	..	<i>Zubbur Dust</i> .
”	gr. g.	...	...	<i>Huc-na-huc</i> , late <i>Alligator</i> .
Mr Wheelwright's	b. h.	...	...	<i>Protestant</i> , late G. C. B
”	gr. g.	...	...	<i>Pugilist</i> .
Captain Doherty's	gr. h.	...	...	<i>Hermit</i> .
Colonel Havelock's	g. h.	...	..	<i>Fantail</i> .
Mr Randall's	b. h.	...	...	<i>Sir Walter</i> .

Match for 100 G. M. D. I.

Mr Francis'	g. a. h.	...	...	<i>Holdfast</i> ,	} 8st. 7lbs.
Captain Percy's	g. a. h.	...	..	<i>Revenge</i> ,	

The Scurry Stakes, close and name Nov. 2d.

## SECOND DAY.

The “Moodkee Cup,” given by the Officers of 3d or “King's Own.”

Captain Percy's	g. a. h.	...	...	<i>Revenge</i> .	
”	b. a. h.	...	..	<i>Revoke</i> .	
”	b. a. c.	...	...	<i>Repulse</i> ,	(maiden).
”	gr. a. h.	..	...	<i>Remembrancer</i> ,	(do.)
”	gr. a. h.	...	...	<i>Rebuke</i> ,	(do.)
Mr Walter's	ch. a. h.	...	...	<i>Lall Singh</i> ,	(do.)
”	gr. a. h.	...	...	<i>Sham Singh</i> ,	(do.)
”	gr. a. h.	...	...	<i>Zubbur Dust</i> ,	(do.)
”	gr. a. g.	..	...	<i>Huc-na-huc</i> , aged	(do.)
Mr Wheelwright's	b. a. h.	...	...	<i>Protestant</i> ,	(maiden,) aged,
”	gr. a. h.	...	.	<i>Pugilist</i> ,	” ”
”	b. a. h.	...	...	<i>Prizefighter</i> , late <i>Unique</i>	”

Captain Doherty's	gr. a. h. ...	... <i>Hermit,</i>	aged.
Mr Francis'	gr. a. h. ...	... <i>Swordsman,</i>	"
"	gr. a. h. ...	... <i>Holdfast,</i>	"
"	gr. a. h. ...	... <i>Jeroboam, (maiden).</i>	"
Colonel Havelock's	gr. a. h. ...	... <i>Fantail,</i>	" "
Mr Hunter's	gr. a. h. ...	... <i>Vanguard,</i>	"
Colonel Congreve's	gr. a. c. ...	... <i>Rocket,</i>	4 yrs.

A Sweepstakes; winner to be sold for 900 rupees; closes and names November 2d.

Maiden Poney Sweepstakes, closes and names day before running.

### THIRD DAY, 14th November.

#### Open Stakes.

Captain Percy's	b. a. h. ...	... <i>Repulse, ..</i>	4 years.
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Remembrancer</i>	6
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Revenge, ...</i>	6
"	g. a. h. ..	.. <i>Rebuke, ...</i>	6
"	b. a. h. ...	... <i>Revoke, ...</i>	6
Mr Francis'	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Holdfast..</i>	a
"	g. a. h. ...	.. <i>Jeroboam,</i>	...
Mr Singleton's	c. e. h. ...	... <i>Cornuto,</i>	...

#### Umballah Welter.

Captain Percy's	gr. h. ...	... <i>Revenge.</i>
"	b. h. ...	... <i>Revoke.</i>
"	b. h. ...	.. <i>Repulse.</i>
"	gr. h. ...	... <i>Remembrancer.</i>
Mr Walter's	ch. h. ..	... <i>Lall Singh.</i>
"	gr. h. ..	.. <i>Sham Singh.</i>
"	gr. h. ...	... <i>Huc-na-huc.</i>
Mr Wheelwright's	b. h. ...	... <i>Protestant.</i>
"	gr. g. ...	... <i>Pugilist.</i>
"	b. g. ...	... <i>Twizefighter.</i>
Captain Doherty's	g. h. ...	... <i>Hermit.</i>
Mr Francis'	g. h. ...	... <i>Protege.</i>
"	g. h. ...	... <i>Swordsman.</i>
Mr Chamber's	b. h. ...	... <i>Frankenstein.</i>

Sweepstakes 5 G. M., with 10 G. M. added, close and name on or before November 2d.

Give and Take 10 G. M., each, 15 G. M. added, do.

### FOURTH DAY, 17th November.

The Umballa Cup, value 1,000 Rupees, by subscription of 25 G. M. each, 5 forfeit (the surplus in specie) for all Arabs 11st. G. R.

D. I. Maidens allowed 7lb. and horses that have left Bombay after the 1st February 1846, allowed 5lb. in addition.

To close and name to the Secretary or Stewards on or before 6 P. M. on the 20th of the present month (Sept.)

Consolation Stakes, close and name by 8. A. M. on day before running.

Sweepstakes 3 G. M. with 5 added, close and name Nov. 2d.

### FIFTH DAY, 19th November.

#### The Shorts.

Captain Percy's	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Revenge.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	... <i>Revoke.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	... <i>Repulse.</i>
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Remembrancer.</i>
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Rebuke.</i>
Mr Walter's	ch. a. h. ...	... <i>Lall Sing.</i>
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Sham Sing.</i>
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Iluc-na-huc.</i>
Mr McDonald's	b n. s. w. h. ...	... <i>Convict.</i>
Mr Wheelwright names	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Pluck, late Fusilier.</i>
"	r. a. h. ...	... <i>Protestant.</i>
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Pugilist.</i>
Captain Doherty's	b. a. h. ...	... <i>Squeaker.</i>
Mr Francis'	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Jeroboam.</i>
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Holdfast.</i>

### SIXTH DAY, 20th November.

#### Pattialah Purse.

Captain Percy's	b. a. h. ...	... <i>Repulse,</i>	4 years,
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Remembrancer,</i>	... 6.
"	b. a. h. ...	... <i>Revoke,</i>	... 6.
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Revenge,</i>	... 6.
Mr Walter's	ch. a. h. ...	... <i>Lall Sing,</i>	... 6.
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Sham Sing,</i>	... 5.
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Zubbur Dust,</i>	... 5.
Mr McDonald's	b. n. s. w. h. ..	... <i>Convict,</i>	... 5.
Mr Wheelwright's	b. a. h. ...	... <i>Protestant,</i>	... a.
"	g. a. g. ...	... <i>Pugilist,</i>	... a.
"	b. a. h. ...	... <i>Prizefighter,</i>	...
Captain Doherty's	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Hermit.</i>	
Mr Francis'	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Protege.</i>	
"	b. a. h. ...	... <i>Spider.</i>	
"	g. a. h. ...	... <i>Swordman,</i>	... a.
Mr Chamber's	b. a. h. ...	... <i>Frankenstein,</i>	... a.
Colonel Havelock's	g. a. h. ..	... <i>Fantail,</i>	... a.
Colonel Congreve's	g. a. o.	... <i>Rocket,</i>	... 4.

The Umballah Course is  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles, and 116 yards round.

The following abbreviations are used, referring to distance :—

R. C. Round the Course.

T. M. Two miles.

D. I. Ditch in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

L. M. Last mile.

Y. C. Yearling Course straight  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

G. R. Gentleman Riders.

The Stewards will appoint a gentleman to determine the ages of all such horses as may not have been previously aged. Horses to take their age from 1st May as in Calcutta and Bombay.

An Ordinary will be held the evening preceding each day's Race.

C. A. WHEELWRIGHT, *Secretary*.

## DELHI SKY RACES.

### FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, 1st December, 1846.*

**1st Race.**—A Purse of 10 G. M., for all horses, R. C. Entrance 4 G. M. English 13st., C. and N. S. W. 12st., C. B. 11st., and Arabs, 10st. 7lb. Winner to be sold for 1,200 Rupees.

**2nd Race.**—Hack Stakes of 5 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats, catch weights above 10st. 7lb. The winner to be sold for 350 Rupees.

**3rd Race.**—A Galloway Purse of 5 G. M. from the Fund, R. C. Entrance 20 Rupees, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 10st.

### SECOND DAY, *Thursday, 3d December.*

**1st Race.**—Delhi Little Welter, 10 G. M. for all Arabs. Entrance 4 G. M. heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, weight 10st. 7lb. Winner to be sold for 1,200 Rupees.

**2nd Race.**—All Ponies 5 G. M. from the Fund,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile Heat. Entrance 1 G. M. catch weights above 8st.

**3rd Race.**—2 G. M. for Suwars' horses, to be *bona fide* the property of the riders.

### THIRD DAY, *Saturday, 5th December.*

**1st Race.**—Ladies' Purse of 10 G. M. for all horses. Entrance 5 G. M. Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 10st. Winner once during the meeting 3lb., oftener 5lb. Winner to be sold for 1,200 Rupees.

*2d Race.*—Buggy Stakes of 50 Rs. from the Fund for all Buggy nags that have been *bonâ fide* driven 6 months in a Buggy. Entrance 1 G. M. 10st. up.

*3rd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 20 Rs. for all horses, 5 G. M. from the Fund,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats, catch weights above 10st. The winner to be sold for 400 Rs.

FOURTH DAY, (*if Funds are forthcoming*) Thursday, 8th December, 1846.

*1st Race.*—Forced Handicap of — G. M. with — G. M. from the Fund for all winners, optional to Ponies and Hacks, those not accepted to pay — G. M. R. C. and a distance.

*2d Race.*—Beaten Purse of — G. M. from the Fund with — G. M. Entrance optional for losers of Pony Sweepstakes, to be Handicapped by the Stewards. Horses that do not stand the Handicap to pay — G. M. Heats R. C.

#### RULES.

1.—Two Horses to start for each Race, and from separate stables or the purse to be withheld.

2.—Sealed nominations to be sent to the Secretary before 3 P. M. the day before each race.

3.—No nominations to be received unless accompanied by entrance money.

4.—All nominations to be opened in public.

5.—No Horses to start whose owner has not subscribed 2 G. M. to the Races, Hacks, Ponies, Buggy, and 3d race 3d day excepted.

6.—All confederacies to be declared, and each member of a confederacy to subscribe at least 2 G. M. to the Races.

7.—The word "off" once given by the Steward or person appointed to start the Horses is decisive, and all Horses must start or be distanced.

8.—All winning Horses to pay 4 Rupees, and losers 2 towards the Race Course repairs.

9.—All matches to come off during the Races to be made known to the Secretary, one day or 24 hours before they come off, provided the Stewards are expected to act.

10.—In the selling purses the winner must be claimed (if at all) within  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour after the last Jockey is weighed, and the amount paid to the Secretary before sunset.

11.—All decisions by the Steward to be final.

LT. COL. DOWNING,  
MAJOR FREDERICK,  
LIEUT. COOKSON, } *Stewards.*  
LT. COOKSON, *Secretary.*

# PROSPECTUS OF THE JESSORE SKY RACES,—DEC. 1846,

## FIRST DAY, *Saturday, Dec. 5, 1846.*

*1st Race.*—A Purse of 8 G. M., from the Fund 3 G., M. entrance for all Horses R. C. English 12st. 7lb. Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 7lb. Arabs and C. B. 10st. 7lb.

*2nd Race.*—A Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund for all Arabs, 3 G. M. entrance, 1 mile Heats, 10st. 7lb.

*3rd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. for all Horses with 6 G. M. added from the Fund. R. C. 11st.

*4th Race.*—A Purse of 5 G. M. from the Fund. Post \*entrance 10 G. M. Catch Weights above 10st. R. C. The Winner to be sold for 500, if claimed in the usual manner, and in case of a *walk over* to receive half the Stakes.

## SECOND DAY, *Monday, Dec. 7, 1846.*

*1st Race.*—Spear Stakes for all Horses who have taken a contested first Spear, 10 G. M. from the Fund, 3 G. M. entrance R. C. 11st. 7lb.

*2nd Race.*—For all Galloways 6 G. M. from the Fund, 2 G. M. entrance, 1 mile Heats, 14 hands to carry 11st.

*3rd Race.*—A Pony Purse, 3 G. M. from the Fund, 1 G. M. entrance. Catch Weights.

*4th Race.*—A Give and Take Purse of 6 G. M. from the Fund, 2 G. M. entrance. Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 10st. 7lb. R. C.

## THIRD DAY, *Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1846.*

*1st Race.*—Free Handicap, for all Horses, 10 G. M. from the Fund, 3 G. M. entrance. Horses to be handicapped by the Stewards, and if only one Horse accepts to receive  $\frac{1}{2}$  the Stakes, R. C. Heats.

*2nd Race.*—A Purse of 8 G. M. from the Fund for all Horses that have entered but not won during the meeting, 2 G. M. entrance. English 12st., Cape and N. S. W. 11st. Arabs and C. B. 10st.

*3rd Race.*—Cheroot Stakes of 5 G. M. from the Fund, 1 G. M. entrance for all untrained Horses. Catch Weights, above 10st., the winner to bring the Cheroot lighted to the scales.

*4th Race.*—Purse for all C. B. 8 G. M. from the Fund, 2 G. M. entrance,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

## FOURTH DAY, *Friday, December 11, 1846.*

*1st Race.*—Forced Handicap of 15 G. M. from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, half forfeit, 2 miles. For all win-



ners during the meeting, Optional to Ponies, Hacks, and losers. Horses to be handicapped by the Stewards.

**2nd Race.**—A Purse of 5 G. M. from the Fund, 1 G. M. entrance.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile Heats for all *bond fide* Buggy Horses to be proved so to the satisfaction of the Stewards, the winner to be sold for 500 if claimed in the usual manner.

**3rd Race.**—Forced Handicap for all losers, 10 G. M. from the Fund, 1 G. M. entrance. R. C. optional to losers of the Poney and Hack Stakes.

**4th Race.**—Consolation Purse of 6 G. M. from the Fund, 1 G. M. entrance for all losers, the winner to be sold if claimed in  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour after the Race in the following manner:—

A Horse walking over to receive the whole Stakes.

If claimable for Rs.	600	to carry.....	11st.
	500	.....	10st. 7lb.
	400	.....	10st.
	300	.....	9st. 7lb.
	200	.....	9st.

*Secretary, H. R.—Stewards, K. S. W.—C. F.—S. M.*

#### PROPOSED RULES FOR THE JESSORE RACES,—1846-47.

**1st.**—Two horses to start for each Race and from separate Stables or no Race, except where otherwise specified in the Prospectus.

**2d.**—Sealed Nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the Race. No Nominations to be received unless accompanied by Entrance money.

**3d.**—All Nominations to be opened in Public, at the Ordinary, the day before the Race.

**4th.**—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.

**5th.**—No Horses to start whose owner has not subscribed 3 G. M. to the Race Fund, and no person to *nominats* a Horse who has not subscribed a like sum. The Buggy Hacks, Cheroot and Pony Stakes to be qualified by a subscription of 1 G. M.

**6th.**—All Confederacies to be declared, and each member of a Confederacy to subscribe 3 G. M. to the Races.

**7th.**—The word "off" once given by the Steward appointed to start the Horses, is decisive, and all Horses must start or be distanced.

**8th.**—No Horse allowed to run who has ever started on a Public Course. (The Chunaraudy Horses excepted) be that Course either Public or Private.

**9th.**—Gentlemen Riders up in all Races.

**10th.**—All Winning Horses to pay 5 and Losers 2 Rupees towards the Race Course repairs.

**11th.**—No walk-over being allowed except when mentioned in the Prospectus; all Stakes thus disqualified to be thrown at the disposal of the Stewards.

**12th.**—Should the Fund not be sufficient to pay all Purses an equal per centage to be deducted.

13th.—In all other cases the Calcutta Rules to be applicable.

14th.—Horses that have run Sky Matches without regular training to be allowed to run, provided they have not cost their owner more than a thousand Rupees.

H. R. *Secretary*,

N. B.—Subscribers are requested to pay up their subscriptions by the 1st September 1846.

## REVISED PROSPECTUS.—DECCAN RACES.

### FIRST DAY, 8th December, 1846.

*1st Race.*—The Deccan Maiden, of 400 Rupees from the fund for all Arabs that never started before the day of running. Weight for age  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, to close and name on the 1st September 1846, 5 gold mohurs each, with an entrance of 10 gold mohurs for all horses declared to start on the day before the Race.

*2nd Race.*—The Give and Take, of — Rupees from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 5 gold mohurs, for all Arabs, 14 hands carrying 8st, 7 lbs., heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. To name and close the day before the Race.

*3rd Race.*—The Welter, of 400 Rupees from the fund,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 11st 7lb. Gentlemen Riders, for all Arabs, 10 gold mohurs entrance, half forfeits, to name on the 1st September. Horses allowed to enter until 15th November, by paying double entrances and forfeit, Maidens allowed 5lb., Horses that have never started before the day of running 7lb.

### SECOND DAY, 10th December.

*1st Race.*—The Bombay Stakes, of 400 Rupees from the fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 gold mohurs, for all Arabs, weight for age, 2 miles. Horses that have never started before the day of running allowed 5lb., the winners of the Deccan Maiden, or Welter, to carry 5 lbs. extra, to close the 1st September, and name the day before the race.

*2nd Race.*—The Ladies' Purse, of — Rupees from the fund added to a Sweepstakes of 5 gold mohurs, for all Arabs. Mile heats, 7lb., to close and name the day before the Race.

*3rd Race.*—The Tattoo Race, of — Rupees from the fund, for all Tattoos, 13 hands and under,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, catch weights, entrance one gold mohur.

## THIRD DAY, 12th December.

**1st Race.**—The Deccan Sweepstakes, of 20 gold mohurs, for all Arabs, 3 miles, 8st. The Winner of the Deccan Maiden, Welter or Bombay Stakes, to carry 5lb. extra, of any two or more of these 7lb. Winners of a former season not started during this meeting to carry 5lbs. extra: to close 1st September, and name the day before the race.

**2nd Race.**—The Whim Plate, of — Rupees from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 5 gold mohurs, 1½ mile heats, for all Arabs, to name and close the day before the Race.

## FOURTH DAY, 15th December.

**1st Race.**—The Maiden Sweepstakes, of 10 gold mohurs, 1 mile, for all Arabs that have never won, 9st., to close 1st September and name.

**2nd Race.**—The Parsee Plate, value 300 Rupees, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 gold mohurs, for all Horses, 8st. 7lb., winners of 1 race, 3lb. extra, of 25lb., and of upwards 7lb., 2 miles, to name and close the day before the Race.

**3rd Race.**—Valuation Stakes, of — Rupees from the fund, with an entrance 3 gold mohurs, 11st. ¾ mile heats. Gentlemen Riders. The winner to be sold for 800 Rs., if for 600, allowed 6lb., if for 400, 1st., and if for 300, allowed 20lbs., to close and name the day before the Race.

## FIFTH DAY, 17th December.

**1st Race.**—The Galloway Plate, of — Rupees from the fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 50 Rupees, 14 hands and under to carry 8st. 7lb., 1½ mile. To name and close the day before the Race.

**2nd Race.**—The Nuggur Plate, of 400 Rupees from the fund, 5 gold mohurs entrance, for all Horses, to be Handicapped. Horses not standing the handicap 2 gold mohurs forfeit, 2½ miles.

**3rd Race.**—Hack Stakes, of — Rupees from the fund, added to a post entrance of 20 Rupees, 1½ mile, Gentlemen Riders. The winner be sold for 300 Rupees.

## SIXTH DAY, 19th December.

**1st Race.**—The Forced Handicap, for all winners, 4 gold mohurs each race won during the meeting, optional to losers, at an entrance of 30 Rupees, 2 miles.

**2nd Race.**—The Beaten Handicap, of — Rupees from the fund, one mile heats, entrance 50 Rupees.

Byculla Rules.

THOMAS STOCK, *Secretary.*

## SONEPORE RACES, 1846.

Subscriptions and nominations to Races which closed on the 15th September.

## FIRST DAY.

## 1st Race.

Mr Cunningham, (two subscriptions.)

Mr Fulton.

Mr Norval.

## 2d Race.

Mr Fulton.

Mr Cunningham.

Mr De Vaux.

## 3d Race.

Mr Fulton names... ..	..	...	g.	a.	h.	<i>Soldan.</i>
Mr Cunningham names..	...	...	g.	a.	h.	<i>Sir Hugh.</i>
"          "	...	..	b.	cp.	h.	<i>Here I go.</i>
"          "	..	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Glenmore.</i>
Ditto names (Mr French)	..	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Postmaster.</i>
Mr De Vaux names	...	...	bl.	cp.	h.	<i>Voltaire.</i>
"          "	...		n	s.w.	c. m.	<i>Queen Bee.</i>
"          "	...		g.	c	b. h.	<i>Vanguard.</i>

## 4th Race.

Mr Fulton.

Mr Cunningham.

Mr De Vaux.

## SECOND DAY.

## 2d Race.

Mr Fulton names... ..	...	..	g	a	h.	<i>Soldan</i>	
Mr Cunningham names... ..	...	...	b.	a	h.	<i>Glenmore.</i>	
"      "	..	...	b.	cy.	h.	<i>Here I go.</i>	
"      "	...	...	b.	a	h.	<i>Problem.</i>	
"      "	...	...	g.	a,	g.	<i>Sir Hugh.</i>	
Mr De Vaux names..	...	...	g.	c.b.	h.	<i>Vanguard.</i>	
"      "	...	...	c.	c	b.	c.	<i>Surprise.</i>
"      "	...	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Flubbertigibbet.</i>	
Mr Norval names..	...	..	c.	s.	h.	<i>Lottery.</i>	
"      "	...	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cannmore.</i>	

## 3d Race.

Mr Fulton names.....	..	*	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Master Henry.</i>
Mr Cunningham names	..	..	..	b.	cp.	h.	<i>Napoleon.</i>
Do. Do. (Mr French)	..	..	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Postmaster.</i>
Mr Grey names...	..	..	..	g.	a.	g.	<i>Satrap.</i>

Mr De Vaux... names	...	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Quo Warranto.</i>
" " ....	...	...	b.	c.b.	f.	<i>Alice.</i>
Mr Norval. ditto	...	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Gregor.</i>

## 4th Race.

Mr Fulton.  
Mr Cunningham.  
Mr De Vaux.

## THIRD DAY.

## First Race.

Mr Fulton names	...	...	g.	c.b.	h.	<i>Young Emblem.</i>
Mr Cunningham names.	...	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Glenmore.</i>
" " ..	...	...	b.	cp.	h.	<i>Here I go.</i>
Do. Do. (Mr French)	...	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Postmaster.</i>
Mr De Vaux names...	...	...	g.	c.b.	h.	<i>Vanguard.</i>
" " ...	...	...	c.	n.s.w.	m.	<i>Queen Bee.</i>
" " ...	...	...	c.	c.b.	h.	<i>Surprise.</i>

## 3rd Race.

Mr Fulton.  
Mr Cunningham.  
Mr De Vaux.

## FOURTH DAY.

## 1st Race.

Mr Fulton names... ..	...	...	g.	a.	h.	<i>Soldan.</i>
Mr Cunningham names.	...	...	b.	cp.	h.	<i>Here I go..</i>
" "	...	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Glenmore.</i>
" "	...	...	g.	a.	g.	<i>Sir Hugh.</i>
Mr De Vaux names...	...	...	bl.	cp.	h.	<i>Voltaire.</i>
" "	...	...	g.	c.b.	h.	<i>Vanguard.</i>
" "	...	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Flibbertigibbet.</i>
Mr Norval names... ..	...	...	c.	a.	h.	<i>Lottery.</i>
" " ..	...	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Reveller.</i>

## 3rd Race.

Mr Fulton.  
Mr Cunningham.  
Mr De Vaux.

## FIFTH DAY.

## 1st Race.

Mr Fulton names. ...	...	...	g.	a.	h.	<i>Master Henry.</i>
Mr Cunningham names.	...	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Strathern.</i>
" "	...	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Problem.</i>
" "	...	...	g.	a.	c.	<i>Mango.</i>
Mr Grey names... ..	...	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Abdel Kader.</i>
Mr De Vaux names...	...	...	g.	a.	h.	<i>Exile.</i>

Mr Norval names ... .. c. a. h. *Lottery.*  
 " " ... .. b. a. h. *Reveller.*  
 " " ... .. b. a. h. *Highlander.*

*2nd Race.*

Mr Fulton.  
 Mr Cunningham.  
 Mr De Vaux.

*3rd Race.*

Mr Cunningham.  
 Mr De Vaux.

K. HAWKE,  
*Secretary.*

*Chuprah, Sept. 16th, 1846.*

DACCA RACES, 1846.

*1st Race.*—The second year of the Dacca Derby, for Maiden Arabs—two miles; weight for age.

Calcutta Derby Standard; viz.

Years.	st.	lbs.	Years.	st.	lbs.
3	6	12	6	8	12
4	7	12	Aged	9	0
5	8	7			

Horses that never started before the day of naming allowed 5lb. 20 G. M. from the fund. To close and name on the 1st October. Nomination entrance 5 G. M. P. P. and each Horse that starts to pay an additional entrance of 5 G. M.

Mr Milford's..... b. a. h. *Barabbas.*  
 Khajah Abdool Gunnee's .. g. a. h. *Shah Jehan.*  
 " " " .. g. a. h. *Prince Albert.*

C. B.,  
*Secretary.*

*Dacca, 2d October, 1846.*

## CAWNPORE RACES.

## FIRST DAY, 15th December, 1846.

1st Race.—Syud Ahmud's Purse on its terms.

2nd.—Cawnpore Welter of 15 G. M. with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. P. P. Winners of Cups or of Turf Club Purse to carry 7lbs. extra. Heats R. C. G. R. 10st. 7 each; to close one month prior to the day of running and name the day before the race.

3rd.—Give and Take Plate of 10 G. M. 5 entrance for all maiden galloways. Heats. R. C. 14 hands to carry 9st.

## SECOND DAY, 17th December.

1st Race.—Drawing Room Plate of 20 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each, 5 forfeit if declared by the 15th November, and 10 forfeit if declared by 12 o'clock the day before the race for all horses. Heats R. C.

Arabs, .....	8	4	0
Country Breds, .....	8	13	0
Cape and N. S. Wales, ...	9	6	0
English, .....	11	0	0

Maidens allowed 7 lb.

To close on the 15th October, and name the day before the race.

2nd.—The Hack Stakes of 5 G. M. each with 10 G. M. added for all bona fide hacks and riding horses, 10st. each G. R. R. C. The winner to be sold for 700 Rupees if claimed within  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour after the last horse weighing.

3d Race.—Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each; half forfeit. All Arabs 2 miles 9st. each. To close on the 1st December, and name the day before the race. The winner of the Syud's or Drawing-room Plate 7lbs., if both 10lb. extra.

## THIRD DAY, 19th December,

1st Race.—Forced Handicap of 15 G. M. for all horses that have won public money. Hacks and galloways excepted; 10 G. M. entrance, 3 forfeit. Heats R. C.

2nd Race.—Poney Plate of 100 Rupees for all ponies 13 hands and under, catch weights, one half mile Heats. Entrance 2 G. M. each. G. R.

3rd Race.—10 G. M. for horses that have started, for and not won public money, purse, cup or plate. Entrance 5 G. M. R. C. To be handicapped by the Stewards.

## RULES.

1st.—The general rules of racing to be applicable as laid down in Weatherly.

2nd.—All disputes to be settled by the Stewards, and their decision to be final.

3rd.—Sealed nominations with entrance money or stakes to be sent to the Secretary by 12 o'clock the day before each race, if not otherwise provided for.

4th.—No horse to start unless his owner be a subscriber of 2 G. M. to the races, Poney plate excepted, whose owner must have subscribed 1 G. M.

5th.—Maidens on 1st September to be maidens throughout the meeting.

6th.—All confederacies must be declared in writing to the Secretary the day before the races. Each member of a confederacy to subscribe 2 G. M.

7th.—Winning horses to pay 6 Rs. and losers 3 for Race Course repairs.

8th.—Two horses to start *bonâ fide* from different stables for each public plate; if only one come to the post the owner to receive stakes and one half public money.

9th.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

10th.—English Imported horses 2 stone extra except when otherwise provided.

12th.—Any deficits in subscriptions to be deducted proportionally from the plates.

13th.—Horses to be measured by the Stewards or person they may appoint.

Stewards.	{	SIR J. THACKWELL,
		CAPTAIN TROUP,
		„ DALZELL,
		„ CROMMELINE,
		„ BALDERSTON.

H. WATSON, *Secretary*.

*Delhi Gazette, July 11.*



## CALCUTTA RACES.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE FIRST MEETING, 1846-47.

FIRST DAY, *Saturday, 26th December.*

**1st Race.**—Calcutta Derby Stakes for maiden Arabs, two miles, Calcutta weight for age.

Horses that have never started before the day of naming allowed 5lb.

Five G. M. each for all horses named on or before the 10th March, 1846. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and 1st August, 1846, when the race will finally close. Fifty G. M. from the fund, and an entrance of 20 G. M. each for horses declared to start. Entrance to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the race. All bets upon the race to be P. P., unless otherwise specified.

Mr Petre's.....	g. a. h. ..	<i>Albuera.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Farewell.</i>
"	g. a. h. ...	<i>Zurbano.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Pitconthis.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Bonanza.</i>
Mr Green's	g. a. a. ...	<i>The Baron.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Maynooth.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Akhales.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Oregon.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Arran.</i>
"	g. a. h. ...	<i>Edus.</i>
"	g. a. h. ...	<i>Tippoo.</i>
Mr Boynton's	b. a. h. ...	<i>Young Glenmore.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Commissioner.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Chameleon.</i>
"	g. a. h. ...	<i>The Merry Monarch.</i>
"	g. a. h. ...	<i>Croton Oil.</i>
"	g. a. c. ...	<i>Toom Dekega.</i>
Mr Jones'	c. a. h. ...	<i>Creeper.</i>
Abdul Ryman's	b. a. h. ...	<i>No cast.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Chamois.</i>
The Squire's	g. a. h. ...	<i>Oily Gammon.</i>
Mr Abram's	g. a. h. ...	<i>Camel.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Cadwallader.</i>
Mr Stone's.....	b. a. h. ...	<i>Midas.</i>
Mr Norval's.....	c. a. h. ...	<i>Lottery.</i>
Mr Milford's.....	b. a. h. ...	<i>Patriot.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Barabbas.</i>
Mr Roberts'	b. a. h. ...	<i>Shereef.</i>
"	b. a. h. ...	<i>Energy.</i>

Mr Roberts'	g. a. h.	<i>Honeysuckle.</i>	A
"	g. a. h.	<i>Little Goorkha, late Albany.</i>	
"	g. a. h.	<i>Ugly Mug.</i>	
Mr East's.....	g. a. h.	<i>Lapwing.</i>	
Mr Browne's.....	g. a. c.	<i>Subraon.</i>	
Mr Williams'... ..	b. a. h.	<i>The Child of the Islands.</i>	
"	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet.</i>	
Mr Green's.....	b. a. h.	<i>High Pressure.</i>	
Mr Fulton's .....	g. h. h.	<i>Primate.</i>	
Mr Cunyngham's ...	b. a. h.	<i>Problem.</i>	
"	g. a. c.	<i>Mango.</i>	

**2d Race.**—Australian Purse of—G. M. for all horses imported from New South Wales, since the 1st October 1845.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Calcutta weight for age. Entrance 10 G. M. for horses named on or before the 10th March, and 20 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st October, 1846, on which day the race will finally close. Horses imported subsequently to the 1st May allowed 7lbs. The second horse to receive half the entrance.

Mr East's .....	b. n. s. w. h.	... ..	<i>Nism.</i>
" Norval's.....	g. do. c.	... ..	<i>Aliwal.</i>
" Jones'.....	c. do. g.	... ..	<i>Lall Sing.</i>
Seagrave's.....	c. do. g.	... ..	<i>The Count</i>
Green's .....	b. do. c.	... ..	<i>Paris.</i>
Norval's .....	b. do. h.	... ..	<i>Talisman.</i>
Evans' .....	bk. do. g.	... ..	<i>Kuffer.</i>
Tom's.....	c. do. h.	... ..	<i>Nimrod.</i>
Roberts'.....	c. do. c.	... ..	<i>Selim,*</i>
Fulton's .....	c. do. g.	... ..	<i>Problem.</i>

**3d Race.**—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each, P. P.; for all horses, English excepted; 2 miles 8st. 7lbs. each. To close 1st October and name the day before the race.

Mr North,  
Mr Boynton,

**4th Race.**—Sheik Ibrahim's Plate of 50 G. M. for Maiden Horses purchased from him since the 1st of January, 1846, R. C. Calcutta weight for age. To close and name the day before the race. Horses entered on or before the 1st of October to pay 10 G. M. Entrances after that 25 G. M. Horses that have run at Souperore or Ducca allowed 5 lbs.

Mr Bags'.....	b. a. h.	.....	<i>Freestrade.</i>
"	g. a. h.	.....	<i>Golaub Sing.</i>
Mr Grey's .....	b. a. h.	.....	<i>Abdel Kader.</i>

Imported since 1st May last.

SECOND DAY, *Tuesday, 29th December.*

**1st Race.**—Second year of the Allipore Champagne Stakes, 50 G. M. 10 forfeit, if declared the day before the Meeting, and half forfeit if the day before the race, for all Arabs, entitled to run as maidens on the 26th December, 1845, R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Maidens on 1st October, 1846, allowed 7lb. To close and name on the 26th December, 1845.

All bets on this race to be P. P., unless otherwise specified.

## NOMINATIONS.

Mr Abraham's.....	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cadwallader.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	<i>Camel.</i>
Mr Robert's.....	b.	a.	h.	<i>Energy.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	<i>Ugly Mug.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	<i>Albany.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	<i>Lapwing.</i>
Mr Boynton's .....	b.	a.	h.	<i>Maynooth.</i>
"	g.	a.	c.	<i>Toom' Dekeguh.</i>
"	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cameleon.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	<i>Discovery.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	<i>Antiquarian.</i>
Mr Potre's.....	g.	a.	h.	<i>Albura.</i>
"	b.	a.	h.	<i>Bambino.</i>
"	b.	a.	h.	<i>Farewell.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	<i>Zurbano.</i>
"	b.	a.	h.	<i>Bonanza.</i>
"	b.	a.	h.	<i>Pitcorthis.</i>
The Squire's .....	b.	a.	h.	<i>The Merry Monarch.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	<i>Oily Gammon.</i>
Mr Green's .....	b.	a.	h.	<i>Goldfinder,</i>
"	b.	a.	h.	<i>Glaucus.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	<i>The Baron.</i>
Mr Barker's.....	bk.	a.	h.	<i>Niger.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	<i>Jaun Baz.</i>

**2d Race.**—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, P. P. for maiden horses, English excepted;  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile heats, 9st. each; Arabs allowed 7lb. To close the 1st October and name the day before the race.

Mr Evans.  
Mr Green.  
Mr Roberts.  
Mr Fulton.  
Mr Stone.  
The Commodore.

**3d Race.**—Third year of Park Street Stakes for all maiden Arabs, imported since the 1st January, 1846, and not trained previ-

ously to that date. 25 G. M. each P. P. R. C., Calcutta weight for age. To close and name 1st August.

Mr Roberts'.....	b. a. h. ...	<i>Ibrahim.</i>
Mr Boynton's... ..	g. a. h. ...	<i>Croton Oil.</i>
Mr Green's... ..	b. a. b. ...	<i>Akhalee.</i>
"	g. a. h. ...	<i>Phlegon.</i>
Mr Bag's.....	b. a. h. ...	<i>Free Trade.</i>

THIRD DAY, Thursday, 31st December.

3d Race.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each, half forfeit, for all horses, 8st. 10lbs. each, 2 miles. English horses to carry 2st. extra. The winner of the Sweepstakes for all horses on the 1st day, or of the Auckland Stakes, to carry 5lbs. extra. Maidens of the season allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the race allowed 10lbs. To close and name 1st October. If more than two start the second horse to save his stakes.

Mr North's, ... ..	b. n. s. w.....	<i>Emigrant.</i>
Mr Green's.....	g. a. h. ....	<i>Edus.</i>
"	b. a. h. ....	<i>Maynooth.</i>
Mr Grey's... ..	b. a. h. ....	<i>Selim.</i>

4th Race.—Colonial Stakes of 25 G. M. each, half forfeit, with 30 G. M. added, for maiden Cape, N. S. Wales and Country-bred horses. Weight for age R. C. To close and name on the 1st August.

The Commodore's.	bk. aust. g. ...	<i>Lecomte.</i>
Mr Stone's.....	c. ca. h. ...	<i>Sandilla.</i>
Mr Fulton's... ..	by. n.s.w. h. ...	<i>Bellona.</i>
Mr Robert's. ... ..	b. c. h. ...	<i>Banker.</i>
Mr Bayley's.	pn. c. c. ...	<i>Dividend, by Discount.</i>
Mr Boynton's	bn. c. c. ...	<i>Richmond, by Humphry.</i>
Mr Green's...	b. n.s.w. c. ...	<i>Paris.</i>

FOURTH DAY, Saturday, 2d January.

1st Race.—Purse of 40 G. M. for maiden Arabs, R. C., heats; entrance 20 G. M.; half forfeit, if declared by 2 P. M. the day before race. Calcutta weight for age. To close and name 1st October, 1846.

Mr Evans'... ..	b. a. h.	<i>Chamois.</i>
Mr Green's.....	g. a. h.	<i>Edus.</i>
"	b. a. h.	<i>Maynooth.</i>
"	g. a. h.	<i>The Baron.</i>
"	b. h.	<i>Akhalee.</i>
Mr Boynton's	g. h.	<i>Croton Oil.</i>
"	g. h.	<i>The Merry Monarch.</i>
"	g. h.	<i>Toom Dehagah.</i>
Mr Petro's.....	— h.	<i>Albuera.</i>
	b. h.	<i>Farewell.</i>

Mr Petro's ... ..		h.	<i>Zurbano.</i>
		h.	<i>Bonanza.</i>
Mr Abram's.....	b.	h.	<i>Cadwallader.</i>
Mr Roberts'.....	g.	h.	<i>Honeysuckle.</i>
"	b.	a. h.	<i>Energy.</i>
Mr Fulton's.....	g.	a. h.	<i>Primate.</i>
"	g.	h.	<i>Master Henry.</i>
Mr Williams'....	b.	a. h.	<i>Minuet.</i>
Mr Grey's.....	b.	a. h.	<i>Abdel Kader.</i>

**3d Race.**—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each, II. F. for all horses. Weight for age, 3 miles. English horses to carry 2st. extra. Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close 1st October and name the day before the race.

Mr Green.  
Mr Petre.  
Mr Roberts.  
Mr Fulton.

**4th Race.**—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each, II. F. for maiden Arabs, Gilbert mile, 8st. 4lb. each. To close and name on the 1st August.

Mr Williams'...	...	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Child of the Islands.</i>
Mr East's ...	...	g.	a.	h.	...	<i>Lapwing.</i>
Mr Roberts' ...	...	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Shereef.</i>
Mr Boynton's ...	...	g.	a.	h.	...	<i>Merry Monarch,</i>
Mr Green's ..	...	g.	a.	h.	...	<i>Edus.</i>
The Squire's...	...	g.	a.	h.	...	<i>Oily Gammon.</i>
Mr Abram's ...	...	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Cadwallader.</i>

#### FIFTH DAY, *Tuesday, 5th January.*

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., each, P. P., for all Arabs. Craven weights and distance. Maidens on the day of the race allowed 5lbs. To close 1st October, 1846, and name the day before the race.

Mr Green.  
Mr Petre.  
Mr Fulton.

#### SIXTH DAY, *Thursday, 7th January.*

Bengal Club Cup, added to Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, 10 forfeit, for Maiden Arabs. Heats 2 miles, 8st. 7lbs each; horses that have never won on the day of starting allowed 7lbs. To close and name 1st October, 1846.

Mr Evans' .....	...	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Chamois.</i>
Mr Green's .....	...	g.	a.	h.	...	<i>Edus.</i>
"		b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Maynooth.</i>
"		g.	a.	h.	...	<i>The Baron.</i>
"		b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Alkhalfe.</i>

Mr Bags'.....	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Freestrade.</i>
Mr Boynton's.....	g.	a.	h.	...	<i>Croton Oil.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	...	<i>The Merry Monarch.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	...	<i>Toom Dekegah.</i>
Mr Petre's .....	g.	a.	h.	...	<i>Albuera.</i>
"	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Farewell.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	...	<i>Zufano.</i>
"	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Bonanza.</i>
Mr Abram's.....	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Cadwallader.</i>
Mr Roberts'.....	g.	a.	h.	...	<i>Honeyuckle.</i>
"	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Energy.</i>
Mr Fulton's .....	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Primate.</i>
"	g.	a.	h.	...	<i>Master Henry.</i>
Mr Williams'....	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Minuet.</i>
"	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Child of the Islands.</i>
Mr Stone's .....	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Midas.</i>
Mr Grey's... ..	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Abdël Kader.</i>

## PRIVATE SWEEPSTAKES FOR 1846-47.

## FIRST MEETING—DECEMBER 1846:

Sweepstakes for all Horses, English excepted—50 G. M., half forfeit if declared the day before the Race.

*First Day.*—2½ Miles—8st. 10lb. each. Maidens allowed 7lb.

*Glaucus.*

*Banker.*

*Eleepoo.*

*Sir Benjamin.*

*Third Day.*—1 Mile—9st. Maidens that never started on the day of naming allowed 1st., other Maidens 7lb.

The same Horses.

*Fourth Day.*—2 Mile Hcats—8st. 7lb. Maidens allowed 10lb.

The same Horses.

*Sixth Day.*—1½ Mile—9st. Maidens that never started on the day of naming allowed 1st. Other Maidens 7lb.

The same Horses.

FOURTH DAY. *Second Race.*

Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, H. F. ¾ of a Mile, for all horses, English excepted; 9st. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs., Arabs allowed 5lbs.

✂ The time of closing and naming for this race was an accidental omission in preparing the Prospectus. The Race will close the day before the First Meeting and horses are to be named by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

JAMES HUME, SECRETARY.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE SECOND CALCUTTA MEETING —1846-47.

**FIRST DAY, Saturday, January 30, 1847.**

**1st Race.**—Merchants' Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each P. P., for all Horses; St. Leger Course, Calcutta weight for age.

English Horses to carry 1 stone extra, Arabs, not Maidens, allowed 7lb., Maiden Arabs allowed 1st., and other Maidens 7lb.

To close and name by 12 o'clock the day before the first Meeting.

All bets on this race to be P. P. unless otherwise specified.

**2nd Race.**—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each; H. F. for all Horses, Gilbert mile.

English Horses,	..	..	..	11st.	0lb.
Cape and N. S. Wales Horses,	..	..	..	9	7
Country-bred Horses,	..	..	..	9	0
Arabs,	..	..	..	8	7
Maidens allowed,	..	..	..	0	7

To close the day before the 1st Meeting and name the day before the race.

**3d Race.**—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each for all horses, English excepted; Craven Distance. The Winner to be sold with his engagements for Rs. 2,000, if claimed in the usual manner, with the option of selling at Rs. 1600, Rs. 1200 or Rs. 1000. Weights as follows:—

Price.	Cape.	N. S. W.	C. B.	Arabs.
Rs. 2000	10-7	10-2	9-12	9-7
1600	10-0	9-9	9-5	9-0
1200	9-9	9-4	9-0	8-9
1000	9-1	8-10	8-6	8-1

Three subscribers or no race.

To close and name, and prices to be declared, the day before the race.

**SECOND DAY, Tuesday, February 2.**

**1st Race.**—Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. H. F. for each acceptance. Horses not standing the handicap to pay 5 G. M. R. C.

Horses' names to be given in on the 13th January, the handicap to be made by the Stewards on the 14th, and acceptances to be declared on the 21st.

**2d Race.**—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. H. F. for all horses, 2 miles, 8-7 each. A winner once prior to the 1st Oct. 1846, to carry 5lb., twice 7lb., three times or oftener 10lb. extra. Horses that have never started before the 1st October, 1846, allowed 7lb. English horses 2st. extra. To close the day before the first Meeting and name the day before the race.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE SECOND CALCUTTA MEETING. 197

**3d Race.**—Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. H. F., for all horses that have not won upwards of 100 G. M. previously to the 1st October 1846  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile.

English Horses,	..	..	10st	7lb.
Cape and N. S. Wales ditto,	..	..	9	7
Country-bred ditto,	..	..	9	0
Arabs,	..	..	8	7

To close the day before the 1st Meeting, and name the day before the race.

### THIRD DAY, Thursday, February 4.

**1st Race.**—Trades' Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. H. F., for all horses: Heats, 2 miles. Calcutta weight for age.

English horses to carry 1st. 7lb. extra; Maidens allowed 10lb.

To close and name the day before the first Meeting.

**2d Race.**—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. H. F., for all horses; 2 miles 9st. each. English horses to carry 1st. 7lb. extra. Maidens allowed 10lb. To close the day before the Meeting and name the day before the race.

**3d Race.**—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, H. F. for all horses that have not won upwards of 100 G. M. previously to the 1st October 1846, English horses excepted. Byculla Weight for age. R. C. To close the day before the first Meeting and name the day before the race.

### • FOURTH DAY, Saturday, February 6.

**1st Race.**—Baboo Radamadub Banerjee's Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. P. P. for all horses, 2 miles—Weights to be handicapped by Mr. Staniforth. Horses' names to be sent in to the Secretary on the 13th January; weights to be published on the following day, and acceptances to be declared by 2 P. M. of the 21st January.

Horses not standing the handicap to pay 5 G. M. Three horses to start or the Plate to be withheld.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 forfeit for all Maiden horses, English excepted. Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Calcutta weight for age.

To close the day before the second Meeting, and name the day before the race.

### FIFTH DAY, Tuesday, February 9.

**1st Race.**—Forced Handicap Stakes of 10 G. M. each, 2 miles for winning horses only, for which all winners during the first and second Meeting must enter; hack stakes, selling stakes, and matches excepted.

**2d Race.**—Free Handicap Stakes of 20 G. M. each for the beaten horses of both Meetings—heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Horses not standing the handicap to pay 5 G. M.



All Entrances to be made and forfeits to be declared to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the race, unless otherwise specified in the terms of the Race.

Plates and public money to be withhold when there are not three subscribers to the Race.

In calculating the amount of a horse's winnings the horse's own stake will be deducted from the gross sum.

JAMES HUME,  
*Secretary.*

## MEERUT RACES.

SECOND DAY, *Thursday, 31st December, 1846.*

*1st Race.*—The Adelaide Cup, given by the Officers 9th Queen's Royal Lancers for all horses, 2 miles, entrance 15 G. M., 10 G. M. forfeit; Arabs 9st., Cape and N. S. Wales 10st., English 11st. 7lb. To close and name 1st November. Horses that have never started for plate, purse, match or sweepstakes allowed 5lb., and horses that have never won plate, purse, match, or sweepstakes allowed 7lb. extra. Three horses, *bona fide* the property of different owners, to start, or should the Regiment not be at Meerut the day of the Race, the cup to be withheld.

### RULES.

All nominations to be made and forfeits declared by 1 o'clock P. M. the day before the race, excepting when otherwise provided from terms of race.

Horses that are Maidens on 1st October 1846, to run as such throughout this meeting, but to carry the extra weight required for winning any particular race. The Stewards will be guided in their decisions by the Rules of the N. I. Turf Club, excepting that any Horse having won a plate, purse, match or sweepstakes previous to the 1st October 1846, will not be considered a Maiden.

Horses walking over for public money to receive only half. In the event of there not being sufficient funds, an equal per centage to be deducted from the winners of public money.

No one to be allowed to enter a horse for any race at this meeting who has not first sent in to the Secretary a document stating that, in the event of any dispute relative to any race in which his horse or horses may run for during the meeting, he agrees to the matter being settled by the Stewards, and to abide by their decision.

Winning horses to pay Rs. 8 to the Course and losers Rs. 4, for each race (*matches included*.)

All persons running horses (except for matches, private stakes and poney plate) must subscribe Rs. 50 to the Race Fund, and each member of a confederacy Rs. 50.

*Delhi Gazette, Aug. 29.*

## HYDERABAD RACES, 1847.

### STEWARDS.

Captain Higginbottom, H. M. 63d Regiment.

„ Brice, Horse Brigade.

„ Bourdieu, Horse Brigade.

„ Cazalet, 29th Regiment.

„ Blake, 36th Regiment.

### FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, January 12, 1847.*

*First Race.*—Maiden Purse of 350 Rupees from the Fund, with 150 Rupees, P. P. for Arabs that have never started for Plate, Purse, Match, Cup or Sweepstakes. Heats, 2 Miles. 8st. 7lb.—To close on the 14th November, 1846, and name the day before the race.

*2d Race.*—Great Welter, 200 Rupees from the Fund, with 150 Rupees, P. P. for all Horses. One mile and a half, and a distance. Arabs, 11st. Cape and New South Wales, 12st. English, 13st. 10lb. Winners of any previous Welter to carry 7lb. extra. To close and name the day before the race.

*3d Race.*—Sweepstakes, 250 Rupees. H. F. for all Horses. Arabs, 9st. One mile and a half. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close on the 15th December, 1846, and name the day before the race.

### SECOND DAY, *Thursday, January 14, 1847.*

*1st Race.*—Maiden Purse. 300 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees, P. P. for Arabs that never won Plate, Purse, Match, Cup, or Sweepstakes. Heats, one mile and a half, and a distance. To close on the 14th November, 1846, and name the day before the race.

*2d Race.*—The Ladies' Purse, 300 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees, H. F. for all Arabs. Weight for inches. 14 hands to carry 8st. 7lb. Heats, 2 miles. Winners before the Meeting, 5lb. extra. To close on the 15th December, 1846, and name the day before the race.

**3d Race.**—Sweepstakes of 250 Rupees, H. F. for all Horses. One mile and a quarter. Arabs, 8st. 10lb. Maidens allowed 5lb. To close on the 15th December, 1846, and name the day before the race.

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**THIRD DAY, Saturday, January 16, 1847.**

**1st Race.**—The Resident's Plate, value 500 Rupees, with 150 Rupees, P. P. 8st. 7lb. for all Arabs. Heats, 2 miles. Winners before the Meeting to carry 5lb. extra. To close on the 15th December, 1846, and name the day before the race.

**2d Race.**—Galloway Plate, 200 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees, P. P. for Arabs, 14 hands and under. Heats, one mile and a half, and a distance. 8st. 4lb. Winners before the Meeting to carry 5lb. extra. To close on the 15th December, 1846, and name the day before the race.

**3d Race.**—Sweepstakes of 250 Rupees, H. F. for all Horses. One mile. Arabs, 10st. To close on the 15th December, 1846, and name the day before the race.

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**FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, January 19, 1847.**

**1st Race.**—The Union Plate of 400 Rupees from the Fund, with 150 Rupees, P. P. for all Horses. Arabs, 8st. 4lb. Two miles and a half. To close on the 15th December, 1845, and name the day before the race.

**2d Race.**—The Little Welter, 200 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees, H. F. for all Horses. One mile and three quarters. Arabs, 10st. Cape and New South Wales, 11st. English, 12st. 7lb. To close on the 15th December, 1846, and name the day before the race. Gentlemen Riders.

**3d Race.**—Sweepstakes of 250 Rupees, H. F. Two miles. For all Horses. Arabs, 8st. 7lb. To close on the 15th December, 1846, and name the day before the race.

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**FIFTH DAY, Thursday, January 21, 1847.**

**1st Race.**—The Moul Ali Stakes of 350 Rupees from the Fund, with 150 Rupees, H. F. for all Arabs. 9st. Heats, 2 miles. To close on the 15th December, 1846, and name the day before the race. Horses that have never won before starting allowed 4lb.

**2d Race.**—The Tally Ho Stakes of 150 Rupees from the Fund with 75 Rupees, P. P. Heats. One mile and a half, for all Horses. 10st. To close and name the day before the race. The Winner to be sold for 700 Rupees, if claimed within half an hour after the race. Gentlemen Riders.

**3d Race.**—Sweepstakes of 250 Rupees, H. F. One mile and three quarters. 8st. 7lb. For all Arabs. To close and name the day before the race.

SIXTH DAY, *Saturday, January 23, 1847.*

**1st Race.**—Winning Handicap, 250 Rupees from the Fund, to which all Winning Horses must contribute. Optional with the Winner of the "Tally-Ho" Stakes. To be Handicapped by Gentlemen selected by Owners. Heats, one mile and three quarters. Winners, once, 75 Rs.; oftener, 150 Rs.

**2d Race.**—Beaten Handicap, 250 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees, P P. for the beaten Horses of the Meeting. To be Handicapped by Gentlemen selected by Owners. Heats, one mile and a half.

**3d Race.**—A Steeple Chase, 150 Rupees from the Fund, with 30 Rupees, P. P. for all Horses. 10st. 7lb. Gentlemen Riders. Two miles across country, to be marked out by the Stewards. To close and name the day before the race.

**4th Race.**—Pony Race, on its terms.

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RULES FOR THE MEETING.

1. Hyderabad Currency.
2. All Confederacies to be declared to the Secretary, in writing, on or before the 14th November, 1846.
3. All persons entering a Horse, and each Confederate must subscribe 100 Rupees to the Race Fund. This rule does not apply to the "Tally Ho" Stakes Chase, or Pony Race; for the former of which, a Subscription of 30 Rupees qualifies, and for the latter, 20 Rupees.
4. All Nominations to be sealed, and delivered to the Secretary at the Club or Race Stand, (which will be intimated hereafter,) by 12 o'clock the day previous to running.
5. All Entries, except otherwise specified, to be sent to the Secretary, at the Club House, by 12 o'clock on the 14th November, and 15th December, 1846, respectively.
6. All Stakes to be delivered to the Secretary, at the Race Stand, by 12 o'clock on the day previous to running.
7. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.
8. All Private Races during the Meeting, to be run under the direction of the Committee, and all parties must abide by their decision. Any three of the Committee to form a Quorum.
9. A Horse walking over for any Race, receives only half the Public Money, and that only once during the Meeting.
10. A day will be named for Ageing and Measuring.
11. The word "Off" once given by the appointed Starter, is decisive.
12. Maidens on the first day of the Meeting, shall run as such throughout the Meeting.
13. Should there not be sufficient Funds, which is not anticipated, an equal per Centage to be deducted from each Plate.
14. All Winners to pay 10 Rupees, and every Horse trained on the Course after the 15th September, 1846, 5 Rupees, for the repairs of the Course, &c. &c.

15. No Dealer to be allowed to run for Public Money, or to train or ride a Horse on the Course.

16. No Confederacy with Dealers allowed.

17. The decision of the Committee to be final. On other points the Rules of the Bangalore Turf Club to have effect here.

18. Country Bred to run as Arabs. Cape and New South Wales, to carry 12lb. and English Horses, 2st. extra, unless otherwise specified.

*Madras Athenæum, Aug. 27.*

## KAMPTEE RACES FOR 1847.

FIRST DAY, *Monday, 25th January, 1847.*

*1st Race.*—A Maiden Purse of 400 Rupees. Entrance 150, P. P. for all Horses (bona fide the property of Officers composing the N. S. F. on the 1st of November 1846) that have never started for Plate, Purse, Match, or Sweepstakes. Heats 1 mile 10st. To close at noon on the 5th of December 1846, and name on the evening of the 23d January 1847.

*2nd Race.*—The Galloway Plate of 300 Rupees for all Galloways. Entrance 100 P. P. Heats 1 mile. Weight for inches 14 hands to carry 10st. To close and name at noon on the 23d of January 1847.

*3rd Race.*—The Great Welter of 350 Rupees from the Fund. Entrance 100 P. P. for all Horses 1½ mile. Weight 11 stone, Gentlemen Riders. To close at noon on the 18th and name on the evening of the 23d of January 1847.

SECOND DAY, *Wednesday, 27th January, 1847.*

*1st Race.*—The Resident's Plate value 300 Rupees. Entrance 80 P. P. Heats 1½ mile 10 stone. To close at noon on the 1st of January, and name on the evening of the 26th of January 1847.

*2nd Race.*—A Pony Purse of 100 Rupees. Entrance 20 P. P. for all Ponies. Heats ¾ mile. Catch weights. To close and name on the evening of the 26th January 1847.

*3rd Race.*—The Ladies' Plate of 300 Rupees. Entrance 80 P. P. Heats 1 mile, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 10 stone. To close and name at noon on the 26th of January 1847.

THIRD DAY, *Friday, 29th January, 1847.*

*1st Race.*—The Rajah's Cup value 500 Rupees. Entrance 150 P. P. Heats 1 mile, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 9st. 7lb. To

close at noon on the 1st, and name on the evening of the 28th of January 1847.

*2nd Race.*—The Kamptee Stakes of 200 Rupees. Entrance 50 P. P. Heats 1 mile 10st. 7lb. The winner to be sold for 350 Rupees if demanded in the usual manner. To close and name on the evening of the 24th of January 1847.

*3d Race.*—The Brigadier's Purse of 250 Rupees. Entrance 50 P. P. Heats 1 mile 10 stone. The winner of either the Great Welter, or Resident's Plate, to carry 4lb. extra and of both Races 10lb. To close at noon on the 23d of January, and name on the evening of the 28th of January 1847.

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#### FOURTH DAY, *Tuesday, 2d February, 1847.*

*1st Race.*—The Merchant's Plate value 500 Rupees, on its terms. Entrance 100 P. P. for all Horses, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 8st. 7lb. Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. To close on the 15th of December 1846, and name on the 1st of February 1847.

*2d Race.*—The Hurdle Stakes of 200 Rupees from the Fund. Entrance 30 P. P. for all Horses, 11 stone,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile. Over five Hurdles, height  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet. Three Horses to start or no Race. To close and name on the evening of the 1st of February 1847.

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#### FIFTH DAY, *4th February, 1847.*

*1st Race.*—The Forced Handicap of 300 Rupees from the Fund. To which all winners must contribute. Entrance, 100 Rupees H. F. [Optional to the winner of the Kamptee Stakes]; distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. To be Handicapped by the Committee.

*2d Race.*—The Beaten Handicap of 300 Rupees from the Fund. Entrance 50 P. P. for all beaten Horses of the meeting. Heats 1 mile. To be Handicapped by the Committee. To close and name at noon on the 3d of February 1847.

N. B.—The Committee have found it necessary, in consequence of the difficulty in getting *light weights to ride*, to make the weights unusually heavy, and distances have been proportionately diminished.

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#### RULES FOR THE KAMPTEE RACES OF 1847.

1.—The General Rules for Racing to be applicable; all disputes to be settled by the Stewards, and their decision to be final.

2.—Sealed nominations to be delivered to, or forwarded to the address of the Secretary on, or before the day fixed for subscribing or naming, when not otherwise provided for, sealed nominations and entrance money to be sent so as to reach the Secretary on, or before 12 o'clock, noon, the day preceding the Race.

3.—In all Races the owner of each Horse entered shall declare to the Stewards the evening before the Race [by 7 o'clock] whether his horse is to run or not, to allow time for the preparation of the Lotteries.

4.—No horse to start, the owner of which has not subscribed 50 Rupees to the Race Fund, with the exception of those starting for the Hurdle, Selling or Pony Races, who are required to subscribe 20 Rupees.

5.—Winning Horses to pay 8 Rupees, and losers 4 Rs. for the Race Course repairs.

6.—Two horses, the property of different owners, to start for each public plate, purse, &c., and a horse *walking over* for any Race [excepting the Maiden] receives only a third of the public money, and this only once during the meeting.

7.—Cape, Australian, and Horses of English blood, to carry 5lb. and English Horses 2 stone extra, Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.

8.—The settling day to be named by the Stewards as soon after the last day of the meeting as practicable.

9.—Half an hour allowed between Races and Heats.

10.—Any deficiency in the subscriptions, to be deducted proportionately from the different Purses.

11.—A day will be named for measuring.

12.—The word "Off" once given by the appointed starter is decisive.

13.—All confederacies to be declared to the Secretary in writing before the Meeting. Each confederate to subscribe 50 Rupees to the Fund.

14.—No horse is qualified to start for any Race, unless all his owner's subscriptions and entrances have been paid.

15.—Nagpore Currency, and 20 Nagpore Rupees to be considered equivalent to a Gold Mohur.

16.—Any Jockey coming in carrying 2lb. above his weight, undeclared to be distanced.

17.—No confederacy with dealers to be allowed.

N. B.—There will be Race Ordinaries at 7 o'clock at the Public Room before each day's running.

(Signed) S. BAILY, .....

„ J. BARCLAY, .....

J. A. GUNTHORPE,....

J. P. ROBERTS,..... } *Stewards.*

W. BORTHWICK,.....

G. C. DICKSON,.....

W. C. WESTERN,.....

M. C. S. BAKER,

*Secretary.*

*Kamptee, 1st Sept. 1846.*

## BOMBAY RACES OF 1847.

For the 2d race on the 3d day, viz., A Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each. P. P. "To close on the 1st October 1846, and to name the day before the race."

To be run for on the 4th day, instead of "The Stewards' Race." "The Merchant's Plate" of Rs. 1,000, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. H. F. For all Arabs that have never started before the 1st November 1846, and were *bonâ fide* the property of Gentlemen on that date—2 miles—weight for age—Horses imported after the 1st September 1845, allowed 7lb. Winners once, to carry 5lb. extra. Twice, 8lb. Three times, 11lb. oftener, 1 stone. To close and name on the 1st November 1846.

A. W. T., *Secretary*.

## DEYRAH DHOON RACES.

The first year of the Deyrah Dhoon Autumn Meeting, established by the visitors at Mussoorie, and generously supported by the Members of the Himalaya Club, in presenting a Silver Tankard, by subscription of one sovereign each (*the surplus in specie*) to be run for 1st Race, 1st day on the following terms.

## FIRST DAY.

*1st Race*.—The Mussoorie Club Tankard, for all Horses. English 12st. 7lb. Arabs 10st. Country-breds 10st. 5lb. Cape and N. S. Wales Horses 11st., once round the Course. Gentlemen riders. To close and name on the 15th of September. Entrance 100 Rs. Maidens allowed 5lb.

*2d Race*.—The Mussoorie Stakes of 10 G. M. from the Fund for all Horses, ridden as Hacks at Deyrah and Mussoorie 11st. each. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 50 Rs. To close and name the day before the race. 1 mile heats.

*3d Race*.—A Purse of 100 Rs. for all *bonâ fide* Buggy Horses.  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile heats, 10st. 7lb. each. Gentlemen riders. Horses to be driven to the Race Course in a Buggy on the morning of the race, and to be shewn to one of the Stewards. Entrance 2 G. M., and Post Entrance.



## SECOND DAY.

*1st Race.*—The Dhoon Maiden Purse of 20 G. M. from the Fund, for all Maiden Horses, N. S. Wales and Cape 10st., Arabs 10st., Country-breds 10st. 7lb., English Horses 12st. One mile and half. Entrance 15 G. M. To close and name on the 15th of September.

*2d Race.*—The Deyrah Welter for all Horses. English 12st. 9lb., Cape and N. S. Wales Horses 11st. 7lb., Country-breds 11st., Arabs 10st. 7lbs. 300 Rs. from the Fund. Entrance 100 Rs. Winner of the Club Tankard to put up 5lb. One mile and quarter. Gentlemen riders. To close and name on the 15th of September.

*3d Race.*—The Galloway Purse of 200 Rs. for all Galloways 10st. each. One mile and quarter. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 5 G. M. Ponies not exceeding 11 hands—allowed 1st. 7lb. To close and name as above.

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## THIRD DAY.

*1st Race.*—The Deyrah Dhoon Plate of 300 Rs. from the Fund for all Horses, the Club Cup Weights. One mile and half. Winner of the Cup to put up 5lb., of the Welter 7lb., and of both 10lb. extra. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 100 Rupees. To close and name on the 15th of September.

*2d Race.*—The Selling Purse of 100 Rs. for all Hacks.  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile heats, 11st. each. Gentlemen riders. Winner of the Buggy Stakes to put up 7lb. The winner to be sold for 400 Rs. Entrance 2 G. M. Post Entrance.

*3d Race.*—The Pony Purse of 5 G. M. for all Ponies. One mile heats. Catch Weights. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 1 G. M. and Post Entrance.

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## FOURTH DAY.

*1st Race.*—The Forced Handicap Purse of 200 Rs. for which all winners must enter, (Hacks and Buggy Horses excepted,) optional to losers. Horses standing the Handicap to pay 5 G. M. Entrance, Horses not standing 2 G. M. Gentlemen riders. One round the Course.

*2nd Race.*—The Loser's Handicap for all Horses of 200 Rs. One mile and quarter. Entrance 2 G. M. Gentlemen riders.

All nominations to be made to Captain Percy Turner, Deyrah Dhoon; on or before the 15th of September. The N. T. Turf Club

Rules to be applicable to this Meeting, and Stewards hereafter appointed.

All Lahoree money to be paid to the Secretary the day before the Race, should there not be sufficient funds, an equal percentage to be deducted, and in case of an increase of Funds—the different Purses will be added to, in proportion.

A Race Ball will take place the last day of the Meeting, and Ordinaries held at a public tiffin, given each day before the Races. And at the drawing of the different Lotteries, tickets to be paid for.

(Signed) PERCY TURNER, *Captain,*

*Secy. Deyrah Dhoon Races.*

*Deyrah, 19th July, 1846.*

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# **RACING CALENDAR**

**FOR**

**1846.**

# **AUTHORITIES FROM WHICH THE RACING CALENDAR IS COMPILED.**

Sydney Races,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>South Australian.</i>
Melbourne March Meeting for 1846,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Sydney Morning Herald.</i>
Windsor—Hawkesworth Subscription Races,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Ditto.</i>
Autumn Meeting of the South African Turf Club,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Calcutta Star.</i>
Homebush Races,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Sydney Morning Herald.</i>
Batavia Races,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Overland Sing. Free Press</i>
Vizianagram Races,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Madras Atlas.</i>
Patrick's Plain (Sydney) Races,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Bell's Life in Sydney.</i>
Jullundur Sky Races,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Delhi Gazette.</i>
Secunderabad Races,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Madras Spectator.</i>
Mauritius Races,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Le Cerneen.</i>
Kurrachee Races,	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Kurrachee Advertiser.</i>

# RACING CALENDAR.

## SYDNEY RACES.

FIRST DAY, January 1, 1846.

Maiden Stakes, of two guineas each, with thirty added, for Maiden Horses dropped in the colony. Once round and a distance.

Mr Baker's c. f. *Minna*, by Actæon 2 years, 6st. 11lbs. (A Payne). 1  
 „ Clerk's b. g. *Young Jack*, 5 „ 9st. 3lbs. ... 2

Won in a canter. The following started, but were not placed:—

Mr Shayle's c. g. *Will Watch*, 3 years, 7st. 11lbs.  
 „ Harriott's c. g. *The Thistles*, 3 „ 7st. 11lbs.  
 „ Hutchinson's b. c. *Bread and Milk*, ... 8st.

The Town Plate, of thirty guineas. For horses of every denomination.  
 Heats—2 miles

Mr A. Malcolm's b. g. *Gift*, .. 5 years, 9st. 9lbs. (Hallack) 1 1  
 „ Robinson's b. g. *Gim Crack*, 4 „ 8st. 7lbs. ... .. 2 dr.  
 „ Coult's b. g. *Rienzi*, 4 „ 8st. 7lbs. .. .. 3 2  
 „ Shayle's b. m. *Matilda*, 5 „ 9st. 9lbs. ... .. 4 3  
 „ John James's b. g. *Ædipus*, 5 „ 9st. 2lbs. ... .. dist.

This was the great race of the meeting, the entry comprising five imported nags. *Matilda*, *Rienzi*, and *Ædipus*, appeared in public last season, the former winning the Town Plate and Ladies' Purse, very easily, and the two latter by their performances gave strong proofs of being horses of no mean pretensions. The lately imported *Gift* was fancied in a certain quarter, and the party freely took the odds to a heavy tune, whilst the performance and pretensions of *Gim Crack* were kept dark, but the stable having two very essential requisites for racing—the owner a good sportsman, and the trainer quite proficient, we naturally expected something there or thereabouts.

Betting—3 to 2 against the Mare. 5 to 1 against *Gift*.

1st Heat.—The four geldings very unceremoniously went away at a good racing pace, leaving the mare to follow at her leisure, which order they maintained to the last turn for the straight running, when *Gim Crack* came out for a few strides, with *Rienzi* laying on his quarters, *Ædipus*, not liking the pace, cut it; *Gift*, full of running, went out at the distance, increase the speed, was never headed and won easily.

2nd Heat.—*Rienzi* and *Matilda* made strong running, with *Gift* waiting on them, pulling hard, the mare following very wide; at the distance, *Gift*, to make short work, went, and won at a canter.

The Hack Stakes of two guineas each, with fifteen added, for untrained horses; catch weights. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Lamb's	g. g.	<i>Botherem</i> , ... (Cannell)...		
„ Metcalf's	g. m.	<i>Gulnare</i> , ...	...	...
„ Robinson's	b. g.	<i>Cobler</i> , ...	...	...
„ Formby's	b. g.	<i>Tulip</i> , ...	...	...

A good race.

### SECOND DAY, Friday, 2d January.

The Produce Stakes, of three guineas each with thirty added, for horses dropped in the colony. Heats, once round. Weights the same as for the Maiden Stakes. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs. The second horse to save his stake. The winner to pay five guineas to the Fund.

Mr. Morphett's	gr. g.	<i>Albert</i> , ...5 years,	9st. 9lbs.	2	1	1
„ Baker's filly		<i>Breneda</i> , ...2 „	6st. 11lbs.	1	2	0
„ P. Maurice's	ch m.	<i>The Kitten</i> , ...	8st. 11lbs.	3	3	2
„ Clark's	b. g.	<i>Young Jack</i> , ...5 „ old	9st. 3lbs.	4	4	0
„ Hutchinson's	b. g.	<i>Bread &amp; Milk</i> , 3 „ „	7st. 10lbs.	5	5	0

A fine race.

The Ladies' Purse, added to a subscription of five guineas each, of forty guineas, for horses of every denomination. Heats, once round and a distance. Weights as for the Town Plate. The winner of the Town Plate to carry 10lbs. extra. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs. The winner to pay five guineas to the Fund.

Mr. Hallack's	b. g.	<i>Gift</i> , ...5 years old,	9st. 9lbs.	1	1
„ Robinson's	b. g.	<i>Gim Crack</i> , ...4 „	8st. 7lbs.	2	2
„ Clarke's	b. g.	<i>Ædipus</i> , ...5 „	9st. 9lbs.	3	dr.

*Gim Crack* took the lead in the first heat, and maintained it to the distance-post, when the *Gift* went up and defeated him, after a severe struggle, by a half a neck. The second heat was won easy.

The Hurdle Race, three guineas entrance, with twenty-five guineas added. Heats, once round over four hurdles, four feet high in each heat. Gentlemen Riders. Weights, 11st. 7lbs. The winner to pay three guineas to the Fund.

Mr. Frederick Jones's gr. g. *Mustapha*, 11st. 7lbs. Rider, Mr. Handcock... ..

Captain Allen's	blk. m.	<i>Betty</i> , 11st. 7lb.		
Mr. DeLisle's	ch. g.	<i>The Cob</i> , 11st. 7lbs.		
„ Adam Young's	br. h.	<i>Teaser</i> , 11st. 7lbs.		
„ Emery's	blk. m.	<i>Black Moll</i> , 11st. 7lbs.	...	dr.

This was the most exciting race of the day. All the horses took the first hurdle in gallant style, and the first heat was cleverly won by Mr. Thomas's *Mustapha*, ridden by Mr. Handcock; beating Captain Allen's *Betty*—Mr. Philcher, and the *Cob*—Dr. DeLisle. The *Teaser*—Mr. Hunter, and *Black Moll*—beautifully ridden by Mr. James, obstinately refused the last hurdle. Mr. Hunter's perseverance at last got his horse over, but Mr. James was not so successful. The second heat was won easily by *Mustapha*.

The Beaten Stakes, of two guineas each, with fifteen guineas added, for all horses beaten during the meeting. Weights and distance to be settled by the Stewards.

Mr. Morris's	c. m.	Kitten,	7st. 10lbs....	(Fuller)	...	1	1
„ Shayle's	b. m.	Matilda,	9st. 0lbs....	...	...	2	2
„ Lamb's	b. h.	Teazer,	0st. 0lbs....	...	...	3	3
„ Clarke's	b. g.	Ædipus,	8st. 4lbs...	...	...	dist.	

Won easy.

Match £20, p. p., 9st. each. Mr. Dawson's g. m. *Creeping Jane*—Cannell, beating Mr. A. Malcolm's *Antelope*; but the rider of *Antelope* preferring a complaint against Cannell, the Stewards decided that the rider of *Creeping Jane* crossed the *Antelope*, and therefore the latter was entitled to the stakes, which they were prepared to pay over to the owner of the *Antelope*.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, 3d January.

Judge—James Stein, Esquire.

The second year of the Innkeepers' Plate of forty pounds, with a sweepstakes of three guineas each, for horses of all denominations, Town Plate weights. Winner of Town Plate or Ladies' Purse to carry 10lbs. extra. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Malcolm's	b. g.	Gift,	5 yrs. 10st. 5lb...	(Hallack)	1	1
„ Metcalf's	g. h.	<i>Prizefighter</i> ,	*3yrs. 7st. 10lbs...	...	2	2
„ Treble's	c. g.	<i>Kildare</i> ,	6 yrs. ...	...	3	dr
„ W. Lambert's	br. g.	<i>Pirate</i> , ..	aged	...	4	3
„ John Lamb's	br. m.	Matilda,	5 yrs. 9st. 9lbs....	...	dr.	
„ Coutts's	b. g.	Rienzi,	4 yrs. 8st. 7lbs....	...	dr.	
„ Clarke's	b. g.	Ædipus,	5 „ 9st. 9lbs ...	...	dr.	
„ Robinson's	b. g.	Gim Crack,	4 „ 8st. 7lbs....	...	dr.	

\* By Little John.

This brought out the *Prizefighter*, another imported horse, but to describe the running would merely be a repetition of the Town Plate and Ladies' Purse, suffice it to say, that Hallack on *Gift* had it all his own way, and won both heats with ease, the pace being anything but fast.

Match £20, one and a half mile, Mr. Metcalf's g. m. *Gulnare*, received from Mr. Treble's b. g. *Pirate*.

The Galloway Stakes of one guinea each, with twenty pounds added by the Innkeepers, for horses of and under 14 hands. Mile heats. Catch weights.

Won by Mr. A. Malcolm's g. m. *Antelope* in two heats, beating *Young Queen*, *True Blue*, *Young Gulliver*, and *Maid of the Mount*.

A purse of five pounds for Timor Ponies was won by *Hellfire Jack* in six heats, beating the *Costermonger* and four others, which terminated the meeting.



## THE MELBOURNE MARCH MEETING FOR 1846.

### FIRST DAY, 24th March, 1846.

**Town Plate**—Heats two miles and a distance, of fifty sovereigns, with entrance added of 7 sovereigns each, for all horses and mares. Weight for age; 3 years old, 8st.; 4 ditto, 8st. 10lb; 5 years old, 9st. 4lb.; 6 and aged, 9st. 19lb.

Mr W. Carpenter's	...	...	<i>Paul Jones,</i>	...	1	2	2
„ C. C. Campbell's	ch. g.	<i>Petrel,</i>	4 years.	...	2	1	1
„ Robert Quinan's	bk. m.	<i>Maid of the Moat,</i>	...	...	0	0	3
„ Cowell's	b. h.	<i>Quicksilver,</i>	...	...	0	0	4

This race was beautifully contested by *Paul Jones* and *Petrel*, the other horses not having a shadow of a chance. The first heat was run in 4 minutes 11 seconds.

**Maiden Plates**—of 25 sovereigns or more, with entrance added of 5 sovereigns each, half forfeit; for two years old colts and fillies; weight, 8st.; one mile.

Mr Rowan's	ch. f.	<i>Juliet,</i>	..	...	...	1
„ Collyer's	b. g.	<i>Figaro,</i>	..	...	...	2
„ Ewart's	g. f.	<i>Baby Blake,</i>	...	...	...	3
Capt. McLachlan's	dk. b.	<i>colt. Amulet,</i>	...	...	...	4
Mr William Elliot's	ch. b.	<i>Hap Hazard,</i>	...	...	...	5

This race was well contested between *Juliet* and *Figaro*, and for the last half way round they were almost neck and neck to the winning-post, and literally so at last. It was a very smart race for two year olds, the mile having been run in one minute fifty-six seconds; *Baby Blake* made a tolerable third; the others were “all behind.”

**Publican's Purse, £30; entry, £5;**—heats two miles and a distance, was the best contested race of the day. The result was—

<i>Smolensko</i>	...	...	...	...	...	1	1
<i>Sparkle</i>	...	...	...	...	...	3	withdrawn.
<i>Will-if-I-can</i>	...	...	...	...	...	3	3
<i>Gay Lad</i>	...	...	...	...	...	4	withdrawn.
<i>Mazaroni</i>	...	...	...	...	...	5	2

### SECOND DAY.

**Ladies' Purse, of 25 sovereigns, or more, with entrances added of 5 sovereigns each, for all horses and mares; winner of Town Plate or Publican's Purse to carry 4lbs. extra; three miles and a distance. Gentlemen Riders. Weights, 3 years old, 8st. 10lbs.; 4 do. 9st. 10lbs.; 5 ditto, 10st. 4lbs.; 6 years old and aged, 10st. 12lbs. The horses came in as follows:—**

Mr C. Campbell's...	...	ch. g.	<i>Petrel,</i>	...	...	...	1
„ Stevenson's...	...	gr. g.	<i>Sweetmeat,</i>	...	...	...	2
„ Ewart's...	...	gr. g.	<i>Baron,</i>	...	...	...	3
„ Collin's...	...	gr. g.	<i>Smolensko,</i>	...	...	...	4
„ Wilson's...	...	br. g.	<i>Badger,</i>	...	...	...	5
„ R. Quinan's...	...	bk. g.	<i>Sparkle,</i>	...	...	...	dr.

*Petrel* won the race easily, the second and third places being well contested by *Sweetmeat* and *Baron*.

Port Philip Stakes, of 30 sovereigns, with entrance added of 5 sovereigns each, half forfeit. For three years old colts and fillies. Weights, 8st. 4lbs. Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr Austin's...	...	b. c.	<i>Bunysep</i> , ...	...	...	1	1
„ Ewart's...	...	b. c.	<i>Tomboy</i> , ...	...	...	2	dis.
„ Key's...	...	gr. f.	<i>Beeswing</i> , ...	...	...	3	2
„ Stevenson's...	...	b. g.	<i>Comet</i> , ...	...	...	4	2
„ Borodaille's <i>Nymph</i> , paid forfeit.							

This was a fine race, *Comet* pushing the winning horse hard in the last heat which was won by a length.

Pony Stakes, of 15 sovereigns or more, with entrance added of 3 sovereigns, for all ponies 14 hands and under. Catch weights. Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr Kirk's...	...	ch. g.	<i>Rough Robin</i> , ...	...	...	1	1
„ Ewart's...	...	ch. g.	<i>Harkaway</i> ,...	...	...	2	dr.
„ Wilson's <i>If-I-can't-win-I-can't-help-it</i> ,...	...			...	...	3	2
„ Henderson's <i>Pusey</i> , ..	...			...	...		dr.

In the first heat *Rough Robin* took the lead, closely followed by *Harkaway*, who soon collared him, when both went the whole distance to the straight run neck and neck, making one of the best races of the day; it was here that *Harkaway* unfortunately broke down, just as he was heading *Rough Robin*, the latter winning easily; the brute with the long name being “no where.” In the second heat, *Rough Robin* and the long named brute started at a good pace, but the latter going inside the post was distanced, leaving the former all alone in his glory.

### THIRD DAY.

Necromancer Stakes, of 50 sovereigns, given by T. H. Pike, Esq., for all two year old colts and fillies got by Necromancer, entrance added of 5 sovereigns each; half forfeit. Weights—7st. 4lbs; one mile.

Mr D. C. Simpson's.....	ch. f.	<i>Sorceress</i> , ...	...	...	1
„ Dewing's...	...	g. f. <i>Modesty</i> , ...	...	...	2
„ T. H. Pike's	...	b.colts <i>John Bull</i> , ...	...	...	3
Capt. M'Lachlan's	...dk.b.colts	<i>Amulet</i> , ...	...	...	4
Mr Elliott's ...	...	ch. g. <i>Haphazard</i> ..	...	...	5

*Sorceress* and *John Bull* took the lead, and played together very prettily until near the winning post, when *Sorceress* made a rush and came in by about three lengths; *Sorceress*, dam *Moss Rose*, is one of the best bred mares in the colony.

Consolation Stakes, of 10 sovereigns, with entrance added of 2 sovereigns each, for beaten horses and mares at this meeting. Catch weights, post entry; heats—one mile and a distance.

<i>Sweetmeat</i> , ...	...	...	...	...	1	4	3
<i>Gay Lad</i> , ...	...	...	...	...	2	1	1
<i>Will-if-I-can</i> ,...	...	...	...	...	3	2	2
<i>Sparkle</i> , ...	...	...	...	...	4	2	4
<i>Baron</i> ,...	...	...	...	...	5	distanced.	

This race caused considerable excitement, although but few bets were made upon the result, the horses being well known and looked upon as fairly

matched. At starting for the second heat, *Sweetmeat* and *Baron* made a false start, and were called back by the Stewards, but their riders, from not hearing, did not comply, and their strength was uselessly expended.

Hurdle Race, of 20 sovereigns or more with entrance added of 5 sovereigns each for all horses and marcs, over three miles of country selected by the Stewards, with nine leaps; gentlemen riders. Weights—3 years old, 10st.; 4 ditto, 10st. 10lbs., 5 ditto, 11st. 4lbs.; 6 and aged, 11st. 10lbs.

Mr Borodaile's	...	ch. g.	<i>Wild Harry</i> ,...	...	...	1
„ Main's...	...	g. m.	<i>Jane</i> , ...	...	...	2
„ G. M. Simpson's...	...	g. m.	<i>Nun</i> , ...	...	...	drawn.

The race was a tolerably good one, although *Harry's* rider was thrown at one of the leaps.

The weather was fine, and except for some few disturbances, particularly a murderous attack on H. Dewing, Esq., on the afternoon of the last day, and by which he was dangerously injured, the sports might be considered to be entirely satisfactory.

## WINDSOR.—HAWKESBURY SUBSCRIPTION RACES.

### FIRST DAY, Wednesday, 1st April.

1st RACE.—The Hawkesbury Town Plate of fifty guineas, for horses of all ages, carrying weight for age; heats twice round the course; entrance, £5 5s., for which the following horses started at one o'clock p. m.:—

Mr Doyle's	<i>Jorrocks</i> ,	aged,	Dun	...	..	1	1
„ C. Robert's	<i>Blue Bonnet</i> ,	5 years,	Marsden,	...	...	2	3
„ Badgery's	<i>Lady Morgan</i> ,	aged,	Higgerson,	...	...	3	2
„ Buxoo's	<i>Qui Ilyi</i> ,	4 years old	Gill,	...	...	distanced.	

*First Heat*.—At the word off, *Blue Bonnet* took the lead, followed closely by *Jorrocks*, which she maintained throughout the first round. In the second round the rider of *Qui Ilyi* was thrown when about a hundred yards past the winning post, but was not much hurt. The horse took fright at some man lying near the Course; at the bridge *Lady Morgan* got a-head, but did not keep so long. In the hollow *Jorrocks* passed her first. *Blue Bonnet* next; and at the winning post *Jorrocks* came in first by a long way, *Blue Bonnet* second, followed by *Lady Morgan*. *Jorrocks* the winner of the first heat, time four minutes four seconds. Second heat, *Lady Morgan* took the start, and kept a-head, followed by *Jorrocks*, during the first and greater part of the second round. She was then passed by *Jorrocks* in the hollow; and he kept a head until he was declared the winner by a length of *Lady Morgan*; time, four minutes 3 seconds.

2nd RACE.—The Maiden Plate of twenty-five sovereigns, for horses of all ages that have never won an advertised prize exceeding £10; carrying weight for age; heats, once round; entrance, £3.

Mr Hall's	<i>Kate</i> , ..	rider unknown,...	...	1	1
„ King's	<i>Wallaby</i> ,	5 years	rider unknown,...	...	2 2
„ Robert's	<i>Lady Rowena</i> ,	3 years	Marsden,	...	3 4
„ Wascocoe's	<i>Badger</i> ,	5 years	May,	...	4 0
„ Cribb's	<i>Maidland</i> ,	4 years	Cribb,	...	5 0
„ Pitt's	<i>Eva</i> , ...	4 years	Higgerson,	...	6 3
„ Buxoo's	<i>Barracoota</i> ,	4 years	Maherty,	...	7 0

*First Heat.*—*Kate* went off with the lead, followed by *Lady Rowena*, which she maintained throughout, coming in first, *Wallaby* second, and *Lady Rowena* third; time, two minutes.

*Second Heat.*—*Kate* again took the lead, and was never overtaken; *Lady Rowena* went off second, but she was passed in the hollow by *Wallaby* and *Eva*, in which order they came in; *Kate* the winner.

Time,—2m. 1s.

**3d RACE**—The Welter Stakes of twenty sovereigns, with a sweepstakes of two sovereigns, for horses of all ages carrying 10st. 7lbs., two mile heats; entrance, £1 10s.

Mr Hill's	<i>Oily Gammon</i> ,	aged	Dunn, ... ..	1	1
„ Royd's	<i>Jumbug</i> ,	aged	Town, ... ..	2	2
„ Seymour's	<i>Bay Lottery</i> ,	aged	Brien, ... ..	3	3
„ Roberts's	<i>Foig-a-Bullock</i> ,	6 years	Radkin ... ..	4	4
„ Wascoe's	<i>Racky</i> ,	5 years	Wascoe ... ..	5	5

*First Heat.*—*Bay Lottery* took the start, followed closely by *Oily Gammon*. *Oily* passed the bay at the bridge, and kept a-head during the remainder of the first round, followed by *Lottery*, the next by *Racky*. *Oily* was never overtaken during the second round, and consequently came in first followed closely by *Jumbug* and then *Foig-a-Bullock*; time, 4 minutes 12 seconds.

*Second Heat.*—*Jumbug* got the start, followed by *Bay Lottery* and *Foig-a-Bullock*, and was not overtaken until he got to the distance post, when *Lottery* passed him, and came in at the winning post first, followed by *Jumbug* and *Foig-a-Bullock*. In the second round, *Oily Gammon*, who had kept behind, now passed all the others, in his rider's favourite spot (the hollow), and came in first, *Jumbug* second, and *Lottery* third.

Thus ended the first day's races, with a result much contrary to the expectations of the majority of the people. *Jorrocks* seems to be incomparable for a two mile heat, and it is in this that he has the advantage. *Blue Bonnet* is decidedly the faster of the two for a mile and a half, but it is in the other half mile that she gets completely exhausted, and *Jorrocks*, with his surpassing strength, pushes past her—winning the race with the greatest ease. It was remarkable that during this day's races the rider of *Jorrocks* (Dunn) won every race in which he rode, being the whole three.

Some excitement was caused on Wednesday by the bellman offering a reward of £100 for information respecting the party said to have attempted to hamstring the old favourite *Jorrocks* on the preceding night, although he had failed in the diabolical attempt, and *Jorrocks* was enabled to run the next day.

## SECOND DAY.

**1st RACE.**—The Publican's Purse of twenty-five sovereigns, with a sweepstakes of three sovereigns each added; for horses of all ages, carrying weight for age; heats, twice round the course; entrance, £2. 10s.

Mr Doyle's	<i>Jorrocks</i> ,	Dunn rider,	... ..	1	1
„ Royd's	<i>Jumbug</i> ,	... ..	.. ..	2	dr.
„ Badgery's	<i>Lady Morgan</i> ,	Higgerson, ... ..	... ..	3	dr.

*Jorrocks* won this with great ease; in fact, we might say, he was allowed to take it—his competitors knowing that they had no chance.

**2nd RACE.**—Hurdle Race of £30, with a sweepstakes of £5 each added; three times round; over nine stiff leaps four feet high; weight, 11st. 7lb.; entrance, £3.

Mr King's	<i>Wallaby</i> ,	Gorrick,	...	...	...	1
„ Dingan's	<i>Slasher</i> ,	Cullen,	...	...	...	2
„ Stewart's	<i>Rob Roy</i> ,	Wilson,	...	...	...	dis.
„ Duggan's	<i>Otho</i> ,	M'Grath,	...	...	...	dis.

This was a most exciting race: *Wallaby* never refused the leap, although *Slasher* did several times. *Rob Roy's* rider was thrown at the first leap, and consequently distanced; and *Otho* threw his rider at the first leap also, but the second time round. Cullen rode beautifully, and had *Slasher* been trained properly, there is no doubt but that he would have outstripped *Wallaby*.

3RD RACE.—The Hack Stakes of £7, with one sovereign each entrance added; for *bona fide* hacks, to be approved of by the Stewards; catch weights; heats once round the course; three entrances or no race; post entrance.

Mr Roberts's	<i>Jim along Josey</i> ,	1
„ Dight's	<i>Pickaxe</i> ,	3
„ Freer's	<i>Calcutta</i> ,	0
„ Johnstone's	<i>Useless</i> ,	2
„ Wascoe's	<i>Mary Ann</i> ,	0

*Jim along Josey* won this race beautifully; none of the other horses had the slightest chance against him.

## AUTUMN MEETING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TURF CLUB.

FIRST DAY, Monday, 27th April, 1846.

The Produce Stakes of £30 each. Half Forfeit, if declared on the day of Nominations, for 3 years old. Colts and Fillies, bred by Subscribers. Weight for age. One mile and a-half.

Each Nomination £5. H. F. (7 Subscribers, 24 Nominations.)

Mr E. B. Hoffman's b. c. <i>The Lad of Stellenbosch</i> , 3 years old, by <i>Squirrel</i> , dam <i>Georgian</i> , (bred by Mr P. L. Cloete.)	...	...	...	1
Mr A. Cloete's c. c. <i>Sir William Wallace</i> , 3 years old, by <i>Gustavus</i> , dam <i>Princess Charlotte</i> , (bred by Mr P. van der Byl.)	...	...	...	2
Mr E. B. Hoffman's b. c. <i>Eclipse</i> , 3 years old, by <i>Metropolis</i> , dam by <i>Humphrey</i> , (bred by Mr J. J. Kotze.)	...	...	...	3
Mr M. Blake's gr. c. <i>Polka</i> , 3 years old, by <i>Humphrey</i> , dam by <i>Dreadnought</i> , (bred by Mr J. J. Kotze.)	...	...	...	4
Mr J. Brink, Ds. gr. c. <i>Creepers</i> , 3 years old, by <i>Humphrey</i> , (bred by Mr J. J. Kotze.)	...	...	...	5
Mr J. Brink, Ss. c. c. <i>Why-Not</i> , 3 years old, by <i>Humphrey</i> , dam by <i>Dreadnought</i> , (bred by Mr J. J. Kotze.)	..	...	...	—
Mr P. van Breda's r. c. <i>Easy</i> , 3 years old, by <i>St. Ledger</i> , dam <i>Easy</i> , by <i>Dreadnought</i> , (bred by Mr J. J. Kotze.)	...	...	...	—
Mr P. van der Byl's b. c. <i>Recorder</i> , 3 years old, by <i>Gustavus</i> , (bred by the owner.)	...	...	...	—

A good start: all well together for the first  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, when the *Lad* beginning to force the running soon scattered the field. He cut down his horses one after

# AUTUMN MEETING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TURF CLUB. 9

the other and won in a canter by some lengths in 2-59. He was evidently short of work, and his temper was strongly suspected. He showed it in the Ladies' Purse Race, and his want of condition on the second day.

2<sup>D</sup> RACE.—The Trial Stakes.—A Sweepstakes of £10 each. H. F., with £20 from the Turf Club, for 2 years old Colts and Fillies. Colts, 8st. Fillies, 7st. 11lbs. Three quarters of a mile. The Winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

Mr P. van Breda's...	b. c.	<i>Sir Harry</i> , 2 years old, by <i>Humphrey</i> , dam <i>Lady Grey</i> , by <i>Dreadnought</i> , (bred by Mr J. J. Kotze),...	...	...	...	1
„ P. van der Byl's	b. c.	<i>Le Chevalier</i> , 2 years old, own brother to <i>Volunteer</i> by <i>Gustavus</i> , (bred by the owner),...	...	...	...	2

Won very easily.—Time,—1m. 35s.

3<sup>D</sup> RACE.—The Turf Club Purse of £30, to which is added the Town Cup, for all horses. Weight for age. Heats, two miles. Entrance, £3. F. £1. Half the Entrance and half the Forfeits to go to the Winner. Horses that have not won allowed 7lbs.

Mr Rogerson's	b. f.	<i>Sweet Lass of Rondebosch</i> , 3 years old,...	...	...	...	1	1
„ A. P. Cloete's	b. f.	<i>Belle Vu'</i> , 4 years old	...	...	...	2	3
„ Heatlie's...	g. h.	<i>Prince of Wales</i> , 5 years old, by <i>Dreadnought</i> , dam by <i>Sorcerer</i> ,	...	...	...	3	2
„ P. van Breda's	c. h.	<i>Salonica</i> , by <i>Harry Scurry</i> , dam by <i>Morisco</i> , (bred by Mr Melck),	...	...	...	dr.	

The *Sweet Lass* had it all her own way in both heats.

Time,—4m. 8s. and 4m. 20s.

## SECOND DAY, Wednesday, 29th April, 1846.

The Hopeful Stakes.—A Purse of £20, given by the Turf Club, added to a Sweepstakes of £10 each. H. F., for all Colts and Fillies that have not won before the first day of Meeting. Weight for age. Heats, one mile. Winner once to carry 7lbs., twice or oftener 10lbs. extra. The Winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

Mr P. van Breda's	b. c.	<i>Blucher</i> , 3 years old, by <i>Blucher</i> , bred by Mr Uys,...	...	...	...	1	1
„ E. B. Hoffman's	b. c.	<i>Eclipse</i> , 3 years old,...	...	...	...	2	3
„ P. van der Byl's	b. c.	<i>Le Chevalier</i> , 3 years old,	...	...	...	3	2
„ E. B. Hoffman's	b. c.	<i>Lad of Stellenbosch</i> , 3 years old,	---	---	---		

*Blucher* won both heats easily.

2<sup>D</sup> RACE.—The Indian Purse of £70, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each, for all Horses. Weight for age. Regent Course, about 2½ miles. Winner once to carry 5lbs., twice or oftener 7lbs. extra. The Winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

Mr Rogerson's	b. f.	<i>Sweet Lass of Rondebosch</i> , 3 years old,	...	...	...	1
„ E. B. Hoffman's	b. c.	<i>Lad of Stellenbosch</i> , 3 years old	...	...	...	2
„ P. van Breda's	b. c.	<i>Easy</i> , 3 years old	...	...	...	3

Mr A. P. Cloete's ... b. f. <i>Belle Vue</i> , 4 years old ...	4
„ J. Brink Ss., ... bl. c. <i>Black Prince</i> , 4 years old ...	5
„ H. Heatlie's ... gr. h. <i>Prince of Wales</i> , 5 years old ...	—

The *Lass* and *Lad* went away from all the others after the first  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, ran neck and neck at a very severe pace considering the distance they had to go, and kept it up for 2 miles and a quarter, when the *Lad* began to have enough of it, and he was beat without any trouble in 5-44—very fair time for the weight and such young cattle.

The first mile in 1-56, second mile 3-58,

3<sup>d</sup> RACE.—The Railway Sweepstakes of £3 each. H. F., with £20 added from the Fund, for all Horses. Heats, one mile. Six years old and aged Horses, to carry 9st. 10lbs. five years old; 9st. 5lbs. 4 years old, 9st. 3 years old, 8st. 4lbs. 2 years old, 6st. Winner once 7lbs., twice or oftener, 10lbs. extra. The Winner to pay £3 to the Race Fund.

Mr A. P. Cloete's c. c. <i>Sir Wm. Wallace</i> , 3 years old, ...	1	1
„ C. Palmer's c. c. <i>Trump</i> , 4 years old, <i>Gustavus</i> ...	...	2 2
„ P. van der Byl's b. c. <i>Emperor</i> , 2 years old, by <i>Gustavus</i> , (bred by the owner,) ...	3	3
„ E. B. Hoffman's b. c. <i>Sam Sly</i> , 4 years old, by <i>Humphrey</i> , ...	...	...
„ P. van Breda's c. h. <i>Salonica</i> , 5 years old, ...	...	...

Sir William proved an easy winner of each heat in 1m. 59s.  
2m. 4s.

### THIRD DAY, Friday, 1st May 1846.

The Merchant's Cup and Purse, Value £60, for Horses that have not won. Weight for age. Heats, one mile and-a-half. Entrance, £1-10.

Mr P. van Breda's c. c. <i>Ali-Bey</i> , 4 years old, by <i>Hurry-Scurry</i> , dam by <i>Morisco</i> , (bred by Mr Melck),...	6	5	3	1	1
„ J. Brink, Ds. gr. c. <i>Creeper</i> , 3 years old, ...	3	2	1	2	2
A. P. Cloete's b. <i>Revenge</i> , 6 years old, ...	7	dis.	0	0	0
H. Heatlie's gr <i>Prince of Wales</i> , 5 years old, ...	0	dis.	0	0	0
J. Van Renon's br. c. <i>Takq-it-Cooly</i> , 3 years old, by <i>Seth</i> , dam by <i>Albion</i> , ...	5	4	4	dr.	
E. B. Hoffman's b. c <i>Eclipse</i> , 3 years old, ...	4	3	5	dr.	
„ J. Brink, Ss. bl. c. <i>Black Prince</i> , 4 years old, ...	0	8	2	dr.	

*Take-it-Cooly* by *Seth* the favourite. He was crippled however by sore shins and very short of work. We had a slashing race amongst a lot of fearful scraws. A dead heat in first heat, and 5 altogether. The race being won by the *worst* horse in it, but the best trained and the best jockeyed. *Prince of Wales* distanced in second heat (after winning it cleverly) by his rider being short of weight. Time bad enough, viz.—3m. 3s.—3m. 7s.—3m. 10s.—3m. 15s.—3m. 20s.

2<sup>d</sup> RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of £40, added to a Sweepstakes of £5. H. F., for all Horses that have run during the Meeting. Heats, one-and-a-quarter mile, to be handicapped by the Stewards. The winner to pay £3 to the Race Fund. Horses to be entered at the S. A. Club, by 1 p. m., on the day before the Race.

<i>Sweet Lass,</i>	3 years,	8st. 7lbs.	...	...	1	1
<i>Lad of Rondebosch,</i>	3 years,	8st. 2lbs.	...	...	bolted	
<i>Sir Harry,</i>	2 years,	5st. 12lbs.	...	...	2	2

The *Lad* bolted over after starting, and the Filly won as she liked.

3d RACE.—The Consolation Purse, value £20, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each H. F., for all Horses. Heats, one mile. Same Weight as for Railway Sweepstakes. Winner to be sold for £100, if claimed within half an hour, &c. &c. If to be sold for £80, allowed 5lbs., if for £60, allowed 10lbs., and if for £40, allowed 20lbs. The Winner to pay £3 to the Race Fund.

N. B. The Entrances for this Race to be made by 2 p. m. on the day before, it comes off, and the value placed on each Horse to be then specified.

<i>Blucher,</i>	...	..	3 years	7st. 13lb.	...	...	3	1	1
<i>Belle Vue,</i>	...	...	4 years	8st. 1lb.	...	...	1	2	2
<i>Why not,</i>	...	...	3 years	6st. 12lb.	...	...	2	3	3

Weights for Age for the Autumn Meeting.

2 years old	...	...	...	6 stone	12-lbs.
3 —————	..	...	...	7 stone	10-lbs.
4 —————	...	...	...	9 stone	3-lbs.
5 —————	...	...	...	9 stone	12-lbs.
6 —————	...	...	...	10 stone	2-lbs.
Aged ...	...	..	...	10 stone	4-lbs.

HOME BUSH RACES.

FIRST DAY, Wednesday, May 27, 1846.

1st RACE.—The Metropolitan Maiden Plate 100 sovereigns, for all horses that have never won a race; weight for age; once round the course, to start at the three mile post. Entrance, five sovereigns. Nine horses started, viz. -- *Cinderella*, *Squatocracy*, *Bea in a Bonnet*, *Tamarind*, *Alice Hawthorn*, *Eva*, *Knight of the Whistle*, *Gulnare*, and *Tally-ho*. The race was won by Mr. Robert's *Bea in a Bonnet*, ridden by Marsden; *Squatocracy* coming in second.

2d RACE.—The All-Aged-Stakes of five sovereigns each, with fifty sovereigns added; for all horses, weight for age; three miles, maidens allowed 3lbs. Entrance, three sovereigns. *Jorrocks*, *Blue Bonnet*, and *Petrel* started for this race, which was won by *Jorrocks*, ridden by Eggerson, and followed by *Blue Bonnet*.

3d RACE.—The Trial Stakes of ten sovereigns each (five sovereigns forfeit if not declared to the Honorary Secretary at the Royal Hotel, on the 1st of May, between the hours of one and two p. m.) with forty sovereigns added for two-year-olds; once round the Course. Colts, 7st. 7lbs. fillies, 7st. 4lbs. Entrance, three sovereigns. The entrance for this race, were *Saltpetre*, *Australian Lass*, *Canteloupe*, *Emperor*, and *Whalebone*. The race was won by Sir Evan Mackenzie's *Saltpetre*, Fricc rider.



**4TH RACE.**—The Welter Stakes of three sovereigns each, with twenty sovereigns added for all horses; three years old, 10st., four ditto, 10st. 12lbs., five, 11st. 7lbs., six and aged, 12st. Heats, twice round. Entrance, two sovereigns. The following horses were entered: *British Farmer*, *Lottery*, *Jumbuck*, *Plover*, *Petrel*, *Kowrie Gum*, and *Badger*. The race was won by Mr Healy's *Lottery*, ridden by Dr West. *Badger*, second. *Clover*, *Jumbuck*, and *Petrel* did not start.

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SECOND DAY, Friday, May 29, 1846.

The attendance was very limited, and the only race which was fixed for that day was for the Squatters' Purse of fifty sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of three sovereigns each, for all horses carrying the same weights as in the Welter Stakes. Heats, twice round. Gentlemen riders, to be introduced by a member of the Jockey Club. Entrance, two sovereigns. The entrances were: *Jumbuck*, *Blue Bonnet*, *Emerald*, *Kowrie Gum*, *Petrel*, *Lottery*, and *British Farmer*. Won by Mr Wilshire's *Emerald*, rider Gillighan, followed by *Lottery*.

The remainder of the day was reserved for hack races and matches.

The races and entrances for yestordy, were as follows:—

**1st RACE.**—The Australian Plate of seventy sovereigns, for all horses; weight for age; twice round the course. (Maidens allowed 5lbs.) Entrance, four sovereigns. The horses entered are: *Jorrocks*, *Blue Bonnet*, *Tamarind*, *Lottery*, *Petrel*, *Emerald*, and *Green Mantle*. Won by *Jorrocks*.

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**2d RACE.**—The St Leger Stakes of ten sovereigns each, (five sovereigns forfeit if declared to the Honorary Secretary at the Royal Hotel, on the 1st of May, between the hours of one and two p.m.) with fifty sovereigns added; for three-year-olds, one mile and a half. Colts, 8st. 7lbs., fillies, 8st. 4lbs. Entrance three sovereigns. The entrances are: *Lady Theresa*, *Grey Steel*, *Bee in a Bonnet*, *Meteor*, *Cinderella*, *Plover*, and *Knight of the Whistle*. Won by *Lady Theresa*.

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**3d RACE.**—The Ladies' Purse of thirty sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of five sovereigns each, for all horses; weight for age. (Maidens allowed 5lbs.) Heats, once round the Course. Entrance, two sovereigns. The entrances are: *Jumbuck*, *Blue Bonnet*, *Tamarind*, *Alice Hawthorn*, *Walebone*, *Salpetre*, *Petrel*, *Knight of the Whistle*, *Kowrie Gum*, *Green Mantle*, *Bee in a Bonnet*, and *Squatocracy*. Won by *Jumbuck*.

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**4TH RACE.**—The Beaten Stakes of three sovereigns each, with twenty sovereigns added, for all beaten horses during the meeting to be handicapped by the Stewards, or whom they may appoint; one mile and a half. Post entrance,

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## BATAVIA RACES.

FIRST DAY, Friday, 5th June, 1846.

*Maiden Plate* of £200 given by the club for horses that have not run before. Entrance £25 each. Heats round the Course.

<i>Kommala</i> ,...	...	...	d. h.	53 in. 104 lbs.	1	Broke down.
<i>Hopeful</i> ,...	...	...	b. h.	56 in. 110 lbs.	2	Walked over.

One forfeit.

Both horses when they came to the post looked *like running*, they bounded off well together, but *Kommala* soon took the lead, kept it and apparently won with ease. The second heat *Kommala* broke down at the first quarter mile; *Hopeful* therefore won the race by walking over for the third heat.

*Governor's Cup*.—A silver Cup given by the Baron Vander Capellan, with £500 added by the Club. Entrance £50 each. Heats round the Course.

<i>Lord Bateman</i> ,	...	g. a. h.	56½ in. 117 lbs. & 10 lbs. extra	1	1
<i>Saladin</i> ,...	...	g. a. h.	54½ in. 110 lbs. & 10 lbs. extra	2	2
<i>Akhbar Khan</i> ,	...	b. h.	51½ in. 99 lbs.	...	3 2

There was not a doubt as to the result of this Race for some time before the meeting. *Lord Bateman* was in the best condition possible, he went off with ease and won both heats in a canter—and bets to any amount were offered at 20 to 1 on his Lordship, but there were no takers.

*A Match*, once round the Course, catch weights, between

<i>Alert</i> ,	...	...	c. b.	...	...	...	1
<i>Othello</i> ,	...	...	b. h.	..	...	..	2

was won easily by the latter; this was a mere make-sport Race, but the horses were so unequal, that it was a sorry attempt.

*Gentleman's Sweepstakes* of £25 each, Gentlemen riders, once round the Course.

Mr *****	...	...	...	...	...	1
„ ***	...	...	...	...	...	2
„ ****	...	...	...	...	...	3

The plaided laddie won this without much exertion, and the day's sport terminated with Bag Races and Climbing a Pole, which afforded a good deal of fun for the natives, and amusement to the lookers-on.

SECOND DAY, Saturday, June 6th.

Opened with *The Ladies' Plate*, value £200, subscribed for by the Ladies of the Members of the Club. Entrance £25 each. Heats round the Course. (The winner of the Governor's Cup not allowed to start for this Race.)

<i>Dundee</i> ,	..	b. h.	53½ in. 106 lbs.	...	...	1 1
<i>Selim</i> ,	...	g. h.	55½ in. 113 lbs.	...	...	2 0

One forfeit.

This was expected to be a good Race, but *Dundee* won the first heat easily. *Selim* bolted in starting, but gained ground in the Course again, he however came in dead lame, and *Dundee* therefore walked over for the second heat.

*The Club Purse* of £200 given by the Club. Entrance £25 each. Heats round the Course. (Horses entered for the Governor's Cup, allowed to start for this Race.)

<i>Polka,</i>	...	.	b. h.	54½ in. 110 lbs.	1	1
<i>The Duke,</i>	..	.	b. h.	54 in. 108 lbs.	2	2
<i>The Regent,</i>	...	..	g. h.	65½ in. 114 lbs.	3	3
<i>Tjobe,</i>	...	.	b. h.	54½ in. 110 lbs. dist.	0	0

One forfeit.

This was the best race of the meeting, and its close created some topic for the knowing ones to talk about, as they were all regularly taken in and had to fork out accordingly. The first heat all the horses got well away except *Tjobe*, who made a bungle of the start, and was distanced in consequence; for the first half mile the horses kept well together, *Polka* then began to show his metal, and at the distance post it was a hard trial between him and the *Duke*, the former however won by about a length; the *Regent* several lengths behind both. The second heat was quite between *Polka* and *The Duke*, *The Regent* evidently being out of condition and having no chance, to the chagrin of many; *The Duke*, a veteran on her Turf, did his best, but *Polka* was too much for him and won by a few lengths. The pace was slow throughout, the mile each heat being done in 2m. 17s. and the trainer of *Tjobe* I hear talks largely that had his horse saved the distance, which the Jockey did not try to do, he would have shewed his heels in the second and third heats. The betting before starting was about even between *The Regent* and *The Duke*, but the former was perhaps first favourite; *Polka* and *Tjobe* being almost untried horses, little was done upon either of them till the second heat, when several bets were made against *Tjobe* at even under the idea that he had not bottom to win the race,—in this the knowing ones were done, for he won the second heat with greater ease than the first. From *Regent's* having won the Cup last October meeting, it was supposed he was nearly sure of this Race, but he has recently been in the Vet's hands and has not recovered his condition.

*Cheroot Race* for a box of Manila Cheroots given by the Club. Gentlemen Riders. Entrance £15. Once round the Course.

Mr * * * ..	...	...	1
„ * * * *	- -	...	2
.. * * ..	...	...	3

was won easily by Mr \*\*\* treble\* and double\* were decidedly too heavy, and the Tartan boy had changed his nag from the one he rode in the Sweettakes yesterday—all three kept their Cheroots well in.

The *Beaten Plate* did not fill, owing to so many of the beaten horses being unfit for running.

## VIZIANAGRAM RACES.

## FIRST DAY, Wednesday, 10th June.

Business commenced at half past 5 A. M. by a Match for Rupees 100, distance 1 mile.

Mr E. F—a's	b. a. h.	<i>Avon</i> ,	...	Mr O.	9st. 3½lb.	...	...	1
Mr C. M—a's	g. a. h.	<i>Aliwal</i> ,	...	Mr L.	9st. 5lb.	...	...	2

The training Ground as previously was again brought into requisition on the present occasion, although being very heavy, owing to the rains which came down in torrents previously, both horses and riders were in prime order and betting equal. The Bay was very impatient on being brought up to saddle, started off at a slapping trot, and at length broke away from his horsekeeper, but luckily was caught ere he had proceeded far, and then saddled and brought up to the post; at the word "off" *Aliwal* bounded away with the lead by several lengths, the Bay never was so unsteady, and more inclined to dance "the Polka" than start; he did get off at last, and at a slapping pace, but his Jockey evidently could not hold him in, so much as he wished, as they turned the corner we could perceive from the winning post, that *Aliwal* was working up, he tried to take the inside and so he did, but passed so near *Avon's* head as to constitute "a cross," this was duly claimed, so although *Aliwal* came in first by several lengths, he was declared distanced. Time 2 minutes, 2 seconds.

The sporting owners agreed to run the Horses over again in half an hour and in due time they were brought to the post. *Avon* being restless required two horsekeepers to lead him up, after much trouble he started right well, and came in a winner without much difficulty. *Aliwal's* condition was such as hardly to warrant his running "heats."

## SECOND DAY, Friday, 12th June.

1st RACE.—A Match for Rupees 100, weight 9 stone 2 lb., distance 1 mile.

Mr W—n's	g. a. h.	<i>Phoenix</i>	...	...	Mr O.	...	...	...	1
Mr M—n's	g. a. h.	<i>Aliwal</i>	...	...	Mr L.	...	...	...	2

Both started well, *Aliwal* making play for half a mile or more, when *Phoenix* who had been waiting on him, strode up, and asserting his right to No. 1 place, passed him, and came in an easy winner, the Course continuing very heavy, being completely saturated with rain.

2d RACE.—A Match for Rupees 100, distance 1 mile.

Mr W—n's	b. a. h.	<i>Clear the way</i> ,	Owner	12st. 2lb.	...	...	...	1
Mr M—n's	g. a. h.	<i>Taphorn</i> ,	Owner	11st. 9lb.	...	...	...	2

Every one considered that the Bay would not stand the weight, although being of right good stuff, the Grey kept pretty close to him for the first ½ mile, the little Bay then shook him off, and won easily.

3d RACE.—A Sweepstakes 100 Rupees entrance, distance ½ miles, weight 10st. 7lb. owners up.

Mr W. F—a's	b. a. h.	<i>Forester</i>	...	...	...	...	...	1
Mr B. W—n's	c. a. h.	<i>Ball of Fire</i> ...	...	...	...	...	...	2
Mr F. E—d's	c. a. h.	<i>The great Unknown</i> ...	...	...	...	...	...	3

*Ball of Fire* appeared to have been over-worked and did not move at his usual pace, he had previously beaten the Bay, but had not on the present occasion even a chance. *Forester* winning easily, "*The great Unknown*" preserved his inceg admirably, not coming in till all was over.

4TH RACE.—Catch weights, entrance 50 Rupees, distance  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr W. F—a's	b. a. h.	<i>Topham</i> ,	...	...	Mr L.	...	...	1
Mr G—t's	b. a. h.	<i>The Duke</i> ,	...	...	Mr O.	...	...	2
Mr H—i's	c. a. h.	<i>No go</i> ,	...	...	Mr H.	...	...	3

Won easily by *Topham*, *The Duke* second, and the chesnut last, verifying his name to a *T*.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, 13th June.

A Match for Rupees 150 a side, distance  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr D—t's b. a. h. *Rough Shod*, ... Mr O. 9st. 5lb. ...

Mr M—n's g. a. h. *Tapthorn*, ... Mr H. 10st. 11lb. ...

This was a well contested Race, the Bay only winning by a head.

### FOURTH DAY, Monday, 15th June.

1ST RACE.—A Match for Rupees 100, weight 9 stone 8lb., distance 1 mile.

Mr W—n's b. a. h. *Clear the way*, ... Mr O. ... .. 1

Mr M—n's g. a. h. *Aliwal*, ... Mr L. ... .. 2

Both horses started in excellent style, the Bay keeping the lead, but waited on his opponent till near the distance post, when he made play and won easily by several lengths, time 2 minutos, and if required could have accomplished the distance in some 4 or 5 seconds less.

2D RACE.—A Match for Rupees 100, equal weights, distance  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr M—n's g. a. h. *Tapthorn*, ... Owner ... .. 1

Mr W—n's c. a. h. *Ball of Fire*, ... Owner ... .. 2

The grey had it all his own way and came in an easy winner.

3D RACE.—A match for Rupees 100, weight 9 stone 3 lb., distance  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr L—n's b. a. h. *Ferozehah*, ... Owner ... .. 1

Mr W—n's g. a. h. *Phaenix*, ... Mr O. ... .. 2

There was a slight misunderstanding between the Jockeys, as to the place where they were to start, from so as to make  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile (as agreed on) to the winning post, as the place usually started from was considered to be some yards further, and by having the starting point somewhat closer to the winning post, they eluded a turn which was in the Course (and had a straight run into the winning-post) when the Grey usually gained on his opponent; however it was agreed to have a straight run in, although not being  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile, and off they started at a slashing pace—it was a very pretty and well contested Race, the Bay winning by half a head, contrary to expectation.

4TH RACE.—A match for Rupees 50, weight 12 stone, distance  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr G—t's b. a. h. *The Duke*, Mr M..... 1

Mr F—e's b. a. h. *Topham*, Mr F..... 2

The Bay, as agreed, to receive seven yards' start, was never headed and won easily.

## PATRICK'S PLAINS (SYDNEY) RACES.

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FIRST DAY, Tuesday, 16th June, 1846.

1st RACE.—The Patrick's Plains Purse of £50; heats twice round; the following horses were entered:—

Dr West's	<i>Meteor</i> ,	...	ch. g.	3 years.	...	...	1	1
Mr Chambers'	<i>Tally-ho</i> ,	...		5 years.	..	...	2	2
„ Nicholson's	<i>Harry Lorrequer</i> ,			aged.	...	...	3	3

*Harry* was the favorite, and the spirited owner backed him to win against the field, and 3 to 2 against *Tally-ho*; much money was staked upon the event. *Meteor* having the inside, took the lead—*Tally-ho*, who was placed outside, hit out—soon passing *Harry*—making *Meteor* look out, who expected to have it all his own way. *Meteor*, however, kept a-head, and passed the winning post first—*Tally-ho* cantering in second, and the old horse saving his distance, as the knowing ones thought to take the next heat.

Time,—3m. 56s.

The next heat was much alike; but a few quiet digs of the spur shewed that *Meteor* had to look out; he was closely pressed by *Tally-ho*, who came in on *Meteor*'s quarters, followed by *Harry*.

Time,—3m. 56s.

It will be seen the time was excellent; *Meteor* was in first-rate order—*Tally-ho* but middling—and the difference of weight against him; *Harry* was too fat, but there was no lameness about him, although such was represented.

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2d RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of £20; for two year olds; heats one mile; was the next race, and was run for by

Mr Dight's	<i>Zanthus</i> ,	...	...	...	...	...	1	1
„ Halstead's	<i>Fairy Queen</i> ....	...	...	...	...	...	3	2
Dr West's	<i>Little Giggler</i> , (late <i>Australian Lass</i> .)	...	...	...	...	...	2	3
Mr Green's	<i>Paul Pry</i> ,	...	...	...	...	...	4	4
„ Reeves'	<i>Maitland Maid</i> ,	...	...	...	...	...	5	5

A good race; the *Giggler* was the favorite; there was but little betting however. *Zanthus* is a fine powerful colt, and won the race by dint of pure strength, keeping a-head all the way, the rest crossing and recrossing, the only difference between the heats being the change of places between the *Giggler* and the *Fairy Queen*.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 58s.; 2d heat, 2m. 2s.

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3d RACE.—Was the Maiden Plate, of £15; heats one mile and a half.

Capt. Scott's	<i>Lightfoot</i> .	...	...	...	..	..	2	1	1
Mr Kerrigan's	<i>Lucy</i> ...	...	...	...	...	...	1	2	2
Dr West's	<i>Rapid</i> .	...	...	...	...	...	3	dr.	
Mr Newman's	<i>Prince Albert</i> .	...	...	..	...	...	dist.		
„ J. Glennie's	<i>Lancer</i> .	...	...	...	...	...	bolted		
„ Rossiter's	<i>Gustavus</i> ...	...	..	...	...	...	objd. to.		

*Gustavus* was objected to as a previous winner, and was disqualified; *Lancer* raced well until he bolted; *Lucy* got a-head, and was allowed to keep it the first heat, *Lightfoot* being reserved for tougher work; *Rapid* struggled through it the first heat, but *Lightfoot* showed *Lucy* the difference between good breeding and good condition, and the contrary. Some money changed hands on the last heat.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 1s.; 2d heat, 2m. 59s.; 3d heat, 3m.

### SECOND DAY, Wednesday, 17th June.

1ST RACE.—The Selling Stakes of £15, with a Sweepstakes of £1 each; the winner to be sold.

Mr Reeves' <i>Robin Hood</i> ...	...	...	...	...	...	1	1
„ Green's <i>Queen Victoria</i> ...	..	...	...	...	...	3	2
„ Capp's <i>Filho da Puta</i> ...	...	...	...	...	...	2	3
Capt. Scott's <i>Scratch</i> ..	...	...	...	...	...	dr.	

At the meeting the previous evening, the owner of *Gustavus* offered to bet £50, he would name a horse that would beat any of those entered, but upon his being taken up by a party, who named *Scratch*, he pocketed his money, saying he was frightened. This disgraceful conduct created much disgust, and damped the spirit of the evening, mutual confidence being at an end. *Scratch* was accordingly drawn, but a match was made up the next morning for £30, between him and *Gustavus*, upon the result of which all the excitement of the day was concentrated.

The Selling Stakes was won easily by *Robin Hood*, although it was thought he had not bottom for the second heat, but he cheated even his owner, who suffered him notwithstanding, to be sold for £21.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 59s.; 2d heat, 2m. 57s.

The match next came off; *Scratch* it was stated had not had a gallop for two months, and he was evidently in no working order—his coat was staring, his fetlocks untrimmed, and clothing was a thing previously unknown to him; rough as he was he was mounted, and the spunky Maitlanders backed their favorite readily and heavily against him; some hundred pounds were staked on the event. The start was good—*Scratch* went to work like a novice—but a touch of the spur taught him manners, and he came in lengths a-head hard held. Time 1 min. 57 sec. The supporters of *Gustavus* undaunted, still kept up the betting, thinking that *Scratch*, who came in puffing and blowing, was done for, but half an hour's spell put him all to right again, and the second heat ended in like manner, great excitement prevailing throughout the race, at the conclusion of which, Mr. Reeves offered to bet £20 upon *Robin Hood* against *Scratch*, once round; it was taken up, to come off the next morning. Some other matches concluded the day's sport.

### THIRD DAY, Thursday, 18th June.

1ST RACE.—The Hunter River Stakes, of £30; for horses of all ages; heats two miles.

Dr West's ch. g. <i>Meteor</i> ...	...	...	...	...	...	1	1
Mr Chambers' <i>Tally-ho</i> ...	...	...	...	...	...	2	2
Capt. Scott's <i>Lightfoot</i> ...	...	...	...	...	...	3	3

*Tally-ho* got the inside, and as the race between him and *Meteor* depended much upon this, many expected him to win. The Clerk of the Course, however, started the horses, when *Meteor* was in a bound, a length and a half a-head, by which he at once secured the inside, which determined the fate of the race. The Clerk seeing his error, called the horses back, but before they could pull up they were nearly half-way round. Having checked their horses, the riders

were hesitating what to do, when *Lightfoot* started, and away they went to work again, *Tally-ho* behind—but the parties consented to let the horses go on, and they soon got into full play—*Meteor* and *Tally-ho* passing *Lightfoot*, and tearing away at a fearful pace. The remainder of the heat was beautiful, *Tally-ho* making way from the distance post, and giving *Meteor* a *buster* such as he never got; but the difference of weight told against him, and *Meteor* won by a length. *Lightfoot* ran well, but pulled up after saving his distance.

Time,—3m. 58s.

The start for the second heat was a good one, but *Meteor* having won the first heat, took the inside, and kept it, closely pressed all the way by *Tally-ho*, followed by *Lightfoot*, who made a capital race for it.

Time,—3m. 55s.

2<sup>D</sup> RACE.—The Welter Purse of £15; for all horses carrying 10st.; heats twice round.

Mr Nicholson's	<i>Harry Lorrequer.</i>	...	...	...	...	2	1	1	
Dr West's	<i>Cecil.</i>	...	...	...	...	...	1	2	2
Mr Chambers'	<i>Sambo.</i>	...	...	...	...	...	3	dr.	

*Cecil* was the favorite, and took the first heat, the old horse on his wither all the way. The second heat was a neck and neck race all the way to the distance post, when *Harry* went a-head, and *Cecil* gave way. The owner of *Cecil* then determined on riding himself, and went to work from the start of the third heat most vigorously, keeping the inside, a nose a-head, the first round; the old horse edging him up against the posts, to the rider's great discomfiture, who found his horse had at last got too much of whip and spur, which was applied unremittingly from beginning to end of the race. *Harry* came in several lengths a-head. *Sambo* was entered to make up the race, but astonished all by closing with the other for the first mile and a half the first heat, which was as much as could have been expected from an untrained hack. Had he been entered for the Maiden Plate, he would have made some of them look out. Time,—first heat, 4 min. 10 sec.—second heat, 4 min. 15 sec.—third heat, 4 min. 17 sec.

Lastly.—The Beaten Purse for £10 with a Sweepstakes of £1 each added.

Mr Capp's <i>Filho da Puta</i> ,	...	...	9st. 6lbs.	6	4	1	1
„ Halstead's <i>Fairy Queen</i> ,	...	...	6st. 7lbs.	5	1	6	2
„ Korrigan's <i>Lucy</i> ,	...	...	8st.	1	2	4	do
„ Green's <i>Queen Victoria</i> ,	...	...	8st. 7lbs.	2	3	2	do
Dr West's <i>Rapid</i> ,	...	...	6st. 7lbs.	3	6	5	do
Mr Newman's <i>Prince Albert</i> ...	...	...		4	5	3	do

This race, if time be not considered, was the first race during the meeting. The *Queen* was the favorite at starting; but it was impossible to form even a conjecture upon the result. *Filho* was all behind-hand the first two heats, and owed the two last to strength, not speed; and perhaps the darkness was in his favour. The less that is said about time the better.

#### FOURTH DAY.

The match between *Scratch* and *Robin Hood* come off this day, *Scratch* winning easy.



## JULLUNDUR SKY RACES.

## FIRST DAY, 22nd July.

1st RACE.—A Purse of 100 Rs. added to a Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. each ;  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile Heats.

Mr —	g. a. h. <i>Kum Buckt,</i>	Owner	...	...	1	1
Mr Twysden's	c. a. h. <i>Advance,</i>	Owner	...	...	3	2
Mr Hunter's,	b. c. <i>Mars Mimic,</i>	Mr Smith,	...	...	2	3

Won Easy.

2d RACE.—A Purse of Rs. 80 from the Fund added to a Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. each ;  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile Heats.

Mr Smith's	b. a. h. <i>Buckfoot,</i>	Owner	...	...	1	1
Mr —	b. a. h. <i>Erin Go Braugh,</i>	Mr C.	...	...	2	2

A good Race.

3d RACE.—A Hack Purse.

## SECOND DAY, 24th July.

1st RACE.—A Charger Stakes of Rs. 80 from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile Heats.

Capt. Edward's	b. a. h. <i>A. D. C.</i>	...	...	...	1	1
Capt. Aubert's	g. a. h. <i>Nawab,</i>	...	...	...	2	2

Won Easy.

2d RACE.—A Cheroot Stakes of Rs. 60 from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr Smith's	<i>Buckfoot,</i>	Owner,...	...	1
Mr —	g. a. h. <i>Iron Sides,</i>	Mr Smith,	...	2
Mr Hunter's	r. a. h. <i>Nonsense,</i>	Owner,...	...	3
Mr —	b. a. h. <i>Manilla,</i>	Owner,...	...	4

A good Race.

3d RACE.—A Pony Purse of 50 Rs. from the Fund, 1 G. M. Entrance  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Won easy by a *Punjabee* ; two others started but were never seen.

## THIRD DAY.

A Winner Handicap of — Rs. from the Fund. Entrance 1 Gold Mohur half mile Heat.

Mr J. Smith's,	b. a. h.	<i>Buckfoot</i> ,	...	...	Mr Twysden	...	0	1	1
Mr Doran's	g. a. h.	<i>Tom Sides</i>	...	...	Mr Edwards	...	0	2	2
Mr Edward's	b. a. h.	<i>A. D. C.</i>	...	...	Mr Smith	...	3	3	d
Mr —————	g. a. h.	<i>Kumbuckht</i> ,	...	...	Mr O.....	...	4	4	3

*Kumbuckht* and *Buckfoot* carried more weight than either of the others. A very pretty race, being a dead heat, the first time between *Tomsides* and *Buckfoot*. The second heat the little nag won by about a neck and the third he won only by a-head after a very severe race.

The match I spoke of in my last between Mr Hunter's *Nonsense* and Mr Twysden's Grey A. Galloway was won easy by Mr Twysden's in a canter.

The Ladies' Handicap of — Rs. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile Heats.

Mr Thompson's	b. c. m.	<i>Minnie</i> ,	Owner...	...	1	2	1
Mr Cousin's	.. g. c. do.	<i>Fidget</i> ,	Owner...	...	2	3	2
Mr „	b. c. do.	<i>Black Bess</i> ...	Mr Smith	...	3	4	3
Mr Twysden's	c. a. h.	<i>Advance</i> ,	Mr Stubbs	...	4	1	4

The Ladies' Handicap was a very good one. *Advance* saving his distance the first heat, winning the second by a neck, and the third rather easy.

## FOURTH DAY.

A Selling Purse of — Rs. from the Fund. Entrance 1 Gold Mohur, half mile heat. Winner to be sold for 400 Rs.

Capt. Edward's	b. a. h.	<i>A. D. C.</i>	...	...	Mr Smith	...	1	2	1
Mr Lawrence's	...	<i>Archimedium Screw,</i>	Owner...	...	2	3	2		
Mr Twysden's	b. c. b. m.	<i>Spider,</i>	...	...	Owner...	...	3	1	3

Won rather easy.

A Hack Purse of — Rs. from the Fund, 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile Race.

Mr —————,	.....	b. c. b. m.	...	...	<i>Babliarda</i> ,	Owner	...	...	1
Capt. Edward's	g. c. h.	...	...	...	<i>Charlie</i> ,	Mr Smith.	...	...	2
Mr Johnson's	.....	g. a. h.	...	...	<i>Froglic</i> ,	Owner	...	...	3

## SECUNDERABAD SKY RACES, JULY 20, 1846.

1st RACE.—A Sweepstakes for all horses. Entrance 15 Hyd. Rs., with purse of 70 Rs. added by the Stewards, 10st. 7lb.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

					Ridden by
Won by Mr. Grant's	g. a. h.	<i>B. B.</i>	...	...	Mr. Dunbar.
2nd Mr. Wyatt's	bl. a. h.	<i>Dan O'Connell</i>	...	...	Capt. Freese.
3rd Mr. Howard's	ch. a. h.	<i>Abbotsford</i>	...	...	Owner.
4th Capt. Blake's	b. a. h.	<i>Lightbob</i>	...	...	Capt. Bordieu.

Mr. Grant's *B. B.* went off at score, in gallant style, maintaining the lead the whole way, and beating by four lengths.

2ND RACE.—A Sweepstakes for all horses. Entrance 15 Hyd. Rs., with a Purse of 70 Rs. added by the Stewards, 11st.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

					Ridden by
Won by Mr. Walsley's	b. a. h.	<i>Ackbar</i>	...	...	Mr. Annesley.
2nd Mr. Howard's	g. a. h.	<i>Tophorn</i>	...	...	Mr. McMaster.
3rd Mr. Fisher's	b. a. h.	<i>Puzzle</i>	...	...	Owner.

A very good race, *Ackbar* declared 6lb. over weight, and it was a good contest between him and *Tophorn*, who made a very good 2d.

3RD RACE.—A Sweepstakes. Entrance 15 Hyd. Rs., to which a Purse of 150 Rs. was added by the Stewards. Weight for inches, 14 hands 9-7, and for every extra inches 3lb.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

					Riders.
Won by Mr. M'Cally's	b. a. h.	<i>Huzzar</i>	...	...	Owner.
2nd Mr. Howard's	g. a. h.	<i>Pickwick</i>	...	...	Owner.
3rd Mr. Cox's	g. a. h.	<i>Tout</i>	...	...	M'Guffin.
4th Mr. McDonald's	b. a. h.	<i>Terry</i>	...	...	Owner.
5th Mr. James'	g. a. h.	<i>Walker</i>	...	...	Capt. Bordieu.

The horses went off well together until the last corner before the straight run in, when *Huzzar* took the lead, beating *Pickwick* by two lengths.

4TH RACE.—Sweepstakes. Entrance 15 Hyd. Rs., to which the Stewards added a Purse of 100 Rs. Round the Course—over 6 hurdles 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet high. 11st.

					Riders.
Won by Mr. Fisher's	g. a. h.	<i>Double X</i>	...	...	Owner.
2nd Mr. McMaster's	g. a. h.	<i>Swipes</i>	...	...	Owner.
3rd Capt. Cazalet's	ch. a. h.	<i>Old Tom</i>	...	...	Mr. Wyatt.

This was the worst race of the whole day; the riders took their horses at a gentle amble up to the hurdles, and after the horses had looked to see if there was a ditch on the other side, quietly broke through them. Every hurdle was taken (?) in the same manner. In fact the hurdles were so flimsily made that the least touch broke them. *Swipes* and *Old Tom* stopped dead at the last hurdle, whilst *Double X* breaking through it came in victorious.

A PONY RACE.—Over 3 hurdles 2½ feet high, ½ mile. Catch weight. Entrance 10 Hyd. Rs.

				Riders.
Won by Capt. Allan's dun py.	<i>Harry Boy</i>	...	...	Mr. Howard.
2nd Mr. Walmsley g. p.	<i>Nameless</i>	...	...	Mr. M'Cally.

*Harry Boy* took the lead and maintained it, but at the last leap *Nameless* claiming a jostle, when all parties agreeing, the race was run again—*Harry Boy* being again the victor.

A HANDICAP for all losers, and other horses untrained. 5 Rs. Entrance. ½ mile. Catch weights. Heats.

				Riders.
Won by Mr. Howard's g. a. h.	<i>Tophorn</i>	...	...	Owner.
2nd Mr. Woodyatt's g. a. h.	<i>Tom</i>	...	...	Mr. Grant.
3rd Mr. James' g. a. h.	<i>Walker</i>	...	...	Capt. Bordieu.
Mr. Knight's blk. h.	<i>Hookem</i>	...	...	McMaster.
Mr. Hunt's b. a. h.	<i>Longback</i>	...	...	Owner.
Mr. Holland's b. h.	<i>Magic</i>	...	...	Owner.
Capt. Freese's		...	...	Owner.

*Tom* went off at score closely followed by *Tophorn*, the race continuing between the two. *Tom* winning the first heat in good style. The 2d heat, the race was between *Tophorn*, *Tom* and *Walker*—*Tophorn* winning by a length. *Tom's* fat and no trainings telling against him. Capt. Freese was distanced in the 2d heat, being under weight. *Tom* had no chance the last heat, *Tophorn* beating easy—the other horses were nowhere in the field.

A SWEEPSTAKES—10 Rs. entrance. Catch weights. ¾ mile.

				Riders.
Won by Mr. Brander's	...	<i>The Dumble</i>	...	Owner.
2nd Howard's	...	<i>Abbotsford</i>	...	Owner.
3rd Capt. Bordieu's	...	<i>Rocket</i> late <i>Gammonbox</i> ,	...	Owner.

The *Dumble* took the lead, kept it, and won by 6 lengths. *Rocket*, late *Gammonbox*, being all but distanced.

## MAURITIUS RACES.

## FIRST DAY, Monday, 10th August 1846.

The *Creole Maiden Plate*, made up by the Club to £100 for horses which have never won in the colony, added to a Sweepstakes of £10 each. Weight for age; heats, twice round. The second horse to save his stake.

The Hon. Mr Kerr's...	b. c.	<i>Brush</i> ,...	... 4 years... ..	0
Capt. Yates'...	... b. g.	<i>Bedlamite</i> , ...	aged... ..	1
Mr C. Bourgault's.....	gr. c.	<i>Partner</i> ,.....	4 years old ...	2
Capt. Granet's...	... b. c.	<i>Sting</i> ,...	... 3 years old ...	3
Mr Gonard's...	... ch. c.	<i>Sir Peregrine</i> ,4	years old ...	3
Capt. Moore's...	... bk. h.	<i>Napoleon</i> ,...	... ..	...
Mr Junot's...	... b. m.	<i>Mazetta</i> ,.....	5 years old 14lb.	
extra. ....				Broke down.

These seven came to the post and the turn out of the lot elicited the warmest anxiety and interest that had ever shewn itself on the Champ-de-Mars, and did extraordinary credit to the men who had charge of them. Before starting, *Bedlamite* was a decided favorite with the public at 3 to 2 against him. *Sting* next to him at 5 to 1, and *Napoleon* third at about the same figure. *Brush's* position, as denoted by his price at the Lottery, was about 7 to 4, *Sir Peregrine* at 8 to 1, *Partner* at about the same, and *Mazetta* from her late accident, scarcely thought of. The start for the first heat was excellent, every horse jumping off at the given word. *Napoleon*, as was expected, hurrying away at a tremendous rate, left the lot far behind, carrying *Sting* with him at a far greater rate than suited his chance for the race. The first round collected the lot well together, *Brush* and *Sir Peregrine* evidently laying by, *Bedlamite* going easy, *Napoleon* pumped out, and *Partner* nearly so; these two were leading, with *Sting* on the latter's quarters: at the bottom of the hill Smith let his horse out, drew upon them and finished by winning in a couple of lengths, in the extraordinary short time of 3' and 10"!

For the second heat, *Bedlamite* was supposed to have it all his own way, but *Brush* banged off from the post, was never headed and won easy in 3' 10". *Bedlamite* did not answer the whip, when called upon, and lay too far behind to make up the ground he had lost: the rest were nowhere.

The third heat was run by *Brush* in the same manner as the last, with an excellent finish between him, *Bedlamite*, and *Sir Peregrine*, *Brush* winning by a length in 3' 18".

The Third Year of the *Yates Stakes* of £20 each, h. ft., with a bonus of 100 Pounds added by independent subscriptions of 5 Pounds each.—3 yrs. 8st.—4 yrs. 9 st. 2 lbs.—5 yrs. 9 st. 12 lbs.—6 and aged 10 st. Heats, twice round. Thorough bred English horses 10 lbs. extra, mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs.

Capt. Yates'...	... gr. h.	<i>Grey Momus</i> , aged...	... 1 1
Mr Gonard's...	... b. m.	<i>Sylphide</i> , ...	6 years old ... 2 2

This race was one of those extraordinary freaks dame Fortune so often astonishes us with in the sporting world; *Sylphide* the favorite at any odds—*Momus's* owner declaring, he was so convinced that he would be beat in a canter, that he only sent his horse for the stakes in acknowledgment of the kindness he had now for the third time received from the Subscribers. Off the two then went, *Sylphide* not so quick at a start, allowed *Momus* in five or six bounds to drop into the inside place, and away with him, the mare lying behind, waiting evidently, (from White's chuckle on passing the Stand the first time round) till

she came to the distance to draw on the old horse and give him the *coup de grace*, in which she was desperately mistaken, for, on being collared, out went the grey the faster, and won this most exciting heat by a head, doing the last round in 1' 31".—Never were there more people perplexed than by this gallant grey's late achievement, and never did a horse come to the Post for a second heat more enthusiastically received than did old *Momus*.—The race for the heat was an easy affair—old *Honesty* went off with the lead, and the further they went the farther he left the Mare behind, and cantored in an easy winner of what was expected to have been an impossible race for him to win.

The *Draper Plate* of £50 given by the Club, with 5 pounds entrance—10 st. each.—Heats, Draper Mile.—Gentlemen Riders.—The second horse to save his stakes.

Mr Price's...	.. ch. f.	<i>Isabella</i> ,...	... 4 years old	... 1	1
Capt. Moore's...	... b. h.	<i>Planet</i> ,...	... ..	... 2	2
Capt. Yates'...	... h. h.	<i>Chanticleer</i> ,...	... 5 years old	...	
The Hon. Mr Kerr's...	b. h.	<i>Cash</i> ,...	... 5 years old	... dr.	

In the first heat, near the monument, a sad accident happened to our very old friend, Capt. Thornton, and to that nice young horse *Chanticleer*, by unfortunately running against a post, by which the latter broke the cap of the off hind stifle and Capt. Thornton was very much injured. The race was won in two heats by *Isabella*, easy. The whole field sympathised with Capt. Yates for the injuries sustained.

The *Corinthian Plate* of — Pounds St., by voluntary subscriptions of 1 Pound each; 1 Pound entrance. Once round, heats. 11st. 7lb. each. Gentlemen Riders.—The winner to be sold for 50 Pounds if claimed in the usual manner.

Capt. Yates'...	... ..	<i>Lucifer</i> ,...	... ..	... 2	1	1
Mr Shaw's...	... ..	<i>Blackbird</i> ,...	... ..	... 3	3	2
Capt. Shearman's...	... ..	<i>Chance</i> ,...	... ..	... 1	2	dr.

Capt. Yates, unexpectedly won with *Lucifer*, capitally ridden by Capt. Marcon, whose perseverance in the second heat, brought *Lucifer* an easy winner of the third. From some misunderstanding at starting the rider of *Chance* did not get off, but the start being declared a good one, I only regret it for Capt. Shearman's sake, though he would have found *Lucifer* extremely difficult to beat.

#### SECOND AND THIRD DAY, 12th and 14th August.

The Faughaballah Sweepstakes of £15 each, £5 ft. Weight for age. One mile.

Winner of the Yates' Stakes 6lb. extra.

Capt. Yates'.....	na.	Mr Price's	ch. f.	<i>Isabella</i> , 4 years old,	
Pierro...	...	...	...	...	1
Mr C. Bourgault's..	gr. c.	...	...	<i>Partner</i> , 4 years old,	
Harrison...	...	...	...	...	2
Mr Gonard's...	b. c.	...	...	<i>Lutin</i> ,... 3 years old,	
A Boy...	...	...	...	...	3
The Hon. Mr Kerr	did not name...	...	...	...	0
Capt. Yates'...	b. g.	<i>Bedlamite</i> , aged...	...	...	drawn.

*Bedlamite* was drawn, and *Cash* who was expected to have appeared, was pronounced not fit to go. *Isabella*, *Lutin* and *Partner* therefore had to settle the matter between them, and a regular "hammer and tongs" affair they made

of it. *Lutin* at starting had rather the call, though *Isabella's* party made sure of her, in which they are not deceived, for off she went from post to post, was never reached and won easily.

The Ladies' Purse of £40 with £3 entrance, weight for age and inches; heats, twice round; 14 hands and aged 8st. 7lb. 3m. 22.; 1st round 1m. 37—2nd heat 3m. 27.

The Hon. Mr Kerr's...	b. c.	<i>Brush</i> ,.....	4 years old, 14 2½			
8st. 12½lb....		...	...	...	0	1 1
Mr C. Bourgal't's .	gr. c.	<i>Partner</i> ,...	4 years old, 14 3			
Ost. 2lb....		...	...	...	0	0 2
Mr Price's...	ch. f.	<i>Isabella</i> ,...	4 years old, 15 1			
9st. 13lb....		...	...	...	1	2 dr.
Capt. Yates'...	b. h.	<i>Shaver</i> , ...	6 years old, 14 2			
9st. 5lb....		...	...	...	2	dr.
Capt. Granet's...	gr. h.	<i>Wee Willie</i> , 6 years old, 14 0½				
8st. 8½lb.						bolted.

All five were out. *Brush* the favorite, who lay by for the first heat, challenged *Isabella* the second round down the hill for the second, and won easily. The rest no where. The third heat, *Brush* went from the post, was never even got out and gained the race. *Wee Willie* was seized with the old complaint on his loins and could not go a yard, besides his jockey lost his stirrup, and the horse bolted in the second heat.

The Merchants' Piece of Plato value £150 with £5 ontrance,—3 years 7st. 7lb., 4 years 8st. 10lb., 5 years 9st. 10lb., 6 years and aged 10st. Heats twice round.

Thorough-bred horses (English) to carry 14lb. extra, and Creole bred horses allowed 14lb.

This Cup must be won twice whether consecutively or not, to become the property of the winner, 3m. 14—3m. 17.

Capt. Yates'...	...	gr. h.	<i>Grey Momus</i> , aged...Smith...	1	1
Mr Gonard's...	...	b. m.	<i>Sylphide</i> , 6 years old, White	2	2
Capt. Moore's...	...	bk. h.	<i>Napoleon</i> , aged...	0	0
Capt. Granet's...	...	b. c.	<i>Sting</i> , ... 3 years old...	0	0

This was the great race of the day. *Sylphide* having been galloped on Tuesday morning with spurs on which had not been before tried, gave her party such high opinion of her abilities to beat *Momus* for the race, that the old Grey started again with the odds against him. *Napoleon* was drawn for the want of a rider, and *Sting* had Harrison on him at 8st. 2lb. After two false starts, the mare not being inclined to go, off they got. *Momus* dropping into the inside place, went away, after getting into his stride, at a spanking pace, was never collared and won easily. *Sylphide* finishing second. The second heat was a hollow thing, and the beautiful plate was handed over to Captain Yates, now his own property, having won it twice, according to the articles of the race, and displayed in front of the Stand for the rest of the day. *Momus's* triumph was borne by this knowing horse with as much apparent satisfaction as it was by his owner, and I congratulate them both on their good fortune. Luck has certainly run against that excellent sportsman Mr Gonard two years following; but I shall not despair of seeing him bring out the winner of the Planters' Cup next year. *Sylphide* has it yet in her. Her 'understanding' did not fail her, and she certainly was not up to the mark.

The Hack Plato of £15 given by the Club, with £1 ontrance. Weight for age and inches; heats, Draper Mile. Gentlemen Riders,—14 hands and aged

9st. 7lb. Horses for this Plate must save their distance to entitle them to start for another heat. The Winner to be sold for £60 if claimed in the usual manner.

Capt. Shearman's	... ch. h.	<i>Chance</i> , ... 6 years old, 14 2½		
10st. 10½lb.	...	...	...	1 1
Mr Lavoquer's...	... b. h.	<i>Sandwich</i> , aged, 14 8 11st. ...	0 0	
Mr Couve's...	... b. c	<i>Joujou</i> , 4 years old, 13 2 7st.	0 0	

A Hack Plate of £10 given by Captain Yates, catch weights, heat, Draper mile was won at 2 heats by Captain Marcon's b. h. *Whisper*, beating 9 others. This race afforded no amusement.

Ten pounds given by Captain Yates for Hacks, brought ten or twelve Horses to the post and proportionable fun, from the hurried manner in which it was got up.

It was a Scurry for once round heats and won by Captain Marcon's *Whisper* in three. Mr. Lavoquer's *Sandwich* winning the first.

## KURRACHEE RACES.

FIRST DAY, 1st September 1846.

The Races commenced on the 1st at 4 p. m. The warning note of the Bugle was heard, and about half past 4 the following horses came to the post for the Kurrachee Derby.

1½ miles, weight for age.

The Socii's	b. a. h.	<i>Blarney</i> , ... 6 yrs. old	8st. 2lb. ... 0
Confederates	g. a. h.	<i>Dangerous</i> , ... 7	8st. 7lb. ... 1
Mr Hope's	Batt.	<i>Hobson's Choice</i> , 6	8st. 7lb. ... 2
Mr Lowther's	g. a. g.	<i>Young Hercules</i> , 5	8st. 0lb. ... 0
Mr Russell's	g. a. h.	<i>Rienzi</i> , ... .. 5	8st. 0lb. ... 0

Time—1 1½—1 0½—1 3—Total 3 5.

A rather indifferent start took place, and at the end of the first half mile it became clear that the race was between the two favorites, *Hobson's Choice* and *Dangerous*. They turned the last corner with the Bay leading and going very well, and strong. In coming up the rails, the Grey, who had now reached the Bay, swerved to the off side and threw the Bay out of his stride and nearly on the rails, and the Grey eventually came in first by barely half a length. A jostle was claimed, which was apparent to most of the spectators, but the Stewards gave it (after taking till 2 o'clock the following day to consider the matter) in favor of the Grey. This dispute, as you may imagine, caused no little excitement, and jaw, to use rather a vulgar but expressive word.

2ND RACE.—Drawing Room Stakes, 9 stone, 1 mile heats.

Mr Shaftoe's	c. a. h.	<i>Druid</i> , ...	.. 2 2
Mr Russell's	g. a. g.	<i>Mazeppa</i> , ...	.. 1 1
The Socii's		<i>Buckemup</i> , ...	... Gatt.
Mr Lowther's,		<i>Hare</i> , ...	... Batt.

The 1st heat won in hand by *Mazeppa*, *Buckemup* having turned twice round at the start which threw him out of the race. Time—2 2.

2nd heat, won cleverly by *Mazeppa*, *Druid* running well up. Time—2-2.



3RD RACE.—Galloway Plate,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, weight for inches, — hands to carry 1st. 7lb.

Captain Christie's	<i>Claret,</i>	..	8st.	...	1
Mr Salmon's	<i>Grasshopper,</i>	..	8st.	...	0
Mr Edward's	<i>Foley,</i>	..		...	0
The Socii's	<i>Constitution,</i>	..	7st. 12lb.	...	2
Ali Acbar's	<i>Roostum,</i>	..	8st.	...	0

*Constitution* was the favorite at any odds, though only out of the stable five days before the race: he led for three quarters of mile in 1-30 when want of condition told and he fell back, leaving the race to *Claret*. Time—2-30.

#### SECOND DAY, Thursday, 3rd September.

1st RACE.—The Kurrachee Welter of Rupees 350 from the fund, with an entrance of Rupees 100— $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile Race—weight 11st. Gentlemen riders. Maidens allowed 3lb. Horses that have never started before the day of running 7lb.

Mr Hope's	b. a. h.	<i>Hobson's Choice,</i>	...	10st. 11lb.	1
The Confederate's	c. a. h.	<i>Skylark,</i>	...	11st. "	2
Mr Russell's	b. a. h.	<i>Mazeppa,</i>	...	10st. 11lb.	3
Mr Jones'	b. a. h.	<i>Governor,</i>	...	10st. 7lb.	4
Mr Thomson's	c. a. h.	<i>Cadmus,</i>	...	10st. 7lb.	5
Mr Harry's	g. a. h.	<i>The Adjutant,</i>	...	10st. 7lb.	6

A splendid start.—*Hobson's Choice* showed in advance of the crowd at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile and shook off his opponents before the mile was done. *Skylark* well up, and in the last quarter tasting pretty freely of whip and spur—*The Choice* won with ease. *Mazeppa* a good third—the rest no where. Time 3-6.

2ND RACE.—Give and Take of Rupees 200 from the fund, with an entrance of Rupees 50 each for all Arabs, 14 hands, to carry 8st. 7lb., 1 mile heats.

Mr Shaftoe's	g. a. h.	<i>Druid,</i>	8st. 7lb. 8oz.	2 1 1
The Confederate's	g. a. h.	<i>Dangerous,</i>	9st. " "	1 2 2

1st Heat.—*Dangerous* jumped off with the better start, *Druid* close at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, and past the post barely a length behind, both at their best—Time 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ —1-4—2-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

2d Heat.—*Dangerous* having started so well in the first heat, by way of a change would not start at all this time; *Druid* (who was ridden by a Native Jockey) slackened his pace, and eventually fairly came to stand still. *Dangerous* having at last consented to apply the high pressure, was after him at a killing pace (which quickened *Druid's* motions) saved his distance, and something to spare.

3d Heat.—*Dangerous* showed a slight symptom again of having his own way, giving *Druid* thereby the better start, but closed at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. *Druid*, however, was not to be collared, and came in by a winner by three lengths. Time—56—1—1, 56:

3RD RACE.—Valuation Stakes of Rupees 200 from the fund, with an entrance of 3 Gold Mohurs for all Arabs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, the winner to be sold, if claimed within half an hour. Priority of claim given to owners of horses in the

race as they came in. Horses to carry weight according to the valuation fixed on them.

Captain Butler's	c.	a.	g.	<i>St. Andrew,</i>	9st.	7lb.	...	2	1	1
Mr Gilbert Gurney's	g.	a.	g.	<i>Claret,</i>	10st.	„	...	1	2	2

1st Heat won by half a length, Time, 1-35.

2nd Heat won by three lengths.

3rd Heat won by three lengths.

The last two Heats were done 'by the light of the moon,' and to a good time too, for *St. Andrew's* owner.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, 5th September.

1st RACE.—Kurrachee Plate of Rupees 350 from the fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 100 Rupees each, for all Arabs, 1½ mile race, 8st. 7lb. Winner of the Derby or Welter to carry 9lb. extra, of the two Races 1st, winner of a former season not started during the meeting 8lb. extra, winner of a former season being a winner during the meeting to carry 1st. extra.

Mr Shaftoe's.....	.....	g. a. h.	<i>Druid,</i> ...	...	...	8st. 7lb.	1
Mr Tom's... ..	.. . .	b. a. h.	<i>Hobson's Choice,</i> ...	...	...	9st. 2lb.	2
Mr Russell's... ..	.....	g. a. h.	<i>Rienzi,</i> ..	..	..	8st. 7lb.	3
The Confederate's..	..	b. a. h.	<i>Skylark,</i> ..	..	..	8st. 7lb.	4

An excellent start, *Druid* leading by a half length from the ½ mile, *Hobson's Choice* and *Skylark* in close attendance with *Rienzi*, the last of the horses. *Druid* increased his distance in the run in, and rattled past winner by three lengths. Time, 5-1—3-1—2-59.

2ND RACE.—Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse of Rupees 200 from the fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 50 Rupees each, ½ mile.

Mr Russell names

Captain Jacob's..	.....	g. a. g.	<i>Mazeppa,</i> .....	.....	2	4	1	1
The Socii's... ..	.....	g. a. h.	<i>Resolution,</i> .....	...	0	1	3	2
The Confederate's....	..	b. a. h.	<i>Garnet,</i> ...	.....	0	2	2	3
Mr Lowther's.....	.....	b. a. h.	<i>Hare,</i> .....	.....	3	3	4	0

1st Heat all in a group to within the distance, when *Resolution* and *Garnet* laid their heads together and made a dead heat of it.

Time, 1-28

2nd Heat—*Garnet* and *Hare* jumped away, *Resolution* close at hand, and *Mazeppa* (who had picked up 7 extra pounds with a fresh rider) not far off. *Resolution* made his way to the front rank at the corner, and won by a length.

Time, 1-26

The 3rd and 4th heats of this brilliant struggle were won by *Mazeppa*, the former by barely half a length a head of *Garnet*, latter by a head in advance of *Resolution*, and both heats being by moonlight, no time could be taken.

3RD RACE.—The Pony Plate of Rupees 75 from the fund, entrance 1 Gold Mohur for all Ponies, 13 hands and under, ¼ mile heats, catch weights.

Mr Douglas's... ..	...	...	b. b.	<i>Hokey Pokey</i> ..	..	1	1
Mr Maguire's.....	...	...	c. p.	<i>Xenophon...</i>	...	2	2
Mr Bayne's... ..	...	...	d. p.	<i>Momus</i> ...	...	3	3

The Ponies ran chequered heats with the last race, and the Plate was won with ease by *Hokey*.

## FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, 8th September.

1ST RACE.—The Staff Cup, value Rupees 500, for all Arabs, 2 miles, weight 8st. 7lb., winners of the Derby, Drawing-room Stakes, Welter, and Kurra-chee Plate, to carry 7lb. extra, a winner of any two 12lb., of three or more 10lb. extra; entrance 100 Rupees each.

Mr Shaftoe's.	...	..	..	..	c.	a.	h.	<i>Druid</i> ,	...	...	1
Mr Jones'.	..	...	..	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Hobson's Choice</i> ,	...	...	2
The Socii's...	...	...	...	...	g.	a.	h.	<i>Resolution</i> ,...	...	...	3
Mr Russell names Capt. Jacob's	..	g.	a.	c.				<i>Mazeppa</i> ,...	..	..	4
The Confederate's	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.		<i>Dangerous</i> ,	...	...	5

A good start kept them well together to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile post when *Druid* gave a slight indication of the place he intended to hold at the finish, *Hobson's Choice* a close second.

Time, 0.59—1-1.—1-1. 3.=4 3.

2ND RACE.—Whim Plate of Rs. 200 from the Fund, with an entrance of Rupees 50 each, for all Arabs,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heat Whim weight.

The Confederate's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Garnet</i> ,...	...	...	9st.	5lb.	40z.	1	1
Mr Socii's	...	...	g.	a.	h.	<i>Buckemup</i> ,...	..	9	3	6	3
Mr Lowther's.....	b.	a.	b.	<i>Hare</i> ,	..	..	...	8	13	14	2

*Garnet* had the 1st heat easy, and the second by a full length.

3RD RACE.—The Selling Stakes of Rupees 150 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 2 gold mohurs each, 10st. 7lb. Gentlemen riders, 1 mile race. Winner to be sold for Rupees 500.

Captain Butler's...	...	...	...	c.	a.	h.	<i>St. Andrew</i> ,	...	...	1
Mr Bass'...	...	...	...	g.	a.	h.	<i>Pale Ale</i> ,	...	...	2
Mr Gilbert Gurney's...	...	...	...	g.	a.	g.	<i>Claret</i> ,	..	..	3

*St. Andrew* had it all his own way.

*St. Andrew* had it all his own way.

Time, 1—1-9 = 2 0.

## FIFTH DAY, Thursday, 10th September.

1ST RACE.—A forced Handicap for all Winners during the meeting (the Galloway's Valuation Stakes, Pony Plate, and Selling Stakes excepted) optional to losers, Rs. 250 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of Rupees 75 each. Winners of more than one race to pay 25 Rupees extra for each won. 2 mile

Mr Tom's...	...	..	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Hobson's Choice</i> ,	9st.	3lb.	1
Mr Shaftoe's ...	..	...	...	c.	a.	h.	<i>Druid</i> ,..	..	9	7
The Confederate's..	...	..	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Skylark</i> ,..	..	8	10

*Hobson's Choice* and *Druid* rated it together from first to last, and at the mile *Druid* showed a neck in advance, but noses were soon on a line again at the last corner; it was *Hobson's* race at odds, and he landed a winner by nearly three lengths.

Time, 1—1-1—2-1. 2 = 4 4.

The Beaten proved blank.

2ND RACE.—Cheroot Stakes of Rupees 100 from the Fund, for untrained horses,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile race, catch weights. Cheroots to be kept lighted, crossing allowed.

Mr Murphy's...	...	...	g.	a.	h.	<i>Impossible,</i>	...	..	1
Capt MacGrigor's..	...	...	c.	a.	h.	<i>Daddy,</i>	..	...	2
Mr Forrest's ..	..	...	b.	a.	h.	<i>Footpad,</i>			
Mr Thomas' ...	...	..				<i>Cock Robbin,</i>			
Captain Taroclyan's	...	...				<i>Cigar,</i>			
Captain Halo's...	...	...				<i>Harkaway,</i>			
Captain Darell's	...	...				<i>Grimaldi.</i>			

*Impossible* proved his misnamer by winning very easy.

T. M., Secretary.



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**THE**  
**INDIA SPORTING REVIEW,**

**A**  
**RECORD**  
**OF THE**  
**TURF, THE CHASE, THE GUN,**  
**THE ROD, AND**  
**SPEAR.**





THE

# INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

N<sup>o</sup>. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1846.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE STAR PRESS.

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1846.



## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**JUMNA.**—Send the drawings by all means.

**PETREL.**—Our best thanks. We do not remember the receipt of any letter signed **MULL**.

**J. G. P.**—In our next—with the plates.

**JUNGLEE.**—We have done our best. The first drawing is not what we could have wished it to have been, and yet there is a good deal of character maintained. The second our friend will probably pronounce a spirited improvement on the original.

**JUMNA.**—**OLD SKINS** is not at present in Calcutta; but we dare say some of our friends who know Oude will oblige our correspondent (and ourselves) with the information asked for in the postscript to his paper in the present Number.

**FORESTER.**—Thanks. Our correspondent will see that we have the Report in this issue.

**RIFLE.**—In our next. Always.

**B.**—The Calcutta Weight for age is *not* for Arabs only but for all horses. The old Auckland Stakes were on a scale of weight for age for Arabs, Capes, Country-breds, &c.

The Calcutta Weights will be found in No. I. of the REVIEW. We sub-join them however for our Correspondent's information.

		WEIGHT FOR AGE. BYCULLA.				GRAVEN.		GIVE AND TAKE	
2 Years	....	Feather.	..	Feather.	..	5st.	10lb.	....	Feather.
3	..	7st.	4lb.	..	7st.	4lb.	..	8	0
4	..	8	4	..	7	12	..	8	9
5	..	8	13	..	8	5	..	9	1
6	..	9	3	..	8	12	..	9	5
Aged	....	9	5	..	9	0	..	9	7

**URSINE.**—Has given a wrong reference for the article by VERDERER in the late *Bengal Sporting Magazine*. Will he oblige us by correcting it.

**A SUBSCRIBER.**—It is no fault of ours. We can but despatch the REVIEW according to the latest address furnished us—and we cannot admit that we are “bound to look out when men are upon leave.” If our Correspondent had favoured us with his name,—and why he should not have done so we cannot imagine—we should have been able to communicate with him in another form.

**VIVIAN CHAMPAGNE.**—In our next, and no fault of ours.

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## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We may remind Subscribers that the Subscription to the **INDIA SPORTING REVIEW** from the commencement of 1847 will be Rs. 25 per annum, to be paid in advance.

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## ERRATA.—NO. VII.

Page	73	line	6.	For "BORDERER"	read "VERDERER."	
	—	"	25	For "river"	read "plain." *	
	"	"	39	For "these antelope"	read "their."	
	"	74	"	4	For "back part"	read "black part."

THE

# INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

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DECEMBER, 1846.

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## JOURNAL OF A FEW DAYS' SPORT IN THE TERAI.

HAVING duly applied for and obtained a month's leave of absence, I sent off a letter to the Hill Rajah at N——, reminding him of a quondam invitation, and that he might consequently expect to see myself, guns and appurtenances in the brief space of seven days, and that I had dire intent on a shikar. "Have two strings to your bow" is a most sportsman-like proverb: so forthwith a most flowery epistle was dispatched to the S—— Rajah *in ré* elephants, but as that omnipotent personage had departed to drink the holy waters of Benares, some days must elapse before the necessary purwannah could arrive: in the mean time I had secured the only commissariat elephant at the station said to be perfectly staunch, by the permission of our worthy Commandant. (May he live to be Colonel, and command us is my heartfelt wish).

11th April, 1846.—Two o'clock A. M. and I was perched up aloft in a snug chahzameh clad in fur cap and quilt; (the mornings are bitter cold now,) old "Shahzadeh" slowly plodding along; soon shook me *into* a sleep rather short than sweet. Roads execrable; and arrived long before my hackery, though it had been started off the day before, and thought myself fortunate to eat a 12 o'clock breakfast at D——, a mean village about



24 miles from Gorukpore: a miserable looking country, all rice-fields dry to whiteness—tried B's rifle at the numerous monkeys and mungoses in the tope—killing lots of *time* at any rate. Villagers tell me the A—— Rajah was encamped about two coss off, and has killed two tigers: so sent a man off to ascertain the fact, and give my salaam to the Rajah. Kept awake all night by a nauch in the village (just at my bed's head)—horrid screaming!

12th.—Day-break and no abatement of the above nuisance: so leaving my traps in the lurch I mounted the hathee, and turning his head towards L——, (where the Rajah was said to be,) and following the ruts found myself there in no time: no Rajah, but saw his palanquin, cooking pots and two tiger skins pinned out—miserably small ones—though his people tell me one was a genuine man-eater, and was killed in the very act of devouring a woman; that her nose ring was found in his interior: wonderful if true. Large pieces of flesh in all stages of decomposition were hanging on the boughs, surrounded by those harpies the crows and kites. Verily I bethought me of the rumour that this pseudo-Rajah is nought but a chumar zemeendar who got rich by the marriage of his son, thereby bagging elephants, guns, &c. Found that he had decamped before day-light leaving his bare salaam that the nuptials of a near relation required his attendance elsewhere—all bam! Heard that the tehsildar of M—— had come out for a shikar and was encamped at B——, a small village about four coss off: well knowing that the Company-ke-nemue in large doses provokes civility, I wended my way across country in search of him: no sign post to lead me but the unceasing track of elephants' feet, &c., and I arrived at my destination in the midst of a furious hot wind which had well nigh made a dust heap of my guddce. Tehsildar gone out shooting; but his chuprassies showed me every civility and brought me a goodly supply of chupatties which soon vanished before my appetite, and furnished me with a charpoy, but what with showers of wind-fallen mangoes, clouds of dust, and hosts of flies, this luxury was not to be enjoyed, and so I strained my eyes until 3 o'clock P. M. in the hope of viewing my long wished-for tent and traps: *then* they *did* really arrive, and I became tolerably comfortable. The native civilian or rather civil native and his little army (every man had a gun or other weapon) returned in the evening, having bagged three deer and two hog. His salaam accompanied by a haunch of venison soon brought us to business, and I was soon supplied with a most dignified purwannah, requiring the Rajah at N—— to furnish me with elephants, and assist me in shikar. Two chuprassies were also ordered to accompany me for the purpose of filling the bottlekhanah in the

wilderness. Relieved from further cares I slept rather soundly *this* night. I was nearly omitting honourable mention of the elephant stud at this place, belonging to the S—— Rajah, consisting of about half a dozen fine ones,—the prince of them Futtch Bahadoor, the biggest I ever saw, said to be worth 7000 Rupees ! He is a mukna, and perhaps the most accomplished shikarree in India—an adept at catching his own kind whom he belabours into obedience—a cunning tracker of tigers, and fearless in his encounters with them—and matchless in speed, running nearly as fast as a horse ! This spot is conveniently situated for sportsmen borrowing the stud—N—— (where the best shooting begins) being only 12 miles off.

13th.—Arrived early at N——, and called on the Rajah—found him sitting in the middle of a collection of several hundred singing birds, all vying which could make most noise (this is his principal amusement when not better employed shooting tigers.) Found him very glad to see me, and he wished to pitch tents for me. I presented him with several canisters of “belattee baroot” and other sporting trifles which he graciously accepted : he came over in the evening to see me, and proposed that I should go out shooting on the morrow, at the same time telling me that business would prevent his accompanying me, but that his elephants and servants should attend me.

14th.—A sporting Baboo from the Rajah with three elephants came over this morning early, and we started for a spot in the direction of B——, where cattle had been killed very frequently of late ; but my friend held out no great encouragement to beat, as he informed me that the spot was a deep swamp. Alas ! too true—the Nuddee, though pleasant and inviting to the eye, is most deceitful to the foot, and ere long the pads were stuck fast up to their bellies in a little piece of nurkut. After about ten minutes of floundering about got to *terra firma*—all we could do was to creep along carefully by the dense line of nurkut which bordered the banks of the nuddee, and of course got nothing for our pains. Leaving this spot in disgust we proceeded to the Gunkye Nullah nearly dry, but overgrown with huge mangrove trees and dense bushes : it swarmed with monkeys and jungle fowl—these with the exception of a hog killed by the Baboo appeared to be the only inhabitants ; so we turned homewards, I thinking my first day in the Terai very unsatisfactorily spent, not having fired one shot ! The Rajah sympathises deeply with me, and has ordered other ground some distance off to be shown me to-morrow.

15th.—Off early—having given orders to my servants to bring on the baggage on coolies' heads, as I hope to see

no high roads for some days to come. Moved N. W., crossed the Chundun Tal, now destitute of a blade of grass—saw a few Antelope scouring the plain, and taking good care to keep out of ball range—followed the windings of the Jhurry Nuddee and bagged on its banks three hog deer, a tiger cat, a brace and a half of black partridge, and two brace of hares—the wind very high and hot, or I should have made a better bag of birds:—went round Purrea Tal, and towards evening saw an immense buffaloe make off out of it, scared by my line of elephants—found my tent pitched at the Taroo village of Bus-sara, eight miles from N—, and close to the hill—the night air very chilly, and counterpanes required. Khuber of a tiger brought in by the Rajah's burkundaze, who is out here on this duty. There is a hackery track hence to N—, the Rajah's tent has come out, and he will follow early to-morrow morning.

16th.—In the howdah at 11 A. M. accompanied by the Rajah with his three elephants, proceeded to beat two very bushy nullahs branching out of the Jhurry—came on the fresh carcase of a cow—beat through a meagre patch of surput grass twice, but uselessly—the gwallahs have burnt every blade in the neighbourhood to get rid of this tiger we are in search of. I find I have come out a full month too late—the countless skeletons of cows at the bottoms of the nullahs shew that this spot must be infested with big cats in the season. Beating one of these nullahs, a pad suddenly retreated from a thick and leafy bush, trumpeting shrilly: the quick and cautious eye of his mahout espied the dull, dark red of some janwar couchant, whereupon an alarm cry of *burra bagh*, delighting the mounted portion of the spectators, and astonishing the tamasha-seeking pedestrians, who forthwith tumbled over one another in making a precipitous retreat up the banks, and into the trees. Now hearts beat, and now the goaded elephant is persuaded to demolish *the* bush, when out jumps with a tremendous rush—a spotted deer—runs up the nullah and crosses my side of the beat—the Rajah's gun is all but off, when bang! from mine, and the deer is up on a pad in a few minutes—so ends the joke! Pea fowl sailing about in every direction, and as I bowled over one with a ball on the wing, the Rajah grinned me one of his best smiles in approval of the deed. On our way home an immense hog crossed him: missing him with both barrels of his double, he knocked him over at about 100 yards with his pet single rifle! I saw him knock down black partridge in the English style.

17th.—Went out early with the Rajah to a place called Markir, about six or seven miles from our encampment, and at the very foot of the hills: an extremely savage looking spot

led by two gwallahs we proceeded about quarter of a mile through a dense strip of saul jungle where the hathees had rather sharp work of it, in the pioneer style: emerging from this we entered a much more formidable thicket (for such is the best name I know for it); such a tangled mass of rattans of such gigantic height I never yet saw before: rearing themselves in countless numbers into the overhanging boughs and intertwining with the long creepers which cling to the trees like coiled boas, they form a net-work canopy beneath which all manner of beasts may enjoy a cool and secure retreat. The gwallahs who have guided us in, say there is not a drop of water near, nor have any buffaloes been missed for a fortnight past—here is bad news! Slowly we tore our way through it, leaving mementos of our visit in the shape of strips of linen hanging to the thorns, and receiving in return some deep scars principally on the poor mahouts' limbs and the elephants' bodies. There's a rush—oh it's only a large hog—on again—that's a better rush, how *bluck* it looks—bang went my gun. Ye gods what a roar!—it has even made the elephants nervous, and my mahout who has never heard one before apparently, is backing out of it, thereby losing me a second shot: as the bear bolts out across to the Rajah's side—snick! snick! luckily bruin has not charged, but has taken to the jungle again, so let us pull up that the Rajah may examine his battery.

"Well, Rajah Sahib, what would you have done if it had been a shair?—*never put by guns loaded; they may miss fire when you want them to go off.*" A few minutes have elapsed, and off we are again: by mutual consent we part in search of our wounded friend—the Rajah taking one branch of the jungle, and I another, so we soon lose sight of one another. Bang! bang! again and again. "What can the Hindoo be wasting so much lead upon?" and off I go towards him, and not far before I get a view of a noble wild elephant coming past me at a quick pace. I gave him two balls, but these made him only run the faster, and I lost sight of him in a moment: he must have made this place his abode for months past, for all around his lair is destruction—heaps of 'dung, withered twigs and faded grass trampled to dust fill the spot! On my turning a corner to meet the Rajah there lies the primary object of my search—Bruin all in a heap, puffing, and blowing at a fine rate; and not wishing to take a mean advantage of him I dismount and give him a brace of blows with a stick to invite a charge, but he is too feeble to manage it, and I add the *coup de grâce* with a bullet: he had run a long distance before dropping, though hit through the body: he was apparently of great age, the points of his claws being entirely worn away with scratching or climbing; now for the first time I discovered

that my measuring tape had been left behind at Gorukpore, so dimensions of all my janwars are lost, and he was padded without further ceremony. I now proposed to the Rajah that we should beat up the wild elephant again, but he did not appear to relish the idea of being charged, and told me he would wait outside while I went in with the pads and drove him out: so I set to work alone and ere long he was rushing through the jungle a few yards ahead of me, but the leaves were so thick that I could not fire effectually, and he took to his scrapers in the direction of the tree jungle: it was too late in the day to follow, so I never saw him again. He had a superb pair of tuskers reaching nearly to the ground, and was as large as the elephant on which I was mounted. The men in the trees saw another bear take to the hills, probably the female belonging to the one I killed. Some immense hog were also scudding about in the bushes ahead of our line. From its proximity to the cattle buttauns this must be a beautiful spot for tigers in the season; but would require to be carefully beaten by a large number of elephants, the jungle being so thick. Bag this day, besides the bear, a very beautiful little deer not bigger than a greyhound, and one black partridge.

18th.—The Rajah left for N—— this morning, having first made over to me two pad elephants, his tiger-man and another chuprassie—struck my tent, and ordered it to Hukkōe, a small village N. of Palee and about eight miles from hence—shot my way to camp, and bagged one floriken, a brace and a half of hares and three brace of black partridge: saw some antelope, but they ran far out of shot.

19th.—Went out early, and beat all the nullahs, which have water in them—grass entirely burnt in the neighbourhood: the gwallahs tell me they lost cattle nearly daily here before the burning commenced, viz. three weeks ago. I counted seven skeletons of them in some small blind nullahs. Bag one hog deer, one floriken, one jungle fowl: of the latter birds and also of pea fowl there appear to be large numbers in the nullahs.

20th.—Moved my camp to Ballapar, a Taroo village, about six miles off on the banks of the Dunda, a pretty, pebbly, stream with a fine view of the hills: shot my way to camp. The wide plains along the Buggala Nuddee swarming with floriken—four on the wing at once, but there not being a blade of grass to hide them, they may be seen stalking about like paddy birds, and wild as hawks: the only way to get a shot at this season after marking one down is by creeping along on the hands and knees under cover of an ant hill, or any projecting object when you may put him up within 50 or 60 yards. Had I taken a duck gun with me and some wire cartridge, I would have killed numbers; they are now in fine

condition for the table. On coming in sight of the Dunda, saw a herd of five buffaloes sneaking off towards it, so pulled up, and dismounted, taking with me a man to carry ammunition, and a spare gun : I was fast coming up with them when they crossed the water, which being very deep and weedy, I was compelled to wait for the arrival of the hathee to ferry me over, during which time, the herd stood looking at me, just out of ball range. I was some minutes crossing, a cold-bath being too great a temptation for Shahzadah to resist, and he accordingly kept me in it until his pleasure was over. When I landed the four barrels were discharged at them, on which they broke into a gallop, I keeping them company until they disappeared in a hollow : reloading I went in their direction, and had well nigh gone too near,—fortunately the shaking of their huge ears with merely nose out of the grass, apprised me in time of their dangerous proximity, and I had only just time to retreat behind an immense ant-hill as they all suddenly rose up and advanced to meet me, four shots however turned them, and with tails in air away they went at a tremendous pace across the plain ; I was too tired and the day too far gone to follow them. I made two remarkable shots to-day, reversing the common order of things—1st, a floriken on the wing from the howdah with ball. 2ndly, when I had got off to find it in the long grass out goes a full grown hog deer, and I had the pleasure of knocking her over with No. 3 shot at more than twenty yards ! Bag one hog deer, one couple of floriken, two and a half brace of black partridge, one hare, and one and a half couple of teal.

21st.—Lots of khuber as usual, but am in a regular fix—at last have decided to go to the latest kill—a sly looking gwallah swears to the existence of the tiger, and the promise of a rupee has made him quite khoosh : he will accompany me to point out the janwar's abode, so we cross the beautiful little pebbly ford on the Dunda, and soon have a distant view of the intended beat, the Gughus Nuddee, apparently about two miles off. The whole plain country between the two nuddees is stocked with floriken, and at this early hour of the morning they are all on the wing busily seeking a feeding ground—no less than half a dozen hovering about at once. I have no time to spare to-day, so they may fly about as much as they please after I have killed one for my present wants. After passing over a plain covered with hundreds of cattle we enter a small strip of saul jungle on the bank of the Gughus, beyond which a small green patch of nurkut is visible—"that is where the big tiger lives" says the old gwallah and forthwith jumps up into a stout tree, and his son fol-

lows his example by going into another: the pea fowl are unusually noisy, (a never failing sign of tigers being near), but the cover scarcely seems large enough to hold even a deer, and cows are grazing about all round it. With these reflections I arrived at the little green patch—it did not certainly consist of more than half a biggah, and was nearly surrounded by wet, marshy ground, from which the grass and reeds had been lately burnt. I observed it was covered with the bones of cows and tame buffaloes: there was only one spot where the elephants could find footing firm enough to enter the nurkut, at this part the stems had fallen, and formed a rough but safe road. I sent the two pads in safety through it, and then went round to the brink of the nullah, where I took my stand; they had beaten nearly through it when a loud whoo! accompanied by a mighty rush, hailed by the mahout's tallyho, *burra bagh!* put me on the *qui vive* and just in time too, for all but the posteriors of the tiger had disappeared in the dense jungle, when bang! and round he came charging superbly up to me until stopped by the line of marsh which he did not attempt to clear, but swerved off immediately in pursuit of the pads: the cowardly mahout had again lost me my second shot, and had wheeled round the elephant to run for it; by the time we had fronted again, the pads were off at the top of their speed trumpeting shrilly: such a devil's concert never was heard, the tiger roared at the top of his power, the mahouts shrieked and screamed with all their strength and their dismayed quadrupeds joined lustily in making diabolical music: at last the flight of one was arrested by a vigorous pull of his tail by the feline pursuer, who crunched and munched it *à la mode* until the panic-stricken mukna tumbled headlong into the swamp in which he was fairly *paunked* up to the shoulder. The violence of the concussion fortunately for both hathee and his riders, shook off the tiger, who was hurled thereby some yards, and came cantering back across me, when bang! and all was still again. Our object now was to get the elephant out of his ugly position—luckily the place was well stocked with fallen logs, and tough boughs of trees. The gwalahs brought axes, and the mahouts with their Nepaul knives cut them into proper lengths which the elephant packed down as fast as they were thrown to him. As a wounded tiger in their neighbourhood was to be dreaded, I kept watch at an opening with gun cocked to guard them while at work—in about an hour the mukna was on his legs again, with no greater damage to him than the loss of about a foot of tail, so we set to work now to get the game. He had not been seen since my last shot, and many were the rumours that he had sneaked down into the nuddee unseen by any one; however, to be on the safe side I threw a few

squibs, and soon had all the nurkut in a blaze. As no tiger shewed himself, we became more venturesome, and in prying about, one of the men caught sight of his striped jacket under a clump of bamboos, and pointed him out to me—bang! but nothing moved, so we all went in and there he lay stone dead, my first bullet had gone through the flesh of the rump and my second had gone through his heart, breaking the off-shoulder—he had also an old scar of a ball which had just cut the skin and passed out: a finer tiger never was seen and from the native measurement of *haths*, he must have been full 14 feet; his body was covered with fat, and it required more than a dozen stout fellows, aided by the elephant, to pad him. We were nearly having him consumed, the fire had reached him just as we got ropes round him, and dragged him out with the elephant. The villagers crowded round to assure themselves that this pest of their jungles was dead, the carcase of a newly killed cow was lying in his lair, and on this he was feasting when we found him. The mahouts and chuprassies congratulated each other on their fortunate but narrow escape—nothing could have saved some of them had the tiger not relinquished his hold of the elephant, and had I not speedily settled him, the nurkut from its great height hid them entirely from my view, nor could I have gone to their assistance through the swamp. I find the tushes measure more than three inches from their insertion in the jaw!

After resting ourselves we proceeded along the same nuddee, but it proved a most unsatisfactory beat—consisting of impassable bog, tangled thorns, and blind nullahs utterly impracticable for elephants; thence I went to the Chillea Tâl, a large piece of nurkut partially swampy, but now inundated by the Taros for some agricultural purpose; so that nothing was to be done but turn homewards: whilst slowly plodding along, a villager ran up with the welcome khubur of a herd of five buffaloes lying in a dry hollow only a few hundred yards off, so I dismounted and took with me two men with a spare gun, &c. I crept up slowly alone to the brink, they saw me immediately, and all got up together, when I gave them the contents of the two doubles and off they went, when I found that I had lamed a cow and broken the hind leg of a bull, making choice of the latter, I soon outstripped the cow and leaving her looking on under a tree continued the chase—the ground was awful in the extreme—it is here insignificantly called pine apple ground from its ugly resemblance to that fruit. Each of these hillocks a foot or more in height and as thickly studded as leaves on trees, they are originally thrown up by the crabs during the rains, and subsequently improved upon by the white ants: over these I labored away for miles, and not until he had received a dozen balls did this three-legged buffalo give up



the ghost—when he dropped I felt I could not have gone a yard further even for my life, the muscles of my legs hung loose, and I gladly tottered to take a seat on my fallen game—a fine soft sofa it made too:—the sun was setting and we had yet to get him padded (at least his skin and head taken off) so I set about it while a man went off to get my people from camp with knives, &c. On their return I felt well enough to ride my horse to the Dunda just below my camp, where a cold bath washed away all stains of butcher's work, and put me soundly on my feet again.

Bag to-day—one tiger, one buffalo, a floriken and a hare.

22d.—Went out early to-day to beat the neighbourhood of yesterday's tiger. Had I not set fire to the little nurkut patch, I should probably have found a tigress there, ground too swampy to enter, so left it early. I had my horse led after me in case of requiring his services. Came in sight of a fine herd of antelope, so mounted him and off after them. Ground tolerably good and a tight gallop soon brought me up within 100 yards of them: singling out a beautiful black and white buck, I made up my mind to stick to him:—on we went as fast as horse and antelope could run until we came to a water-course dug by the Tarooos; it was dry but deep and wide as the Whissendine; the buck flies over like a feather with lots to spare on each bank, but my nag, not being quite so highly gifted, jumps into it, and scrambles out like a cat on the opposite side in a moment, and off we go again until within easy shot—pull up—but no, he does not like gunpowder. Bang! and as he shies, the ball flies harmlessly yards over the buck's head—still he will not give in, and without either whip or spur his best speed is put forth to catch a tartar! We have entered the pine apple ground, and it is a neck or nothing race, when away goes my stirrup, leather and all, gone, and stopping to get it not easily done. As I have no spare one nearer than eighty miles, I *must* look for it, so cursing the buck as the cause of it all, I spent half an hour among the hillocks in a fruitless search for it, and feeling as melancholy as one meditating among the tombs. I retraced my path back to the elephants, can get no khubur of yesterday's buffaloes—they have probably gone to a distance. Saw a great many floriken. Bag 1 couple, a leek, and 1 brace of black partridge.

23d.—Moved back my camp to Tekir, a Taroo village near the boundary pillar, beat up the Buggala Nuddee, through the most promising tiger cover I have yet seen, consisting of *houat* bushes of such gigantic growth that the elephants were often immoveably buried in them until knives could open a path—indeed twelve elephants would not have been too many for it—hear that a man was carried off here few days ago—just the spot! Some immense hogs rushed down the nuddee and appear-

ed to be its sole occupants. The bees here are to be dreaded, they had completely lined one large bush with combs, and I had only just time to tell the mahouts to avoid it, or we should have had them about our ears—a blanket should always accompany the sportsman who goes after tigers, as bees always prefer dense jungle to hang their combs. Could not find the buffaloes to-day. Bag 2 hog deer, and a floriken. N. B.—Buffalo makes delicious soup. A village chokedar has brought me a letter from the S—— Rajah, containing a purwannah for four elephants—too late now!

24th.—Sent away Shahzadeh to arrive in time for muster—I regret losing so powerful an auxiliary for the two pads are bad 'uns, the she has got a sore back of old standing, and the mukna smarting with wounds in every part of his body, and not improved in speed or temper thereby, so see to horse and after buffaloes which are said to abound here. Having the horse led in the rear, I mounted a guddee and took a good look round, but nothing was to be seen, so not knowing which way to go I sent out scouts to reconnoitre in the adjoining plains, for a long time without success—then the waving of hands denotes something in the wind, and my ears are soon saluted with the welcome cry of *urna! urna!* No sooner heard, than I am into the saddle, and proceed to reconnoitre, having first sent the elephants out of the way lest they spoil my sport. I soon have a view of a big 'un lying down in the tal, and a smaller one some distance off, so giving a spare gun to my syce with orders to keep in sight during the action—having no spurs I find the end of my iron ramrod useful in persuading my steed to advance within 100 yards of the bull who has now got on his legs, and begins to tear up the sod with the points of his horns, Bang! bang! and off he scuds, and soon as loaded I follow him, the ground is improving fast, and by the time I am getting alongside of him, we are on as good turf as ever was trod: suddenly round at me he comes with nose to the ground; I am all ready with gun to my shoulder, and when within twenty yards, and the trigger is about to be pulled, up rears my cowardly charger in the air, my foot is thrown out of the insecure *rope stirrup* (with which I have been obliged to replace my loss of the other day), and I performing a somerset in the air am launched to the ground on my knees with both barrels at full cock—there I lie quietly awaiting the crisis of the affair, while the bull foaming with rage and grunting, morosely dashes over me, nearly striking me with his hoofs, and pursues the horse, just as he clears me. Bang! still he takes no notice of it, but continues to course his quarry over the plain, when in a few hundred yards running he is left so far behind that the pursuit is given up, and he comes cantering back towards me: again I crouch down to receive him,

but he has slanted off in another direction, his pace grows weaker and weaker, and a torrent of blood is gushing from his nose—thanks to that bullet of mine: ere long he is rolling in agony on the ground, and a couple more balls send his spirit to the shades. A *post mortem* examination declares his death to have originated from a wound behind the shoulder, I so near too that there was no missing him, as the muzzle all but touched him! his age too great to ascertain by the teeth, but the horns are deeply formed, and very rugged with rubbing against trees. Quickly making over charge of him to the chumars, and giving my contused knee a few consolatory rubs, I remounted the fugitive and galloped off in chace of the other buffalo, which was still visible trotting rapidly towards the river. I soon came up with her ladyship, but late events shewed the necessity of not going too near, so I gave her two or three balls (always dismounting to do so) and hit her; away she went at a killing pace and soon disappeared beneath the river's banks—but a hard ride brought me up in time to find her landing on the opposite one, so jumping off and giving her 1-2, I brought her half tumbling, half charging back at me behind a tree—I soon reloaded, during which I heard her going pitpat through the shallows, which finding rather boggy, she deserted for some bushes near me: I could plainly hear her puffing and panting, but the jungle being so dense I could not get a glimpse of her, though I climbed a tree in the hopes of being able to do so: my syce and some villagers having come up did the same, but all they could see were the bushes shaking at a fine rate, so I forded the river lower down and creeping along the opposite bank soon discovered a black patch amongst the green leaves at which I discharged all four barrels—a heavy crush convinced me all was now safe, so into the jungle we went: she was still alive and excited the cupidity of a villager, one of the faithful—his appetite was probably sharper than his knife—after a quarter of an hour's *sawing* he told me he had succeeded in *hullal kerring* it—doubting his success on so tough a subject I examined it, and found his conscience only skin deep! She was a fine old cow with a sharp pair of horns, but much smaller than her lord, and from her being heavy in milk, I conclude she had left her calf behind, in the grass, during her inglorious retreat. No buffalo could have fallen in a pleasanter sport, and I had to cut away boughs and creepers in abundance to enable me to have her skinned: here too was abundance of clear water—and necessary appendage to this bloody trade. My knee had become intolerably painful, and I was glad to get an opportunity of resting myself, and sat looking on at the proceedings of the chumars, who had lit a roaring fire, and were picking fit bits from the carcase, and cooking kabobs *ad libitum*—by the time horns and skin were thoroughly

clean, a pad arrived to convey them to camp, and glad was I in my crippled condition to pack myself on the top of them. The mahout told me he had just seen a very savage looking buffalo standing under a tree near the spot where I had killed the bull, so towards him we directed our steps—he let us advance within hundred yards, when seeing he was going to turn tail I fired both barrels, and apparently struck him, when off he went at a superb gallop—too tempting to resist, for bruised knees, string stirrups, and all vanished like shadows, and I once more rode at the rate of twelve miles an hour over queer footing—it was long ere I came up with my friend, and he was so much blown that he trotted quietly into a dry hollow surrounded by grass with a large tree near it—to this I tied up the charger and waited patiently for the syce to arrive with my spare gun. While I had been making a circuit, he had travelled straight, so a few minutes past and he arrived: creeping along flat on the ground, I was soon through the grass and saw my game watching me about hundred yards off in the open. Bang! bang! and he dashed out at full speed towards the tree when I fully expected to see him attack the horse, and kept my other gun in readiness—but no—he had other views and swept past like the wind in the direction of the river; this is the fastest buffalo I have yet seen, and though I followed him at my best, he was soon lost at a ford—probably he sneaked into the water above it and lay down. Cursing him for a runaway I started off in search of camp which fortunately I soon found, well satisfied with this day's sport. A herd of tame buffaloes grazing near the village very much alarmed the nag, who soon kicked off heel ropes and took leg bail—forsooth horses have memories—may be souls too! Villagers tell me, D. and P. are encamped near the Buggala and move to Pherowly to-morrow, so I have ordered my camp to be struck and sent there twelve miles from hence.

25th.—In the howdah at an early hour, and moved in the direction of our destination, hoping to meet with D. and P. on the road—sent off a man ahead with a note to them, and he soon returned to tell me that two sahibs had gone on ahead and were beating the Mahao, so there is small chance of catching them up. Knee to-day worse than ever, and gives me so much pain that I cannot hit a thing though the deer are rushing out of the unburnt patches by half dozens: while poking along in a bad humour, receive an agreeable surprise in a view of a herd of three buffaloes, (a bull and two cows), and though scarcely able to scramble out of the howdah am soon safely ensconced in the saddle; gallop into a thick clump of trees near them, dismount and wait for them while the elephants make a long circuit to drive them towards me—no the manœuvre will not do, and they begin to move off slowly

at sight of the distant enemy, so I must amuse them : sending the syce towards them leading my bucephalus, with orders in case of an attack to let go the rein and scramble into a tree, I moved round and gradually stole near them unperceived : the bait did not take, but they stood looking intently at the horse until I had approached within fifty yards and had time to single out the bull. Bang ! bang ! and off he rushed while I stood reloading under the screen of an ant hill—the two cows slowly trotted out after him, and I had just time to give them two shots, the last of which sent one hobbling along over the hillocks in a manner rather uncomfortable to imagine ; but her two companions most accomodatingly slacken their pace to enable her to keep up with them. I was not long ramming down and mounting—when a few minutes tight gallop enabled me to shoot ahead with a few moments to dismount and tie up under a clump of bushes, and had but just rested the barrel of my gun on the top of an ant-hill as the trio arrive a few yards opposite, evidently losing wind and adapting their pace accordingly : point blank and only a few yards off go two shots at the bull, giving a loud phut as they strike, but no bones are broken and on he goes, the distressed cow lagging far in his wake. Again I am up and after them, and having crossed some cruelly sore ground, proceed to enjoy the cool shade of a wide spreading tree, where they receive several balls amongst them before I can induce them to quit—having done so again we scour the open together, the lame cow being separated from her friends by my riding between for some time, until the trio again meet under a shady grove to again enjoy their quantum of rest and lead—the latter in abundance :—this time of their exit scarcely can they draw foot under them, and were not my steed a rascally coward all three should be food for the vulture in a half hour. We are going at a slow trot when they suddenly disappear as if into the earth—I did not bargain for this and cautiously riding up to the spot find they have dropped into an arm of the Mahao, which winding serpentine, has put itself in my way—it is both muddy and deep : a rippling sound as something swimming in it is perceptible, but the sudden windings hide it from view—following a cattle path I soon got over it, but could not find a single stem of bush or brake sufficiently near to tie up to, so was compelled to hang the reins loosely over some large stems of grass :—the only tree near was on the opposite bank, to obtain its shelter I must ford over, so leaving the horse to take care of himself I managed to get over on some sticks which formed a dam across the stream—the rippling sound grew more distinct as I neared the tree, so I crouched on my belly and drew myself along slowly to the brink—there they lay wallowing with only heads and sterns visible—the gun was to my shoulder in a

moment—bang ! and the enormous bull and his comrades took up the opposite bank like cats, while clambering I gave him another shot, but did not stop his career for he rushed on the astonished horse with an apparent determination to annihilate him—his horns appear buried in his antagonist's body, when whack, whack, from a vigorous pair of heels which have saved his life set him free—away he bounds pursued hotly by the disappointed foe—coursing him beautifully but unsuccessfully for some hundred yards, when the horse disappears in a tree jungle, and the trio move off slowly together through a large herd of tame buffaloes, in which black medley they are soon lost to sight. The gwallahs incited to be active by my halloo of *ek rupyē bukhish*, are running in all directions to reclaim the truant—I wish they may catch him, he has gone off in the direction of home, though 'tis sixty miles off. At that moment what vast sum of money would I have given for a horse had he but four sound legs and could use them—(oh ! all ye dealers follow the buffalo hunter on his travels and your fortunes are made !) Lame and tired as I was, I continued to search for my friends at the peril of being attacked by the same-uns which had formed a formidable *gūl* at sight of the intruder : a peep into the heavy jungle on the banks of the Mahao was equally unsatisfactory, they had probably hidden themselves, and once more laid down to die.

The sun was now low in the sky, and to wait for my horse being caught, uncertainty,—therefore I slowly footed it back over the rough road I had come, scarcely able to keep my legs in many places—and only meeting one human being in a walk of some miles : at length being fairly lost, all I could do was to fire off a couple of barrels at intervals and soon had the satisfaction of seeing my syce who had been puzzling his brains to guess my route, and in his tumbles had let off both barrels of the spare gun entrusted to his care, thereby narrowly escaping : after another long ramble we found the hathees, when a seat and some clean drinking water put me all right and tight again. The syce volunteered to find the horse and with only a little parched grain tied up in his clothes and a blanket, set off in the direction I described to him. We had some miles to go, *such* a country and no guides, knocked down on the road floriaken and a leek to replenish the bottle khanah. Arrived in camp late after dark, and found D. and P. just arrived. D. has killed a fine tiger in a branch of the Mahao, but he shewed no sport, falling stone dead to one ball while attempting to sneak along the bank : he had an old scar on him. D. has brought out Futteh Bahadoor's four other elephants, but has had no sport the few days he has been out, except deer and hog.

26th.—A goodly line to-day, in all seven elephants. To-day

following the example of my friends I rode on a pad, as I hear we are going into thick tree jungle: soon came on a "kill" about two days old in a blind nullah near a stream—could not beat most of the ground it was so bushy and broken, went to a wide nullah with pools of water here and there—saw the punjas of a tigress and cubs, but there was so little cover near that they had probably only come to drink there. Clambered up the dry bed of a hill torrent paved with large round stones, very loose footing, and the elephants were soon knocked up. After some hours exploring which did not produce a single head of game, we retraced our path, having seen nothing the whole day but jungle-fowl and spotted deer, the latter quite unapproachable. I will not again mount a guddee for sport, unless game crosses, the aim is most uncertain and flurried.

27th.—Moved our camp to-day to Rajahbarry, distant about six miles, south of Palee and in Hon'ble John's territory: on our way my eyes were gladdened to meet horse and syce again, the former none the worse, though he had escaped the horns narrowly as two stripes without hair on the side plainly indicated, and the loss of two days' gram was distinctly visible on his flanks: he was captured about ten miles from the scene of his flight, slowly wending his way to D.'s factory. On our arrival at Purrea Tal, found a large herd of buffaloes, young and old, more than fifty in number, and we proceeded to attack them in the following order: D. on F. Bahadoor, P. on another fast one, and self on horseback as usual; the remainder of the elephants with their mahouts as skirmishers kept near us. I had just time to gallop ahead of them, and get ready under a large tree as a shot from D. announced his advance, upon which the whole herd dashed pell-mell close to my station led by an immense black bull: there being no branches near the ground, I had been compelled to put my arm through the reins and now the herd approached, my horse became quite unmanageable, pawing at me in his endeavours to get loose. In consequence of his cowardice I could not fire without letting him go, which I was at last compelled to do at the risk of losing him again: by the time I was freed from this annoyance, they had retreated out of *sure* distance, and I had to commence a new chase after the *truant* who was scudding away in company with so many pair of horns round him. After skirting a small village, and nearly overturning some fugitive children the whole party dashed into the open, leaving the horse behind. I soon overtook him and on his showing symptoms of again taking to his heels I put the gun to my shoulder determined to stop his poltroon propensities for ever—luckily for both of us some deserted mat huts presented themselves, and in one of these I captured him, all alive

and kicking. Mounted and off after a sub-division of the herd; (for they had now split themselves into parties of a dozen or less,) D. fast coming up in my direction—soon I came up with them all assembled in a dry hallow to take wind—under cover of a large tree fired two barrels, bringing down on his knees a small one, but he was soon up again and off with the rest, with me after him. The ground became rough in the extreme and thickly studded with ant-hills or stumps, requiring all the faculty of the weather-eye to keep clear of. At last the wounded one stopped and meditated a charge with head to the ground, and his example was followed by a large surly looking cow, so I was forced to pull up but could not find a single twig to tie up to: while looking about for one, D. hove in sight, so I waited for his arrival to have a *tamasha*—meantime the cow sheered off and I rode up to the sulky looking little bull, by way of having a little horse-breaking—on my going near he came at me full tilt, I fired of course, missed as a rear put the muzzle some feet higher—bang! this time a little better—a ball through the nose, and I nearly get tit for tat, as he comes down close to the horse's chest with one horn ploughing the ground. Now let F. Bahadoor have a try, says D. The mahout's *kick, kick!* produces a lusty kick, kick—and over rolls the plucky young buffalo who has actually dared to charge an enemy about a score times his size (for the little beast is only about a year old and yet as big as a full grown *tame* buffalo—horns rather less.) D.'s shot which I heard, knocked over a calf, and he has left it behind in the *tal* with men to take charge of it—P. and the mahouts have gone off in another direction in chase of another lot. We sat down in a lovely *tope*, (the Terai is full of such,) to rest ourselves and get some water; while quietly seated a fine black and white buck antelope comes running over the plain towards us—I threw myself into a piece of high grass, and he came within twenty yards—probably he smelt me for he suddenly commented the most extraordinary antics—could the figurantes of the opera imitate it, the butterfly step would bring crowded houses I have no doubt—he went round in a circle drawing it narrower and narrower every round, and so fascinated me that it was long ere I could bring myself to shoot at him—and missed him both times, though D. declared each hit him, but it was almost impossible to tell whether he touched the ground or not—so quick were his evolutions! I had nearly re-loaded when he bounded off capering as he went. The report of my gun had roused from his solitary lair a large buffalo—there he stood only a few hundred yards off looking intently at us: it did not take us long to prepare to attack him, and by way of novelty it was agreed to do so on foot. Our line of battle was arranged in the following order—1st, myself with two doubles in my



two hands—next, D. with the same—near me, the horse and syce—and lastly, at a long distance off, F. Bahadoor. A dry hollow ran nearly to the foot of the trees where the brute stood, but as it appeared to take a serpentine sweep, we made no further use of it than merely to cover our advance half-way—which having performed, we advanced slowly and carelessly towards him to within one hundred yards, when I took a deliberate aim at his forehead, and just as about to pull the trigger, to our great surprise, round he went and made off at a trot—every barrel we had was discharged at him—some of the balls striking him in the rump, but they only served to accelerate his departure, and by the time I had mounted my nag and D. the elephants, he was shewing a swift pair of heels far ahead. After much racing or rather steeple chacing (among the numerous stumps surmounted with ant-hills at least eight feet high,) we were once more in company, though at a respectable distance from each other: at last the ghurrie came in our way—its precipitous banks covered with bushes—down he plunged into the deep pool below and was quickly safe across to the opposite shore which he climbed under my fire—on reaching the summit he stood for a moment giving me an angry look, and then dashed off again at full speed (no doubt very much refreshed by his cold bath.) In vain I galloped about to find a ford, but the further I went the more perpendicular became the banks and the deeper the nuddie, so I waited for D. to come up: it was some minutes before he arrived, when we held a council of war in which we both agreed that it would be now useless to follow him as he must probably be a mile ahead, and the sun low in the sky. On our way back to camp we padded the little calf D. had killed and left in the jheel: by our united efforts the little savage was pulled up on the pad—he appeared about three months o'd: soon after we fell in with P. who had unsuccessfully chased a buffalo; but the greater part of the mahouts with the pads had not returned from their pursuit. Our tents having been pitched near the nuddee we had a delightful swim, having first taken the precaution to haunk out any lurking alligators by beating the pool with elephants, (a most necessary precaution in these parts.) An hour's fishing with nets supplied our table with fish. Shortly after our bathe, the mahouts announced their return, and that they had killed two small cows after a long and tiring chase of some miles. Bag to-day one buffalo and one partridge.

Full of expectation we three sallied out at an early hour in search of the beast. Purreah Tal proved blank, no doubt yesterday's shikar has routed them from these parts, so we must go to my old ground Chountra Tal to find one. It is a long way off, but that is no stopper to a sportsman, say I. Mounted in the

same fashion as yesterday, away we went. On the road I saw D.'s shikarry bewitch a floriken by walking round it in a circle a few times, drawing nearer and nearer until he shot it. Found an old solitary bull standing under a tree, I headed him for I found the line of elephants made him scamper—over such ground too that I found it necessary to divide my two eyes between it and him, expecting instantly to be floored: soon got better footing and a tight gallop brought me in ahead of him within a minute or so to tie up, &c. Gave him two barrels which checked his apparent inclination to charge me, as he turned off immediately in an oblique direction towards the Mahao Nuddee, with increased speed. Soon as reloaded, I was up or after him, but he had made such good use of his time, that I was left far astern and could not come up in time to dispute the passage of the river—he disappeared suddenly below its banks, and on my arrival at the spot only a slight ripple ruffled the water to mark his progress. On the other side grew a strip of bush jungle, beyond which it was impossible to see far. I pulled up as the stream was deep, and while quietly considering what should be done, down came rushing to the water's edge a sounder of hog, which consoled me with the idea that the intruder on their slumbers could not be far off; riding lower down I was soon over, and found myself in a beautiful plain with the floriken all round, still my friend was no where visible, and the only khubur I could get of him from a cowherd was that he had been seen running towards those trees (pointing them out) and accordingly in that direction I went, but he was no where visible. I cantered about reconnoitring for some time until D.'s distant halloo told me he saw him, so I started off as hard as I could go in the direction named, and got a glimpse of him about a mile off going along rather slower than he did when I last had the pleasure of seeing him: a few minutes extra exertion put me in a good place again and increased his pace. A long run brought us in sight of Purrea Tal, for which he makes as fast as he well can, and a couple of miles are done in no time. Now he has run into the marshy flat we must part company for the present; he prefers floundering through it, while I prefer going a mile out of my way on hard ground: the result of this difference in opinion was largely in my favour, I rested my panting steed for some minutes under a cool tope; the two gents not in sight, and my horned friend indulging in a quiet trot far behind me. By the time man and horse were refreshed the hathees appeared above the hollow, and again it was necessary to be off, taking it easy as my companion was some hundred yards in the rear, I made for the ghat where our tents were pitched, guessing that would be his only road. I was mistaken, for I had scarcely tied up, &c. and got under the

overhanging the ford when he rushed down with a loud splash into the water near me, and rolled in it to cool himself, during which operation I treated him to a couple of shots on which he attempted to charge, but the declivity of my shelter probably deterred him for he climbed slowly and sulkily up the opposite bank, and had hardly gained it as D. and his mahout peppered him from a distance, only to add new wings to his flight, for he has soon fairly distanced us and no mistake. The Chundun Tal, a beautiful bare plain some miles in extent lies before us covered with smooth turf, and the only christian-like ground I have seen since entering the Terai (for riding I mean,) over it he bounds like a huge greyhound, and if (oh ! that if,) I had an Arab, the bull should die within the next mile. Here an encampment of Kunjas (Gipsies) present themselves, men, dogs, &c. all join in the chase, by their noise astonishing the monster and no doubt displeasing him, for he takes a long look and down goes his head—enough for the would-be-killers who retire with more discretion than valour ! One solitary tree appears—not a bush or a briar for shelter far as you can see, and nothing but a horse's heels can save you here. Acting on the latter consideration, I gave the enemy a wide berth (at least one hundred yards) ; for some miles D.'s pet pariah bitch (which joined me at the river) barking lustily close to his heels, and occasionally retreating when he turned to look at her. We went on very admirably in this manner for half an hour till we came to the Gunkye, a boggy nuddee flowing past a large tree, beneath which a number of herdsmen had collected for shelter from the approaching intruder : he did not attempt to molest them, but crawled into the sluggish stream and rolled in his own fashion—leaving my horse in their charge I crawled on all-fours to the edge and gave him the contents of both barrels which apparently bewildered him, for he jumped out on the slippery shore, shaking himself clumsily, when I made good my retreat to the tree, reloading as I went ; the herd of tame cattle bolted on all-sides, giving him a wide berth, and scoured the maidaun in every direction. The paunky bottom of the nullah gave much trouble in crossing, but at last it was fairly achieved by the kindly aid of my friends, the cow-keepers, and I was again on *terra firma* in hot pursuit. Our route was as dull as before until we neared the Bouday Pillars, one of which I had nearly been compelled to use when rather too near. I had several opportunities of using my gun, but with no place to secure my horse, I could not well do so. Our pace had now become very so so, and we walked along to recover wind, all parties being full in need of it, the bull, the most so, his tongue hanging from his mouth, his head dangling towards the ground, and foam and sweat in streams dripping from him ; suddenly he seemed

to gain strength and cantered off in the direction of a dark patch of jungle about half a mile off. (I quite forgot to mention that the two gents with the elephants had entirely disappeared, probably they were all quite knocked up.) Into this dark looking cover dashed the buffalo and disappeared just as I rode up. I rode in slowly and cautiously among the numerous openings, and on turning a corner came within a few yards of him—he was standing under a tree, and so much screened by bushes that I had nearly past him; to back out of such a predicament was the work of an instant, and there being no lack of boughs here, I tied up and went to work, getting close to him unperceived—bang! bang! and out he rushed close past me and again disappeared, again loaded and mounted, and had not gone far again when I was in a similar fix, but this time he had chosen a clear patch near the edge of the bushes, no tree or available cover within a reasonable distance, nothing but a low stump surmounted with a large ant-hill, and this immediately in front of him. I was some minutes deliberating on a safe plan of settling him and saving myself any more hard riding, therefore to go near enough (a most particular point as regards buffaloes who are nearly invulnerable) was my sole object; so I tied up at a tree in the jungle and sneaked along with as little noise as possible towards the hillock on my hands and knees until not more than ten paces from him: he had no doubt heard my approach for, on peeping round the corner I saw his eyes intently fixed on me, slowly I raised my gun and took an aim; but as if wide-awake he commenced tossing his head and shaking it to and fro. Not wishing to risk a shot, I crept softly round to have a crack at him behind the shoulder, and had well nigh succeeded when down he came like lightning on me; I dodged him and made for the shelter of the bushes near my horse: finding he had missed me, round he came again and nearly upsetting him in the charge caught me a blow on the loins with his horns sending me flying some yards, when I lit on my face, and fortunately kept hold of my gun. Though much stunned, I felt that I had but one chance, and that must be speedily exerted to save myself: jumping on one knee I faced about first as the buffalo had drawn himself up to repeat the blow and bang! A torrent of blood shot out from his forehead, he staggered for a moment and then down he came with another charge against me: the second barrel was all but off as he reached me when the gun was hurled into the air, exploding between his horns harmlessly and I was hurled to the ground with redoubled force. Unarmed as I was I felt I could do but little, and that little was to throw my whole weight on his neck, which in his wounded condition would distress him, and accordingly I grasped his horns near the roots, clinging desperately to them: he

now commenced kicking and pawing to rid himself of the incumbrance, and as more than half my body was under his forefeet he quickly succeeded in pounding me off: the spout of blood from his last wound increased in size, and I was drenched to the skin, and my eyes nearly blinded by it, this added to my growing apprehension that he would fall dead on the top of me and crush me piecemeal: having fairly shaken me off he commenced battering me with his head, turning me over and over, pawing and trampling me repeatedly. I now tried my last *ruse*, that of the wary jackall, I pretended to be dead, with motionless heart and closed eyes I felt my friend sniff my corpse, and heard him soon after walk away to a short distance: with half open eye I watched him, he was bleeding as fast as ever, but had his eye fixed on me. The spirit of revenge tempted me to give him a farewell shot, I put my hand in my pocket for my powder horn it was not there, but loose powder in abundance, balls and caps: my gun lay almost within my grasp, alongside of it what was once a powder horn, now reduced to old copper in the late pounding. I had gently stretched myself to be enabled to reach them; I was seen and I soon received a repetition of ill usage, when I had to adopt my deception over again and again. All was quiet, the monster retiring into the bushes alongside of my horse whom he did not attempt to touch; there I heard him making hideous grunt and groans, and a great shaking of the bushes (probably his demise) soon succeeded. On examining my injuries and losses, I found myself uncommonly weak, but had lost no blood except from a slight scratch on the skull occasioned by a horn: my energy felt tolerably good, and I did not feel as if I should die this time, but when I attempted to get on my legs a horrible pain shot from my spine downwards into my thigh, and I fell, sick and exhausted, to the ground. After some moments I felt relieved, but whenever I attempted to gain my feet I dropped as if about to faint, from extreme pain; thus was I compelled to draw myself along on my hands and knees, the abundant thorns entering my bruised flesh to add to my torments and my scanty rags (for every remnant of clothing was hanging in strips since the late goring) could not keep off the heat of the sun which now struck fiercely, nor had I any hat, that having been tossed away in the scuffle; my thirst grew intense, and I would have given a large sum for a glass of water—ten yards was the utmost distance I could move in half an hour, and it was near sunset when I felt that I could move no further, and having gained a little tree, made up my mind to lie there until found. The faithful pariah before mentioned kept close to me whining incessantly; I tore off a bloody rag of my shirt, and tied it to her neck in the hope of her running home. I threatened and struck her, but

it was of no avail; she would not leave me: near sunset large herds of cattle passed me grazing peaceably in this wild spot, and I was full of expectation that some human being would follow them, but I was disappointed, they passed on alone! At a later hour I heard the wheels of hackeries creaking, and evidently approaching me. I hallooed, but it was feebly done, and they did not hear, but passed on! Last hope of all I heard men's voices, they were coming towards me, I raised my head and fastening my red silk neckcloth to a twig, shook it repeatedly, and called to them, this and the barking of my canine companion roused their attention, and two of the party approached me, they proved to be Taroos of the Nepal territory who had been out hunting for game, and were returning home; they appeared rather surprised to find a Feringhee covered with blood in that lone place and wished to be off, saying they had a long way to go and night was fast approaching. I reasoned with the least ill-looking of the two, and eventually shamed him into humanity; he agreed to get me safe into the nearest cow-shed and left me to give the alarm to the cow-keepers. I had my misgivings that he would not return, but with the usual honesty of men of the Terai I saw him again in a quarter of an hour: he told me I had only a few hundred yards to go, that none of the gwallahs would come, so that my only plan was to be lifted on the horse—I could not cross the saddle, so he put my breast on it, and lifted my lower extremities in his arms until I reached the well, where after drinking till I nearly burst, I was carried into a shed, and deposited on some clean litter: he then went and brought me my hat, gun, &c., and not waiting for bukshish as they do down in the plains, took himself off home. So far I was all right, but being in a territory well known for its cold attention to strangers, I could expect little further than a night's lodging, and the boiled rice (which was offered me and rejected), so I expressed a wish to get to my tent as soon as possible, offering rupees *ad libitum*. It was near midnight before I had any applicants, these were no less than the identical colony of Dangurs, who had often attended me in Hunquas at an Indigo factory, (now deserted,) near Gorukpore; they sympathised with me, and a little talk on old times brought them into good humour; it was agreed to make a dooly out of a charpoy and carry me into camp, full six miles off. My equipage came to the door in about two hours with a dozen stout bearers, but no mussal oil being procurable, the consequence of which was that we were constantly running foul of bushes and hillocks and nearly tumbled into the Gunkye; moreover the conveyance was but slight, being no less than the said charpoy tied to some young trees newly cut, and string of grass ditto ditto, an old blanket forming a roof. At a snail pace

we reached the camp, where the hallooing of my bearers roused D. and P. from their slumbers; they had not imagined anything had happened, but conjectured I had killed the buffalo and slept near it, I having said I would follow him until killed, and if too late to find my way back would wait till morning: they told me the elephants had become so hot that at 12 o'clock they had been compelled to turn back for fear of injury to them; it had been an unlucky day—D. was not in good spirits, P. was very unwell, and I was worst of all: my tattered bloody appearance rather alarmed them as to consequences, but I soon mentioned the extent of damage done, and that my thigh appeared put out: having undressed me the same Dangurs were pressed into the service of carrying me to N —, and at day break we started off in that direction. I left men behind to break up the buffalo, accurately describing the bearings of the spot, still I despaired of their finding it. On my arrival the Rajah's large tents were all ready for me, and bearers not being procurable, I was delayed until evening. The Rajah appeared really sorry for me, and what was worst of all I should not be able to go after three tigers of which he had received khubur since my departure on shikar; also my intended trip for rhinoceros shooting into the lower hills was grievously floored, and I started for Gorukpore nearly a fortnight before my leave was out. I found bearers all ready and took tiffin with my sporting friend at M — e, and got safe to Gorukpore on the evening of the 30th.

#### WILDFIRE.

P. S.—Nearly up to this time I have been a cripple—for the first month after the accident on my back with fever, which was only reduced by repeated copious bleeding, and I have only given up crutches about six weeks ago. The limb was not dislocated, sinews had been so severely twisted that for a long time it hung uselessly under me, the groin was much bruised—also the stomach and the pelvis severely injured, but now I suffer little except when the East winds prevail. Had I been well mounted this accident would not have happened; as far as bottom was concerned, the horse could have no superior—this last run was sixteen miles over the most tiring country in the world, and during the many times he carried me, never came on his knees once, though going at a racing pace daily over it. His incurable propensity of man-eating and the more heinous one of shying at firing induced me to yield him and render him saleable. I regret to say he did not survive the operation,—dying in a few days of locked-jaw; he was only a galloway of about thirteen and a half, or less.

## A SPORTING TOUR IN MALABAR.

HAVING only recently seen a number of the *Sporting Review*, I was reminded that works of this description cannot be kept going unless supported by the pens of those who, thrown by fortune amongst the wilds of the jungle, have opportunities of witnessing and participating in scenes, the description of which may amuse or instruct those whose avocation confine them within the limits of civilized life.

My present purpose is to give a short account of a ramble I have recently made through a portion of the province of Malabar; a part of India generally little known and frequented (I mean the jungle portions of it) by Europeans, owing partly to ignorance of the sport which it affords, and partly to the dread of the fevers which too often attack those who venture into these "Sylvan solitudes."

Having in conjunction with a friend who had recently arrived from Bombay, laid a plan of operations, we left Cannanore early one morning in the beginning of last November.

Cannanore is the Head-quarters of the provinces of Malabar and Canara, a military command subordinate to the division of Mysore: the force there consists of one of H. M. regiments of Foot, a couple of Native Infantry ditto, and a portion of Artillery.

I liked what I saw of the place much, and the climate was delightful.

Here is capital snipe shooting in the neighbourhood; but I did not see promise of sport of any other kind, except perhaps a few hares.

Our first march was to a place called Cotaparambah, which may be considered on the skirts of the jungle, there are two public bungalows here built on an old redoubt, and the distance from Cannanore about sixteen miles; here we got a few snipe in the paddy stubble, and in the evening walking through the jungle close to the bungalow saw a fine spotted deer, but did not get a shot. The next morning moved on to a place called Kanate, about nine miles, with a capital bungalow.

(My object being to assist those who may follow me rather, than to record the facts of myself and companion, I am thus minute in distances and the accommodation to be met with.)

At this place we were gratified with the first view we had had of coffee and cinnamon planting: the latter looking well and healthy; it is a handsome shrub and the foliage both in tint and



luxuriance very beautiful. The estate was laid out some four or five years before by a gentleman formerly of the Bombay Civil Service. A very pretty little bungalow was on the hill in the centre of the grounds.

Here we had fair snipe shooting in some swampy paddy fields: we also killed a number of fine wood-pigeons which were numerous in the vicinity. In the evening, accompanied by a couple of natives we strolled through the jungle, but it was evident nothing could be done without beaters. As we were returning along the road after sunset, a native, not much encumbered with clothes, presented himself in front of us with an arrow fixed to his bow-string all ready for action; he motioned us to stand still, and almost immediately two spotted deer trotted across the road between him and us—he let fly (rather a *perilous* position was ours) but the deer though wounded passed on, and as the evening was fast closing in, we were obliged to leave the bloody track much to the mortification of the nigger, who however said he thought he should be able to find his deer the next day. He was one of a party of Coorchers, who by quietly driving the deer towards their armed comrades manage to kill a good many. They are said to be very expert in the use of the rude bow and arrow, which is their only weapon.

They told us if we would go out the next day we should be certain of getting sport, but as we had more interesting game and country a-head we resolved to push forward—besides it was very hot in that part.

The next march of eleven miles brought us to Neddoobrinchala, or some such name; a dense jungle at the foot of the Peria Ghaut. A good bungalow here likewise, but we had been warned not to sleep there for fear of fever: what was to be done? An old Maplah, whose house was about two miles off the road, right in the forest, told us he could to a certainty shew us *plenty* of sambar, *some* bison, and *perhaps* elephants: in spite therefore of fever and hot weather we resolved to make the attempt.

We had not much success: the ground was of the most tiresome and difficult description, hill upon hill covered with dense thorny jungle; and returned to the bungalow tired and disgusted; the only victim a small sambar, no bison seen. Of elephant tracks we saw numbers but none fresh enough to follow.

Being all impatient to ascend the Ghaut, we would not listen to the old fellow's suggestion that we should make another day of it, and try in another direction: the next morning therefore we were on the move: at day light jungle-cocks crowing in all directions, of which in our progress upwards we killed three.

It is a good pass though rather steep for loaded bandies of which we encountered several. From the bungalow to the sum-

mit is about four miles and the village of Peria three miles farther on with a good bungalow. Pretty good snipe shooting to be found near the bungalow, but some of the ground very deep and my companion on one occasion walked regularly into the bowels of the land up to his waistcoat pockets; I should also have done *ditto* shortly after but for the warning voice of a native.

At this place we determined to halt for a day to enjoy the beautiful scenery and delicious climate. Peria is certainly one of the prettiest places I have ever seen in India. Hills large and small, some clothed with fine grass, others with jungle of all descriptions from the low bush to the mighty forest, and the sky and atmosphere so clear and limpid, and the water in the morning *so cold*! I should think the thermometer at the time we were there could not have been higher than 75 at mid-day, and some ten degrees lower at night. I wonder some of the more independent portion of the community of Cannanore, the General for instance, does not build a bungalow here and escape from the hot season of Cannanore. At Peria it is never *hot*, and the nights are cold enough to require a blanket at any time of the year.

At day break next morning we were afoot, and attended by a dozen beaters sallied forth to try our luck. We beat several likely looking patches and found two herds of spotted deer—out of one of which a buck was killed; several hares and peacocks were also seen: in fact I should think the neighbourhood likely to afford good sport and within five miles of the bungalow. Elephants occasionally come, but the ground is hilly and difficult to get over—so that unless one had certain *khubbur* it would not be worth one's while to go out for the mere chance of finding a fresh track.

Snipe shooting as usual occupied the time after breakfast.

Manantoddy was our next march, seventeen miles and a good bungalow. There is a detachment of N. I. under command of a Captain here.

I did not hear of any likelihood of sport in the immediate neighbourhood of this place. Snipe shooting of course, but nothing else worth speaking of.

A good deal of coffee-planting is carried on in this vicinity, and we were most kindly entertained in the house of one of the gentlemen in this line, so much so indeed, that we found some difficulty on the second day in *tearing* ourselves away from his hospitable roof.

Poor fellow! in less than two months afterwards I heard that he was laid under the turf—carried off by fever.

We were now to turn from the high road, and as we hoped begin operations in earnest,

Tiruhully, about ten miles north, was the point we made for, and here for the first time our camp-equipage was put in requisition.

A very modest camp was ours—it consisted of a bechoba about eight feet square for ourselves, and a small bell tent for our servants. The bechoba being barely large enough for the stowage of our cots, the eating part of the business was carried on *al fresco*. No great hardship in such a fine climate; indeed, we both allowed, as sitting in our camp chairs with our legs on the table puffing our cigars or sipping our beer or brandy pawnee, that we were as happy as princes.

For my own part I always feel when thus situated, as if I could be content to give up the world and forego the society of my fellow-men in order to set myself down in the jungles for the remainder of my days, and enjoy the wild life of a sportsman—but stern necessity says, this must not be.

The jungle hereabouts appeared after all very unfavourable for shooting elephants, though it had been mentioned to us as if it were the only place for the sport: it was intersected with extensive thickets so very dense that to see an elephant more than five yards beyond your nose appeared an impossibility. We endeavoured to have them driven out of these places (where they were almost all found,) but as the natives perched us up in *trees*, the perverse animals always made off in some other direction, and though we on some occasions heard them crashing through the jungle invisible at not more than fifty yards distance, our trees not being *locomotive*, nor ourselves gifted with the agility of monkeys to descend or spring from one to another, we were always disappointed. At last, on the fourth day we agreed that we would resist this tree system, and *coute qui coute* encounter the quadrupeds on mother earth.

The beaters at first refused to drive if we would not climb, saying we should be killed, but at length being bribed with the promise of one rupee per man for every elephant we fired at! they waved their scruples respecting our valuable lives, and closed with this somewhat extravagant offer, but what could we do!

The number of our beaters amounted generally to about fifteen, half of whom were Coorumburs, a wild independent race inhabiting the whole of the Wynaad country: scattered through the forest in small companies or families they gain a wretched livelihood by cultivating a little ragghy, collecting wax or cardamums, or getting an occasional job of felling amongst the coffee planters; from their mode of life they are capital auxiliaries to the sportsman, in fact are almost indispensable.

Having gained our point as far as shooting from the ground was concerned, the next thing was to find the elephants to shoot

at, and we were not long kept in suspense. A fresh track was hit upon and followed with great tact and cleverness by the Coorumburs, two of whom led the way. At last, appearances warranting the supposition that the animals had not passed above an hour or two before the two men motioned us to remain where we were, whilst they in a most *scientific* manner made the circuit of the portion of the jungle in which they hoped to "harbour" the quarry; after some time they returned with the pleasing intelligence that the animals were safely marked down about half a mile ahead.

No time was lost in making for their locality, and the people having posted us in a place to which they judged the beasts would direct their course, they separated right and left to form the circle.

The leading man of the party, an old and much worn Coorumbah, gave notice when this was accomplished by a loud whoop, a very peculiar call which these junglees have.

No sooner had he done so, than violent rushing as of many waters was heard within. The game was evidently on foot—however they did not move far.

It should here be recorded that all the *personal* knowledge which my friend and self possessed of the animal elephant did not extend beyond the slow-moving beast with oily forehead, painted frontispiece and mahout on his neck, which is met with among the habitations of men. We were now to be introduced to a very different creature.

The elephants being thus roused, other men in the more distant part of the ring talked and shouted also, and we could generally mark the course the animals were taking by the crashing of branches; after some little time spent at this work I fancied I heard them making in the proper direction: but again all was still as the grave, and I was just beginning to think my ears had deceived me, or that they had again gone to a remote part of the beat, when I was rather disconcerted by seeing the heads of *three* enormous *tushers* thrust out of the bushes about thirty yards from where I stood: they were moving very slowly however, and vague as were my notions of their strength and prowess, I felt pretty secure behind the massive tree where I was stationed—it was some eight or ten feet in diameter with large *buttresses*, if I may so call them, and I felt certain they could not upset *that*; my companion was equally well posted about fifteen paces on my left hand.

One only of the *three* magnificent animals left the cover of the dense thicket: he appeared much excited, and I perfectly recollect the expression of his *countenance* as he slowly approached my part: not having any notion I was there, but evidently feeling

that all was not right, he was glancing his eyes about turning his proboscis right and left and sometimes thumping it against his sides with a loud hollow sound.

When he was close upon me, his legs and lower part of his body still hidden by the underwood, I stepped *half a pace* to my right and thus became exposed to his view; he stopped short, out went his broad ears, and up went his trunk for what purpose I know not, for at that instant the report of my companion's gun rang in my ears, and much to my surprise (and that of the shooter also I suspect) the monster sunk lifeless.

The other two who had thus unfairly sent him in advance to reconnoitre turned about and dived into the thicket from which they had only half emerged. We hoped they might be driven up again, but they were too knowing for that, and rushed out of the magic circle without delay, the beaters who were all ensconced in trees not being able either to stop or turn them.

At this place the natives shewed us an ingenious plan for killing deer and hares at night. The apparatus consisted of a powerful light and a number of small bells. We went out twice to try what we could do, but only killed one hare: indeed they said this was not the proper time of year, and that a very dark night was requisite.

Having given the death of the first elephant, and this paper having already extended beyond the limits I had anticipated; the Tour not being yet have finished, I must delay the conclusion till another quarter.

MALET.

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## PIG STICKING AT BURHAMPORE.

MY DEAR TOM,— \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \*

I must now turn to your second enquiry, viz., the nature and extent of our sport. To answer this in full would occupy a great deal more time than I can at present conveniently spare; I think therefore the best plan will be to give you an account of one of our last meets to enable you to form some idea on the subject. To begin with:—on the evening of the 22d May, there was a ball and supper given by the Col. and Officers of the 39th Regt. N. I. to Mr and Mrs M——, who were about to leave us for Chittagong. The affair past off gloriously, affording the greatest satisfaction to all the guests and the highest credit to the gallant corps with whom it had originated. At an early hour of the morning we separated, and having determined to devote the next day to rest, we appointed the following day for leaving the station. Accordingly at an early hour on the 24th, we (i. e., M., D. and myself) started from Berhampore, and after dining with our friend D——, at Shikarpore, we arrived late in the evening at Hurrysunker. To our great annoyance we found that our traps had not yet arrived—we were consequently obliged to sleep on our elephant pads; and to send a cooly to guide the mahouts, &c., who were in charge of the luggage to our whereabouts. Little can you all at home, luxuriating on your downy beds, imagine the many annoyances to which we sportsmen are frequently subjected in this country, from the thick-headedness of our servants. However, though our beds were none of the softest or smoothest, we contrived somehow or other to prove that our worship of the “dreamy god” was as fervent as it was grateful.

25th.—We were out by 4 this morning—L. joining us—tried the little Hurrysunker. At the very onset, however, I was unfortunate; for the first pig that broke cut my horse *True Blue* in the back and disabled him for the rest of the meet. The nag was game to the backbone, and but for this would have proved a rum customer. One fine boar was tallyhoed several times, but always managed to escape, giving us a good deal of trouble and annoyance. The worst part of the business was he looked a fighter, and, as the sequel will prove, did not belie his looks. I also lost another good boar on account of L.’s mare not coming up, and hence being of no assistance to me. I had consequently to grind after it alone. The run was over the ground generally termed by pigstickers who frequent the Hurrysunker jungle,

"The Gilbert Mile," and it is no easy matter to master a good boar alone in this short distance, especially too if he manages to get any thing of a start. At 2, we returned to the factory—but not till we had made five good boars bite the dust. Tiffin, &c., being over, at 4 in the afternoon we were out again to try for the pig which had given us so much trouble in the morning. During the first hour we killed 3, without, however, getting a glimpse of our friend, who appeared to be a good tactitian, turning round with the elephants and dodging us completely. In the last beat the mahouts managed to keep a good line, and when about 30 yards from the end of the jungle (when we had given up all hopes of his bursting,) he pleasingly disappointed us by making a rush out of the Null jungle and going strait on end for the big Hurrysunker. None but those who have experienced a similar sensation can tell the pleasure with which we witnessed the movement: Tallyho—there he goes! and away we pelted full chase. The big Hurrysunker was looming in the distance—but before he could reach it he was stopped by a benediction from L—, all the rest well up. Then came the fight—the fierce and angry charge—the white and glancing ivories—but all in vain—he died hard, fighting to the end within a very short distance of his home. Thus ended our first day's sport, killing *nine* boars and only *four* spears out; not so bad, considering the number of sows (whom we venerate) that gave us long runs before their gender was known. The distribution of the spears was as follows—D 2, L 1, myself 6.

26th.—Owing to a heavy shower having fallen, we were unable to go out in the morning, it being a point with us to endeavour to prevent (as far as possible) any injury happening to Indigo or other crops. Being, however, a fine sunny day, we determined to have a grind in the evening. Accordingly we sallied out, and from the number of pigs we had seen during the previous day we made sure of sport. The little Hurrysunker jungle is but small—yet though so, it generally affords sport sufficient for three or four visits. It was in rare order this year, the jungle being of the right height to give good cover to the pigs. Well, the elephants had scarcely been put in when out broke a magnificent boar making straight for a small jheel at a little distance—he was ridden by M.—, L. and myself, the spear falling to L. This pig shewed us some rare sport, making some splendid charges and fighting nobly down to the very water's edge where we despatched him. We wended our way back, and had not been in the jungle five minutes ere a second broke. He was ridden by L. and myself, the spear falling on this occasion to me, I being on *Barefoot*, L. on *Golden Rein*. This little nag—although a pony—proved himself to be a very game bit of stuff

and retained his good character throughout the meet. A third boar very shortly afterwards broke, and a very large one he was: he was ridden by M—, L. and myself. M.'s spear. This janwar fought well, charging right and left, and was apparently bent on doing mischief; however, no harm was done, he being unable to save his own bacon—although once in charging Golden Rein, he nearly took off the little nag's tail; at all events if he did not quite do it he leaped high enough to do so. To wind up for this day another chose to break just as the twilight haze was fast falling, and we beginning to think of working homewards. No sooner was he seen, however, than at him, we all went with spurs in. It was a noble brute, one of "the breed of royal bloods", and well did he prove himself so; for no sooner had I come close to him when wheeling round, he was down on me like a shot. Rising slightly and for a moment on my stirrups, I received the proud scion of a long line of pigs with all the due honors, the spear entering about half an inch from the spine, and on I past. In a moment he discovered a second horseman close on his haunches: with a short fierce grunt he was round and at him. M—, for it was he, returned the compliment with a quiet dig in the ribs—a friendly "how are you this evening" poke. This continued till worn out with the loss of blood, the brute fell covered with wounds and glory. All the pigs this evening having taken the same direction, this one was killed nearly in the same spot as the others. Spears: L 1, M. 1, myself 2.

27th.—Put the elephants through the big Hurrysunker jungle, but as we had anticipated realized no sport—for not only did we not put out a single pig, but in reality we scarcely saw one, the null being so thick and high as in many parts to be waving considerably above the elephant's heads. In consequence of this, we determined to leave Hurrysunker and proceed to Soonakoon-dy. Having then loaded the elephants with traps, &c., we started during the day, and arrived there late in the evening.

28th.—Skirted the large Soonakoon-dy jungle, but this being far too heavy for us to beat, we proceeded to the eaten down jungle opposite the Jenadah bazar. This looked most promising, and the result proved the premise to be a true one. The elephants were put in and orders given to beat the jungle upwards from the bazar. Before they had proceeded a hundred yards, a large boar broke, and was ridden by D. and myself. He turned out, however, to be a chicken-hearted wretch, for instead of coming down to the charge on being pressed, he swam the bheel and thus escaped. A second was soon on foot, and M. and L. were as soon after it, the spear falling to the latter. This was a much better boar than the last, and fought both long and well. A third too, now, chose to leave his haunts; he was ridden by the whole party, the



spare falling to me. He did not give much trouble, being soon brought down. A fourth gentleman chose also to tempt our spears, and a sorry day it was for him that he did so. He was ridden by L. and myself, giving us a fearful twister over some awfully heavy ground. Here I pounded him, L. keeping well in the rear. After a little while he got upon some lighter land and began to make play, but again the pace of the nags told against him, and he evidently appeared to be aware of it, for without waiting to be asked he came down in a magnificent charge on my horse. The nag was an untried one, and to my utmost disgust did not prove quite so staunch as could have been wished; starting suddenly aside the pig was allowed to pass on unscathed. You may be sure that this want of pluck in my nag brought down on him curses deep though not loud; however L. came in almost immediately, and bore off the spear. After a good deal of coaxing, I at last contrived to get my horse up, and this time succeeded in planting a severe punisher in the boar's side. This completely roused his mettle, so away he went at L.—a second time, and having a most peculiar predilection for leather, he caught hold of L.'s boot, but fortunately by the toe and sole, and held on with the apparent intention of turning boot jack for the nonce. But no! The boot was one of a favorite pair imported from Donegal and fitted too well! The most ludicrous part of the scene, however, was that while this relative position was being held for some 30 yards, L. was calling out most lustily—"For God's sake, come on like a good fellow," but not being *left handed*, I was unable to do any thing but sit on my horse and laugh. The affair ended in the janwar's hauling off the stirrup with its leather which it dropped; he himself dropping soon afterwards—L. killing him off his horse with only one stirrup. He turned out to be a clipping boar in shape and make, and had he but chanced to have inserted his tusks in the flanks of L.'s horse instead of using his fore teeth in the way he did, the probability is great that he would have lived till another day. This brute took so long to kill that both L. and myself lost a good deal of sport, as the pigs were at this time breaking in all directions. On going back to the jungle we met M. and D. who had in the meanwhile killed their two pigs, each single-handed. This was a most trying day for the horses, the ground being so very heavy. One thing, however, we found out, viz., that on heavy ground a horse has most decided advantages over pigs:\* be it observed, however, that it is over pigs alone, for when we come to larger game (more parti-

\* We rather think our friends of the Tent Club will reverse this decision. We have seen a pig go away from a first-rate field and only *because* the ground was heavy, for he was overhauled on light ground and killed.—A. E.

cularly buffaloes), the superiority vanishes immediately ; as they can go long over the heaviest ground at one long lolloping gallop for some 14 or 15 miles with comparative ease. I have ridden them under these circumstances in company with my old friends C—— and M—— but would never think of doing so again over any ground but what is light. One of the parties just named, could mention a close brush he once had in an encounter with one of these monarchs of the jungle, by which he had his jacket, shirt, &c., cut open, and the one brace left hanging but by a single thread, and the whole done as cleanly as if a razor had been put across and the injury been done by it. Spears: L 2, M 2., D 2, myself 1.

29th.—Joined this morning by our friend B. of D——. No sport at all. The pigs aware of the arrival of a fifth hand, and knowing full well how greatly the number of their fathers had already been diminished by us, refused to break under such circumstances : no remedy was left but to return to our tents with an empty bag.

30th.—Our friend B. left us this morning, not being able to remain till the afternoon. We commenced this day by beating up the large jungle, but from its size we were not able to turn the brutes out as we could have wished. One we managed to get to the edge of the jungle, who was afterwards tempted into the maidan, but he was evidently very doubtful as to what were to be his movements. But the results would, under any circumstance, have been the same. Breaking back into the jungle he was received by M., who floored him instantler. Finding this jungle to be far too extensive for us to remain in it any longer, we made the best of our way to some fine October Indigo on the churs of the Ganges. Here (from information previously received), we were led to expect some magnificent boars and so it proved. We could only make a line of coolies, and accordingly in they went. Before, however, they had proceeded far a fine boar broke, —ridden by the whole party. The spear fell to me. The run was somewhat a short one as he broke towards the large jungle ; a second boar shortly afterwards stole quietly away, unseen by any one save myself. I consequently immediately gave the Tally-ho ! M. was unfortunately on the other side of a khal and could not follow, I had therefore to grind the brute alone. He made point blank for the river over some cruelly hard, broken and cracked ground. However push along-keep-moving-with-a-tight-rein-and-not-too-fast is your only here. This in the long run told upon him, yet still he seemed disposed to take to the water. Just, however, as he reached the bank I managed to give him one fatal dig—but alas,

“ Phantoms of danger fear and dread,  
Float hourly round ambition's head.”

For at this moment in the charge down I came—horse and all

over the edge. In a moment the nag had recovered himself; placing me, however, in a peculiarly awkward position. Knocked completely off my saddle, without, at the same time, losing my stirrups (both of which happened to be on the same side of the saddle,) I was thrown on my back with my head downwards, staring full at the chest of my horse. It was little Barefoot, and luckily for me it was so, or that pig would have been the last I should ever have killed. Raising myself slightly on the elbow without daring to touch rein or horse, I endeavoured to extract one foot from the stirrup without driving the spur into the nag. Fortunately in this I succeeded—and now using the foot thus rescued as a lever power I had in a few seconds the other foot released also—and in another moment was up by the side of my nag (who had stood motionless all this while); and

“As I saw the red waves of the Ganges roll on”

I was just up in time to behold my victim sinking slowly in its depths.

The spear (which was in the brute) together with the head was obtained the next morning. Walking the little nag back to the Indigo, I had the pleasure of seeing another janwar on foot and making towards the large jungle. This, though their usual safe place of refuge, is scarcely far enough to ensure them safety, and so it turned out in this case; he was caught up within the mile and speared. D. being close enough to give second spear. On returning to the Indigo we found M. and L. gone away after a fifth fellow who was described by the beaters as a terrific beast. It was some time before we could discover in what direction they had gone, but soon the din of voices and the noise of tom-toms, informed us of their whereabouts: the boar had broken from the Indigo into the maidan, and had not gone fifty yards before he came down in a fearful charge from behind, compelling both M. and L. to make a decided cut for it. After this he made away for a plantain garden, but before he could reach it I was on him and drew first blood. He then ensconced himself among the long grass in the said garden, nor was it without the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to quit it. Notwithstanding all this, however, he could scarcely be said to do it entirely, for he immediately crept over a high bank and laid himself down in a freshly cut ditch. Now came the point of difficulty, for as prior to this he had somewhat severely wounded a syce and made mincemeat of a pariah dog, none of us were particularly desirous of making his further acquaintance in so enclosed a space. However as a rush for it appeared to be our only chance, I tried it, and most effectually too, giving him an awful poke which forced him out, and dropped him too about

twenty yards from the spot. This in such a position was certainly a good piece of luck. He was an exceedingly fine boar and immensely large.

31st, *Sunday*.—A day of rest for man and beast, and decidedly required by both; more especially the latter, for the weather was awfully oppressive, and as we were not particularly disposed to spare the pigs we were obliged not to spare our nags. But condition is your only, and they had all been spared for this particular meet as fortuitous circumstances had prevented any earlier sport.

June 1.—We again went away into the high Indigo on the banks of the Ganges, and after beating up and down several times tally-hoed a magnificent boar. He was first viewed by M. and myself, and as he broke into an open space in the centre of the Indigo, each exclaimed, "*What a mass of Ivory.*" He broke back and all came to a check, but having slunk quietly ahead he was again fortunately viewed by L. who rode him through the Indigo, but at so slow a pace that M. and myself thought he was simply on the look-out ahead. However, as he continued going on at this pace we followed, and got up just as the boar was thinking whether or not he should face the open. He preferred remaining where he was, and showed fight over and over again. One tremendous charge he made on M. whose horse for the moment turned a most bigotted Musselman. L. had a chance or two at him but missed; I then came up on Barefoot and succeeded in giving him more or less of a quietus: he dodged about for some time in the high plant, frequently approaching the very edge but would not break, and was despatched eventually by a spear from L. whose little horse behaved nobly. He turned out to be a very large boar, and his head was a very extraordinary one. There was no upper tusk on the near side, and consequently the lower tusk had grown to an unusual length. The whole measuring fourteen inches, 6 of which were inserted into the alveolar process and the remaining 8 outside. The head itself was also a very fine one, very long from the snout to the top of the forehead, and very high from the forehead to the posterior angle of the lower jaw. The head is in my possession. We beat back the Indigo, and the sows gave us a lot of trouble. L. eventually got a boar away by himself, and after a long run he was numbered with the dead, having given some good sport. Thus ended our work for the day, and being some five miles from the bungalows—*home was the word.* .

On the 2d, we sallied forth again in the afternoon, the repeated showers that fell not permitting us to go out in the morning; the ground even then being only rendered ridable by a

good hot sun. We again repaired to the Null jungle opposite the Jenadah Bazar. The elephants had not been in long ere as usual a boar broke; he was ridden by L. and myself over cruel ground; the pig tumbling over every fifty or sixty yards in the deep and wide cracks on the chur. I on Barefoot twisting him in good style followed by L. on Golden Rein; I soon managed to bring him down—but he was not sufficiently punished to prevent his doing injury, as he made good his second charge on L. and cut his little nag rather badly. A second boar was soon on foot, and the janwars were determined to-day that we should not get off unscathed; he was pounded by the whole party, M. on Jim Crack, D. on Buffalo, L. on his non-descript—a good one though he had no name, and I on Barefoot; I brought him in a few minutes to bag, and a fighting scoundrel he was, wounding M.'s horse in his second attempt to frighten us all. He inflicted a deep cut in the flank and another in the inside of the hock, he himself eventually meeting his death like a trump. On retracing our steps, a third was viewed which proved the largest we killed. I on Tom-boy, M. on Wizard, whose horse again was destined to be the unlucky one. The brute came to a stand-still in jungle about four feet high, where he was floored by me. After this he came down on Wizard, made a tremendous bound, and cut the nag high up in the buttock, but only slightly; he being able to go out on the following and last day of the meet. We killed one more before we went home, after having met with more accidents this-day than during the whole of the meet.

3d.—This was our last day. The rain had been very heavy during the night, and as we plainly saw that our sport was all but at an end, we (*i. e.*, M., L. and myself) determined to have one more grind, D. remaining at home in compassion as he said for the nags. We took out only one horse each, M. on Wizard, L. on Give Him a Name, and I on Tom Boy. Sending the nags to the old quarters, we followed on the elephants, putting them into the same jungle as yesterday, and game was soon on foot. This half hour's sport is soon told, we getting no less than three boars in this short period and from the time of mounting our nags, when we viewed the first up to the death of the third boar, it was one continual gallop, never having to return to the jungle at all. The brutes were breaking in all directions, and we scarcely gave our nags a pull. It was severe work, and we all agreed that there had never been such a grind as this, in any part of the moolook since our arrival in India. The horses were certainly slightly winded, but a quarter of an hour put them all to rights, excepting that Tom Boy was obliged to have a warm astringent ball during the night. He also had had enough of it, and after its being decided that a little spirits and water would be the correct

thing, and congratulating ourselves that we were the boys to polish them off, bade adieu to the jungle for the season.

We wound up, as you will see, with thirty-four pigs, were only out nine days, and only once went out, twice during the day; and if such sport as this will not tempt you to come out to India, nothing will—Good bye!

LAYLOCK.

BURHAMPORE, 1846.

## NOTES FROM MUTTRA.

THE acorns are now ripe, or will be so by the end of this month, in the oak forests in the hills, consequently the bear season will shortly commence. Oh! that I were at Landour to enjoy the fruits of experience reaped last year!!! Know most potent Editor, that at the villages of Thapla and Bite, (the former twelve and the latter eighteen miles from the hospital at Landour, on the Gungootry road) bears swarm in the oak forests from November till February or March. After this period the acorns lose their flavor and Bruin buries himself in the dense khuds, subsisting upon berries, and the khets of the paharries (mundhua is the favorite grain) till the oaks again bear fruit. During the interval not a bear is to be seen unless a man sits up at night, or comes across one when beating a khud. In the middle of November last, I came to the abovenamed villages by accident and met with excellent sport, bagging six bears (two more were found dead shortly after I left) and losing many severely wounded. The plan I pursued was, to go out early in the morning and late in the evening, and watch the oak trees from some commanding eminence. On marking a bear up a tree I proceeded without noise within a few yards, if possible, and placing my battery on the ground by my side, (never leave guns in niggers' hands, or they may not be available in time of need), commenced action to the front. Bruin if a plucky fellow, charged, if not ran away; in either case they often got off, sometimes carrying with them five or six bullets. Bear shooting is excellent sport, but two or more should always be engaged in it, both for success in bagging and security against danger. Captain S—— was very nearly expended last year in the Ramserai valley. He was seized by a wound-

ed bear and deserted by his attendants, except by one man who gave the bear such a whack on the head with a heavy stick as to cause the brute to turn on his new assailant. Captain S—, though severely wounded, immediately got up, followed the bear and most gallantly shot it.

Now for a few words on tank fishing. CAPTAIN POPJOY, in an excellent article in No. 6, states that carp will not take bait in the cold weather. I think he is mistaken, as on the 29th of October I landed one rowee of 9lbs., one of 8lbs. and one of 6lbs., beside many small meergah and kalabause, also several gentlemen have assured me that they have caught carp in the month of November and December at the Deeig tanks. Captain Popjoy's drawings of fish are excellent, and do credit to the Review.

PURDY in his list of game birds has left out two, common at Gungootry and Kunawar; viz., the jher munāl or snow pheasant and the coor munāl; both live close to the snow and are very difficult to approach, as the burrul or wild sheep is generally found in their neighbourhood; they are seldom fired at for fear of scaring away the nobler game. I send the names of villages that are easy stages to Kunawar, Jumootrie and Gungootrie. Supplies are only procurable at the places named, and not always even there. A purwanah should be obtained from the Superintendent of the Dhera Dhoon, and a chuprassie from the Tiri Rajah. The Rajah is very obliging and never refuses if a polite letter is sent to him. If you complain of the weight of this letter, look to your Notice to Correspondents. No thin paper, only write on one side. Would you like to have coloured drawings of the coolen, male and female? I killed two last month, and can say a word or two about them if required.

Route from Mussorie to Kunawar by easy stages :

Kowri 21 mile, Kaundara 10 miles, Pypeāra 10 miles, Billū 10 miles, Mungra 6 miles, Paralu 10 miles, Gārugad 10 miles, Guichan 16 miles, Khānsean 10 miles, Dhonea 6 miles, Pūjeri 10 miles, Jāke 10 miles, Sooroo Bassa 10 miles, Nooroo Bassa 10, Langla the first Kunawar village 8 miles, total distance from Mussorie to Kunawar 157 (one hundred and fifty seven) miles. Supplies are procurable at the following places; viz. Kaundāra, Pypeāra, Billū, Pūrūlu, Gārugad, Guichan, Khānsean, Dhonea, Pajen, Yāke, Sangla. At Mungra you wade through the Jumna, but as it is rather dangerous, it is better to go to the bridge two stages higher up the Jumna.

Route from Gārugad in the Ramserai valley to Jumootrie : Gannette 8 miles, Gullār 14 miles, Budge on the Jumna 8 miles, Couchnore 9 miles, Nisni 16 miles, Kursālee 10 miles, Jumootrie

and back to Kursālee 16 miles—Total distance from Gārugad to Jumootrie 73 miles. Supplies procurable at each village.

Route from Jumootrie to Gungootry: Keilsoo 28 miles, Barsoo 28 miles, Thear 12 miles, Bangelly 10 miles, Jallah 14 miles, Gungootry 20 miles—Total distance 112 miles.

Route from Gungootry to Landour: Jallah 20 miles, Bangelly 14 miles, Dhuromsallah 12 miles, Butwarree 12 miles, Manere 14 miles, Barretty 14 miles, Dūndah 10 miles, Thānah 12 miles, Khodu 6 miles, Andheārā 8 miles, Thapla 12 miles, Landour 12 miles—Total distance 142 miles. Supplies procurable at each village.

Mules can go nearly all the way to Gungootry and Jumootry, but not to Kunawar.

*Abstract of Sport in the Bhurtpoor territory in October 1846.*

Arrived at Decig on 3d of October and commenced fishing in the larger tank.

#### *With Fish.*

3d October, 1 rooe of 11lbs.;—4th October, 1 rooe of 5lbs., 1 rooe of 3lbs., 1 sowlee of 4lbs.;—5th October, 1 rooe 9lbs.; 6th October, 1 rooe 7lbs.;—7th October, 2 rooe of 6lbs., 2 meergah of 4lbs.;—8th October, 16 rooe 6lbs., 2 meergah of 4lbs.;—9th of October, 1 rooe of 6lbs.;—10th of October, 1 rooe of 7lbs.;—29th of October, 1 rooe of 10lbs., 1 rooe of 8lbs., 1 rooe 6lbs.

#### *With Antelope.*

Put the rifle together and commenced work on 7th October.

7th October, 3 black bucks.—From 7th to 12th, 4 black bucks;—13th, 2 black bucks;—14th, 1 buck and 1 chikara;—15th, 3 antelope;—16th, 2 antelope;—17th, 1 antelope;—18th, 2 antelope;—19th, 2 antelope;—20th, 3 antelope;—21st, 2 antelope;—22d, 2 antelope;—23d, 3 antelope;—25th, 3 antelope;—27th, 4 antelope, and 28th 1 antelope.

Total 31 black bucks, 6 does and 1 buck chikara.

#### *With Coolen.*

13th October, 1 coolen;—14th, 2 coolen;—17th, 3 coolen;—25th, 8 coolen;—26th, 5 coolen; and 27th, 3 coolen.—Total of coolen 22.

JUMNA.

MUTTRA, November 4, 1846.



## FANCIFUL REALITIES;

OR

## SKETCHES FROM EVERY DAY LIFE IN INDIA.

No. 11.

" Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile  
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
 Than that of painted pomp ? are not these woods  
 More free from peril than the envious Court ?"

The evening sun is slow sinking on the broad bosom of the Nerbudda, whose surface, scarcely ruffled by the western breeze, reflects the bold outlines of a few Hindoo temples, a ruined terrace and the less picturesque features of a large village upon the northern bank, where the mighty river sweeping towards the west in a reach of some miles length forms by an abrupt rectangular bend, the first possible ford within more than forty miles from the Gulf of Cambay.

Though late in May 184—the ford is still deep and slightly affected by the spring tide, the stream is breaking in a gentle ripple against the breast of the horses and half way up the saddles of a small party of Europeans who are slowly crossing, and each when he has emerged dripping from the deep ford and has extricated his horse from the heavy sands, disappears at a smart canter among the bushes that fringe the southern shore.

On the northern face of some high land which slopes gradually towards the bed of the Nerbudda, distant perhaps half a mile stands the small village of Sursah. A cart-road enters from the eastward gradually skirting the northern boundary of the village till it leads by an easy descent to the wide sandy bed of the river, here flowing for a straight reach of perhaps five miles, nearly due north and south, being about at right angles to the direction it had done to this point and does again assume below the ford.

A tall palm tree emerging from a scanty belt of forest trees of stunted growth, crowns this acclivity, while a tributary river, now dry but presenting in the rains a stream of considerable depth and velocity, whose precipitate banks are shaded by a dense growth of forest trees, skirts the fields towards the east, partially concealed by the undulating ground which, rising behind the village, gradually becomes more stony and more intersected by ravines, towards the south, till it attains the long

ridge of hills surmounted by the picturesque mosque and tomb of a Moslem saint, familiarly known as Bawah Ghose. Under the meagre shade of this cluster of trees, is a single-poled tent, occupied by three Europeans, and surrounded by the picturesque groups which enliven an Indian encampment. The small stud of horses picketted in a line, a few natives cooking, smoking or sleeping round the fires; our sagacious ally, Hyder Guz *crouching* his never-to-be-entirely consumed heap of maize straw, employing "the serpent for a hand" to sweep away his indefatigable assailants, the flies, occasionally varying the amusement by a shower of dust over his ample person, or by recourse to that inexhaustible reservoir, from which he, from time to time, surrounds himself with a momentary rainbow, to cool his sun-dried hide.

The day is waxing warm as the sun rises to half his meridian height, and with it grows the impatience of the European, for the usual report from the faithful scouts.

A new troupe of armed men has joined the group round one of the fires, and after a brief consultation, four or five men approach the tent-door.

The honest irregular features of Rooplah of Sootarpoore, the small, smiling face of Lucmuneah of Sursah, twirling his sandy moustache, with an air of considerable satisfaction on his comical countenance and the tall slim form of his long-haired brother to whom, regular features, bare head and lip, guiltless of moustache, give the appearance of a woman, though his courage is as well known as his comely figure. These and a few others are recognised with familiar glance by the Europeans, as they listen to the details of the game, which has been marked down. An order for Hyder to be accoutred and the morning meal to be served with due dispatch, is obeyed; and three Europeans are soon silently following the calm old ally, surrounded by a considerable body of natives eager to witness or assist in the death of the Destroyer!!

Many a deep ravine and many a shady thicket teems with associations of former adventures. Again is the story told of the death of Lallah Dessaie, hard by his own stackyard and how the wary devourer "had followed with silent steps the elephant, whose riders sought him long, in vain, until a backward glance discovered his crouching form in their wake and directed one well aimed shot which stretched him on the spot from whence he never rose." Then was told many a fearful meeting with the present "chase," many a hair-breadth escape, and how during the past week two children had been carried off by the animal, whose hair the party was approaching.

Sawly down the winding cart road, across the bed of the

smaller river, the train, increased by many a bow-armed hunter—passed and halted at the pool daily visited by the village cattle, whose numbers had often been diminished by the family of noble cats, whose sixth descendant was soon to be overthrown.

Two or three cautious scouts are dispatched to an adjoining eminence, whence on a former occasion the party had obtained a very satisfactory view of four tigers asleep under a bush, and rolled up like kittens in a corner of the ravine, not more than two hundred yards distant from the village watering place. On the present occasion the royal party was reported invisible, and the march of the hunters was resumed along the cart road for a mile in a south easterly direction—scouts being dispatched from time to time, to man the trees most convenient for reconnoitring the ravines in which the prey had often been discovered, and where it was again believed to have retreated—and a similar number of men had from the first dawn of day watched the ravines which intersect the country between the present position and the Nerbuddah. The horses and attendants being stationed under a suitable tree, and Hyder having received his freight, descended into a ravine at a spot where it diverges into two branches, each of which had witnessed successful encounters with the feline race when this party lacked the assistance of the stalwart slave, Hyder.

A moment to the memory of scenes, indelibly printed on the recollections of each who, side by side had sought, found and slain—the charging tiger—

“ Juvat ire,

*Desertos que videre locos, litusque relictum*

*Hic acie certare solebant.”*

Tracked by her blood and by traces of frequent falls, from where she had received the contents of both barrels from the almost unerring weapon of one of the present party—a large tigress had been discovered prostrate in the bed of the southern branch of this ravine. Fortunately for the pursuers, who had followed through the tangled thickets, accessible to men only in a crouching attitude, and entered by each of the party with finger on trigger, or with bare blade in hand, death had followed quicker than they, upon the track of the wounded victim. Though the country for miles round had been searched for traces of the other three tigers, (one of whom had been shot through the body) weariness and night closed that day's labour, without another adventure.

The eastern branch of the same ravine, had, (after an interval of six days from the last mentioned event,) been the scene of as magnificent a charge for the tiger, when at bay—as man ever saw and lived !

Three tigers, roused from slumber had been driven up the ravine, receiving on their passage divers missiles from the hunters, near or under whose positions they had passed and repeatedly had the party overtaken on foot, and overthrown by well-directed but not fatal volleys, the largest of the brindled family; when on descending into the flat space between these two water-courses, the animal which had been wounded on the former expedition, was discovered under a baubul tree upon the high bank of the eastern branch, watching with eager attitude and glaring eyes the march of its enemies. Rapidly "in a dark stern ring" the leading Bheels closed round the gun-armed three, as they all advanced steadily up to the tiger's position. On their right with bare blade in hand, stood the blue-eyed Lucmuneah, on the left the determined figure of Koopliah ranged with the Europeans. The tiger rose slowly to his feet—leaped down, with a roar across the water-course, and blind with rage and terror alighted upon, or rather against a strong thorny stem of a shrub (upon which, an inspection after the finale, showed the blood still fresh, and by which one of the tiger's eyes was nearly taken out). Then with open mouth and with redoubled roar, half-drowned in the clash of swords and shields and the yells of the rest of the natives who rushed tumultuously down the steep banks to the rescue, he had raised himself upon his hind legs for a second spring, when a volley from the party hurled him to the ground, where, having ploughed up the sand with his head, within three feet of the line, he rolled over into a dense thicket, and was declared to be defunct.

"Hoc olim meminisse juvabit."

After a moment's inspection of this scene—the elephant proceeded slowly down the ravine, and had advanced as near the junction with the river as the thicket, beneath which the brindled monsters, heretofore, passed the day. Hyder had once needlessly alarmed his freight, with his peculiar warning cry, as a large tiger-cat sprung to her feet from beneath his trunk and escaped unmolested, when from beneath a bush, scarce cover for a hare, a large tiger rose and escaped amid a volley of which not one buffet was audibly acknowledged.

Accurately marked down by the scouts and by their silent telegraphic gestures indicated to the hunters—he was again disturbed upon a bare hill side and was repeatedly wounded and once overthrown as he ascended and disappeared over the hill-top. Great was the *indignation of Hyder!* so many shots, without visible effect. Following in the direct line of pursuit, two or three carts crowded with women and children apparently on a matrimonial expedition were discovered—shouts and gesticula-

tions were useless. With the usual indifference to all casualties evinced by Hindoos—they held on their way and fortunately did not disturb the now dangerous chase.

Near its junction with the Nerbuddah, the bed of the tributary stream is thickly covered over half its breadth by high tamarisk or bastard cypress—and through this, the most probable retreat of the wounded tiger, Hyder was slowly forcing his way when from the thickest position up sprung the tiger with a fierce yell, apparently from between the feet of the mighty slave, who falling back upon his hind knees, from alarm, anger, or from the ground giving way beneath him—so discomfited his freight—that each man holding on with all his ingenuity to preserve himself and his weapons, was constrained to admire the unmolested retreat of the enemy, slow dragging his bleeding carcass up the precipitate bank, within three or four yards of the howdah.

After twice exploring the bushes which fringed the sides of a deep ravine immediately in the rear of the bank scaled by the tiger and after summoning the most active of the Bheels to search, the footsteps were distinctly visible in a deep and narrow ravine branching to the eastward, and every footman having been ordered to retreat, Hyder advanced up the narrow way.

Slow rising to his feet, with snarling countenance, within twenty feet of the paces of the occupants of the howdah, and perhaps six above their heads, apparently in act to spring, the tiger was discovered on the right hand. To see, to fire a volley, and to perceive the enemy fall helpless and silent behind the ridge on which he had crouched, was the work of a few seconds, and while Hyder was being backed with considerable ingenuity out of the narrow path, a peon, who had often before and has often since taken a prominent part in these sports, appeared upon the bank, and with elated voice and figure still trembling with excitement related, how the tiger as he rolled and stumbled into the cypress had narrowly escaped coming in contact with our belted acquaintance.

Then followed as strange and ludicrous a scene as ever diversified the incidents of woodcraft.

The elephant stalked slowly to the front of the cypress thicket to admit an inspection of the premises, when with a frightful roar outsprang the enraged and blood-stained tiger; round spun the startled elephant and followed for a short distance by his panting foe, Hyder fled across the sandy river bed.

No soothing remonstrances of the mahout, no weighty arguments of the hook could overcome the alarm of this hitherto and subsequently undaunted ally. Repeatedly was the attack and retreat executed! Sometimes carrying back bullets in his bleeding carcass; sometimes scatheless from the discomfited array of the

riders on the scared elephant, did the gallant tiger issue from the thicket, follow with low growl and frantic bounds his gigantic fugitive, till faint from loss of blood, sick from many a broken bone, his up-raised tail dangling down half its length, where the vertebræ had been severed by one of the many bullets fired pistol-fashion, at arms length, strength and sight began to fail, each charge became more feeble, more short, and at intervals more prolonged. Still strove the mahout to force his half-frantic slave, nearer to the thicket, where, with deep moans and occasional roars (each of which sent the once undaunted Hyder "to the right about,") the gallant tiger gasped out his life.

Sticks, stones, and every missile from the hands of the villagers assembled on the high banks, firebrands quenched by the greenness of the cypress, every effort to induce a change of position had failed, when the head protruded to draw the last few gasps of life in purer air, afforded one fair aim for rifle shot and the long contested field was won.

Another week had elapsed—two of the party met about the evening at a village, some thirty miles south of the scene of the last affairs, and next morning became aware of the fact that a large tiger had patrolled the village and the camp, and doubtless finding no attainable meal, had proceeded to a neighbouring village, and there killed with one pat of his jaw (for except a small orifice in the neck, no outward signs of a wound were found)—a full grown, well fed cow, after leaping a thorn fence at least seven feet high, where the *ground* bore evident marks of his spring and the *fence* none of his having broken through: another carcase was near, of a mighty buffaloe whose scarred hide and wounded plight "bore token of a stubborn fight."

The former carcase—too sacred for the food of the starving Hindu was designed as a lure to the fasting tiger, and the latter was speedily disposed of by the Bheels.

The carcase of the cow was dragged to a conveniently retired spot and men watched through the whole day, but in vain. The destroyer did not return. Towards evening the fresh footsteps of three tigers were seen round a pool of clear water not far from the village in a ravine, pronounced impassable to the elephant. A line of men formed upon the high banks and the gun-armed party marched through the tangled shrubs which closed in dark foliage over their heads up the ravine. Plain and still moist with water, the footsteps were tracked—each minute appeared an hour of anxious suspense, every bush became an object of minute scrutiny—in vain. The tigers had not loitered and the approach of evening rendered their having halted in the vicinity improbable. The line was then directed to proceed rapidly to a few likely ravines which having been drawn blank, the European party

cantered over to a well known village on the banks of the Taptee, after leaving a trusty peon to bring on any intelligence of the return of the tigers.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun had already accomplished one-fourth of his daily course. A very feeble breeze at increasing intervals and with fainter effect stirred the drooping leaves—all nature exhibited the overpowering influence of the fiery heat—for the last day of May 1840 had brought with it that breathless pause which precedes the bursting of the monsoon in the valley of the Taptee. Clouds, collected heavily on the horizon dimmed not the meridian glare. The sickening heat, unrelieved by steady blasts even from the fiery N. E.—the blinding glare from the barren soil and the uninteresting aspect of the country whence all verdure had long withered, and every blade of grass or wreath of dry leaves been destroyed by the fires which alone render these pestiferous tracks endurable by removing in February and March, the rank and profuse vegetation—consequent on heavier and more continued falls of rain than usually visit the more open plains of Guzerat—all these inflictions had been endured for the two preceding days under the nominal shelter of a pole-less tent and the meagre shade of baubul trees, till further protraction of such an existence was regarded by both the Europeans, as the *ne plus ultra* of those privations which characterize the labours of eastern woodcraft.

Heat, glare and thirst, the feverish influence of the fiery N. E. wind, or the sickening effect of a breathless calm were all forgotten in the well authenticated information of three tigers marked down in the vicinity by two stalwart brothers, long known as most determined hunters. Men who had, unaided by other weapons, destroyed the tiger with their own good swords on more than one occasion, and of whom, one had been released from the prison of a neighbouring independant potentate on his verbal promise to return, Regulus-like, to captivity—when this, his present adventure should be concluded.

\* \* \* \* \*

Within a mile from the tent the horses and attendants were posted under a huge burr tree whose higher branches commanded a view of the whole area of the anticipated fray. A conical, stony hill, uncleared from the tangled covering of brush-wood and thorns, usually consumed by the annual fires presents, from the three cart roads, that skirt its triangular base to the grey stone which crowns the summit—one impervious mass of thorny bushes and tangled parasites clustering upon stems of loftier growth.

The three roads are carefully inspected as far as the conjunction at the eastern extremity beyond which lay the river—and the game is reported to be harboured in the intermediate space. Nearly one hour of silent search upon the densely wooded slope has elapsed—impervious to the eyes of the Bheels—for more than six yards round the bushes spread up to the howdah-pad.

With outstretched paws—with arched loins and gaping mouth slow rising as from sleep—unconscious of danger—unruffled by rage—a remarkably dark striped, sleek and elegantly formed tigress, is distinctly, apparent—and has as rapidly disappeared upon the discharge of two barrels from the howdah.

A few minutes afforded time to reload and to ascertain by a telegraphic correspondence with the scouts upon the highest trees beyond each of the roads, that the game had not left the hill side.

With upraised trunk, with wary tread, our huge ally forces his resistless way through the bushes, and with the usual shrill cry, Hyder has warned the hunters and roused the game, which, with a heavy fall and stifled groan, answered the pealing volley by rolling some short space down the steep descent towards the east, before she again disappeared once more: in the darkest corner of this dense covert was the victim seen to rise feebly to her feet and fall silently before a double discharge of bullets. The reluctant elephant was driven into the thicket, wheeled round and every bush was subjected to a careful scrutiny, but from that moment no trace to indicate the death or the escape of the victim was found. An hour and another were passed in anxious search, each moment increased the nervous excitement of old Hyder, who seemed vaguely conscious of the presence of his foe, but as incapable as his riders of ascertaining her demise.

The water in the skin\* is exhausted. The mahout, unexcited by the sport or out-wearied by the length of his labour, by the heat, and the precipitate difficulties of the ground declares himself unable to guide his charge and a brief relaxation, for all, is sought under the shade of the vast burr tree.

A messenger dispatched to the river for water, had returned aghast with horror and with empty vessel to explain, that the watering place was pre-occupied by a monstrous tiger—whose presence he had avoided with breathless haste, and the description of whose visage convinced the party, that the *white tiger of Nowagam* had been at last found!!

The shadows were lengthening towards the east. The heat was perceptibly abated, clouds were gathering from the N. E.,

\* The skin is here called "Chagul," and is better for many reasons than the porous earthen vessels known as "Coojah," for expeditions like these.



when the elephant was directed towards the river by the road which skirted the southern side of the hill—on which the last unsuccessful encounter had occurred.

Distant perhaps, 300 yards from the elephant, and slowly advancing up the ridge between the cart-ruts, a huge tiger was plainly visible by the younger European and pale, as from age, the stripes upon his fuscous hide are scarcely visible; his bulk is enormous, the width of his ample visage is marked by the stiff white bristles of his moustache, and his tawny muzzle is carried low as if hunting by scent.

For a few seconds he has assumed an attitude of attention, gazing fixedly towards the elephant and plainly visible to both the occupants of the howdah—he has left the cart-rut and crouching from bush to bush, has taken up a position with his huge white face resting on his massy paws—perhaps at 140 yards distance to the right.

Cool, as when on a well remembered trial of skill, three successive shots shaved off the upper halves of as many eggs half buried in an earthen pot—at 100 yards distance, the elder European levelled his unerring rifle and fairly was the bullet found to have struck between the eyes, and passing round the massive muscles of the brow, to have lodged upon the spine behind the shoulders.

For a few seconds the tiger lay prostrate—rolling over on his back he slowly raised himself and with head drooping to the ground proceeded with low moan and tottering gait towards the south side of the hill, and cautiously did the elephant, much too slow for the impatience of his riders, climb the steep rocks.

The watchers on the trees point forward—still onwards. The northern road is reached by the staggering victim, who turned by the well concerted efforts of the Bheels, proceeds towards the burr, where clapping of hands and clash of sword and shield, again force him to retreat: crashing through the bushes, perhaps eighty yards to the front of the elephant, he is distinctly heard approaching a small open space on the hill-top; at a preconcerted signal, four bullets fly against his side and rolling instantaneously down the declivity to the southern road, is signified by the eager watchers to have breathed his last.

By the fast fading light of a clouded sunset, the tiger is seen stretched upon the open road, and Hyder rapidly advancing with the manifest intent to trample on his prostrate carcase is with some difficulty restrained; while a small pea rifle is discharged to ascertain the state of the cast.

Springing to his feet, as if unhurt, the grim and bleeding monster galloped forward a few paces, leapt a narrow ravine and

sunk down in a thick bush: after a brief pause Hyder is permitted to advance, when with a startling roar and frantic bounds the tiger left his lair, faced boldly and unchecked an irregular volley from the howdah: although panting with his vast efforts and sightless from the flow of blood, he followed for a few paces the precipitate retreat of the terrified elephant, who, when he perceived that his exhausted pursuer had again sunk upon the ground, wheeled as rapidly to pursue as he had to retreat, and to the infinite dismay of his riders, one of whose guns was swept from the howdah by a branch of a tree, fairly "laid in" at a gallop upon the chase. To gather up as many guns as could be clutched, to stow away their persons in the smallest possible compass and to wait with resignation for the shock of the enraged slave upon the prostrate tiger was a moment's work. Either the energetic stabs of the *ankoose* upon his bleeding head on the depth of the ravine damped his ardour and recalled his discretion—for Hyder halted on the edge of the ravine, immoveable as a statue, and each man springing to his feet poured in a broadside, while the victim rolled off the opposite bank without a struggle!!

To remove the excited elephant to a safe distance, to scramble down from his back and to hurry to inspect the well earned spoils, while yet day-light remained, were movements soon executed.

A most refreshing shower of rain resuscitated all but the tiger, although once more an attempt to ascertain his identity by a rude and ill-timed seizure of his royal person, was resented by a growl, and by an unlifted paw—yet a bullet through the head brought the brains bubbling to the surface of the skin, "making assurance doubly sure." The efforts of eight wiry-looking Bheels dragged him into the open, and the horses having been brought, the elated hunters cantered merrily to the tent, whence a cart was dispatched for the trophy, and loud and long into the night were heard voices and exulting exclamations from the whole of the villagers as they gazed in amazement upon the massive proportions of the grim and ghostly monarch, "the white tiger of Nowagam."\*

The peculiar behaviour of old Hyder throughout the brief campaign was fully explained by his subsequent conduct upon his return to his owner's palace.

\* The white tiger of Nowagam, measured from the muzzle to the top of his tail twelve feet five inches, and his immense obesity and the very faint colour of the black stripes had gained him the name by which he had been known in that neighbourhood for five seasons.

The next morning, the two friends parted in opposite directions each to his own office and of the stirring incidents of those days, nought now perhaps remains but recollections—revived by the narration of

THE STRANGER.

## ODE TO THE INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

(*A Paraphrastic Imitation of Hor. Lib. 1. Carmen i.*)

Thou tendril of a Star so bright  
 Who art my quarterly delight !  
 There are a few who love to raise  
 The dust in tandems, and to graze  
 The naves of unoffending wheels,  
 Whose owners shriek in piercing peals :  
 They think that such a knowing feat  
 Will give them 'mong the Gods a seat ;  
 And nothing makes them a half so proud,  
 As when " a smash " collects a crowd.  
 One thinks to hold some " Agra shares,"  
 Soothes down all other earthly cares :  
 Another, " single blessedness"  
 Praises, until he needs confess,  
 To tie the matrimonial knot  
 Was ever destined in his lot.  
 Some like to sit throughout the day  
 Deep drinking with companions gay  
 What Bacchus sent upon the earth  
 To be enjoyed in wanton Mirth :  
 Others prefer to feel the breeze,  
 At Picnic Parties under trees ;  
 Conversing with a beauteous host,  
 Whose charms become the gen'ral toast—

The clanging trumpets, and the camp,  
The squadrons, and the footmen's tramp  
Delight the many, and grim War  
So fear'd by wives, who dwell afar,  
Wafts to the glowing hero's eyes  
The prospect of sweet honour's prize,  
With prospects of another matter  
The more substantial twelve months' batta—  
To shoot the swiftly flying bird,  
To face the elephantine herd,  
To drive the tiger from his lair,  
To strive in combat with the bear,  
Or, to transfix the bristly boar  
Or angle by the torrent's roar,  
Give pleasure to a motley crowd,  
Who talk of sport in phrases loud,  
Nor fear Apollo's fiercest heat  
While they the marshy jungles beat.  
But me, my Patron ! you will raise  
Above the sphere of worldly praise,  
If you but listen to my song  
And keep me from the vulgar throng  
Of doggrel-rhyming Sonnetteers,  
Who mope o'er " Miseries " and " Tears "—  
My Pegasus is strong in flight :  
I'll sing of thee, my great delight ! !

G. R. P. B.

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## AMUSEMENT TO BE FOUND IN A TRIP TO THE BHURTPORE TERRITORY.

LADIES at Agra, Delhi, Meerut, &c. &c. (to you I address myself first as in duty bound,) if tired of the insipid monotony of a cantonment life induce your friends to take you to Govindhun Deeig, Kumair, Bhurtpore. At each of these places, distant from each other an easy march, the Rajah Bulwunt Sing has a palace and assigns apartments to visitors. All these places are well worth visiting, but Deeig is my favourite: here are four palaces, one on each side of the quadrangle, the intervening space is a large garden well supplied with fountains and teeming with flowers, orange trees, and the water is supplied from a large clean tank surrounded with trees, under the shade of which the fisherman plies his vocation. During the season, no native is allowed to fish, so that every gentleman, sportsman or not, should be furnished with a rod. It is usual only to make the fountains play when the Rajah is residing there, but I believe the chobdar will fill them if requested, not however I suspect without a considerable demand on the purse. Rising early in the morning and proceeding west of Deeig the hills look very enticing for a ramble. Herds of antelope are seen, skipping about and chasing each other at a speed which no other animal can equal except the cheeta. Here and there may be seen two beautiful coal-black bucks fighting for their loves, like the knights of the chivalrous ages, with heads nearly touching the ground and nostrils extended—they see nothing but their rival and often when thus engaged, fall victims to the cruelty of the sportsman. At Bhurtpore the apartments assigned to visitors are delightfully situated, commanding an extensive view of several miles. Beneath is a large forest of trees, extending to a fine piece of water called the Mootee (Pearl) Jheel and forming a very pretty landscape. Immediately under your window are thousands of pigeons of many varieties, and a pleasing sight it is to watch their antics and the beauty of their plumage. A finer collection I never wish to see. The Rajah provides elephants, cheetas, tame antelope for catching the wild, and does everything polite that a native Prince can do to make his visitors pass their time agreeably. I say nothing about champagne, hock, &c. &c., as I am writing for the better part of our nature, not for the gross animal man.

After this compliment to the Ladies, I may point out the brightest spots for the sportsman. It is scarcely necessary, however, to do so as game is so abundant that it meets you in the path all the way from Deeig to Bhurtpore, providing

you diverge a little right or left from the road. The best place for antelope is a preserve four miles from Deeg on the Kumair road—there is a tope of trees and a well close by, forming every convenience for encamping: no sportsman ought to be without a tent if he wishes to search the country and make a large bag. I invariably move two or three miles every third or fourth day, by this means every place is visited in turn, and the antelope are not so nervous as when harassed in one particular spot. But to return to the preserve. The grass is unfortunately very high. Antelope after antelope escape into it when wounded; dogs are of no use (the grass is cut in December or January and as the khets are also down, magnificent sport will be found at that period,) but notwithstanding a good bag may be made. To give you some idea of the number of antelopes about this preserve, I may mention that on one occasion I estimated the number before me to be not less than 1,000. On the hills west of Deeg and in the plain beneath they are numerous—also three miles west of Kumair there are large herds, but very wild, as the Rajah often pays them a visit. The Rajah's style of sporting is as follows: he causes pits to be made and sits in them protected from view, with tame antelope placed so as to attract their wild brethren; a hanqua is then formed, and the antelope are driven in the direction of the pits—seeing the tame antelope they are not alarmed, and fall an easy prey. At Bhurtpore antelope are numerous at all points of the compass—there are also nilghai and hog, the latter cannot be ridden and appear to be poor specimens of the noble wild boar. The Mootee Jheel must now swarm with coolen and wild duck. In the Motee khets the former bird is always to be found early in the morning—near Deeg they are very numerous and their khurruck, khurruck, may be heard at a great distance, as they arrive at their feeding grounds from the Jumna. Some of your readers will be sorry to hear that the Quaila Jheel is drained and brought into cultivation every cold weather. On the 29th of September snipe swarmed there, and I anticipated splendid shooting during the cold weather, but alas I scarcely knew the place on going there a few days ago. Nothing but a few ducks to be found. Dreadful calamity—hang cultivation—the loss of the snipe makes me melancholy—so I will close with your own emphatic language—Enough.

#### JUMNA.

P. S.—If you will kindly obtain from OLD SKINS the best places for tiger shooting in Oude, also some information regarding shikarries and supplies in that country, and publish the information in the December number, you will oblige one who is going there for sport in March next.

## CALCUTTA HUNT—1845-46.

I OPENED Nos. 5 and 6 of your *Review*, with the firm conviction that I should see in one of them some account of the doings of the Calcutta Hunt during the season 1845-46, but I am sorry to say my hopes were realised. I must then take as my motto "better late than never," and as this is my first contribution to your excellent publication, or indeed to any other, I must, Mr Editor, crave at your hands all allowances, and if you give me due encouragement now, you may look hereafter for better things. I jotted down in my note book a short account of a few of the many excellent days' sport we had last season, merely for my own gratification, without ever thinking that I might hereafter wish to refer to it; so this will account for my very imperfect narration. I trust, however, that by your giving this paper publication renewed ardour will be instilled into the lovers of the chase in Calcutta, and that season 1846-47 will prove equally memorable in the annals of the C. H.

In the month of October a subscription was set on foot and a goodly sum was soon booked. The hounds arrived from the mother country in the beginning of November under the keen eye and careful superintendence of Tom Pitts, our excellent huntsman; they were speedily got into fair condition, and a few private meets in the neighbourhood of Ballygunge gave them the pluck and the wind which proved deadly to so many of the jackal tribe. The great complaint last season was that, though there was a first rate pack, only three or four gentlemen regularly attended its meets; but, Mr Editor, it would have done your heart good to have seen a field of between 30 and 40 strip to their pink and tops at 7 o'clock on a cold morning last January.

The first meet was at *Cox's Bungalow*, and as the men alighted from their buggies and mounted their steeds in the adjoining field, a goodly array of horsemen met our eyes. Tom Pitts on his old English mare—still as stout as steel; B—t on Clem, looking as fresh as ever; L—e on a natty little Arab; the two C—ks on first rate cattle; C—l on Devilskin, and a host of others good men and true. And now to business. We trotted on to several likely looking sugar-canes—three of which we drew blank—but in the fourth the joyful notes of Tamworth and Governor proclaimed a find, and we were all in our stirrups in anticipation of a burster—as we had a fine open country before us. Away we went a devil of a bat for a mile and a half—when the scent not holding we were obliged to give him up. We soon found again in a large patch of grass jungle and ran him a long

way in covert—had then a mile of the open and ran him to ground dead beat after an hour's capital hunting. "Johnny" was however dug out from his retreat and given to the pack—who so richly deserved him. The field were all delighted with this our first morning's sport and after half an hour's fencing—just by way of breaking in our nags to the work,\* we made the best of our way back to the bungalow, and indulged in pleasing anticipations of the future from the present auspicious "opening day."

As the hounds as yet were not quite up to the mark an interval of a week elapsed before the next regular meet, and on *Dec. 13th*, our fixture was again at the far-famed *Cox's Bungalow*, on which morning we had two magnificent runs which will be long remembered by the numerous field who were fortunate enough to be out. Tried the sugar-canes of the preceding day, but drew them all without a whimper, and we began to look about as blank as the coverts themselves. We then took our way towards a large and famous piece of grass jungle, but before we reached it the pack hit on a fresh drag. Now indeed it was with a vengeance "devil take the hindmost," and before anything like a check occurred we had traversed nearly five miles of a very severe country, at racing pace the whole way, and ran into one jackal in the heart of the Gowripore country. After this choker, old Tom thought we had had enough for one day, but most of the field were not yet satisfied—so the hounds were thrown into an adjoining large sugar-cane, from which was unkennelled instanter a fine large fellow. They raced him in view for three quarters of a mile over a level plain; he then gave us a ring round a small covert and after one and a half miles in the open, he beat us by going to ground. The old hands said that they had never witnessed in India a better day's sport than this.

*December 24th.*—The fixture for this morning was Gowripore, but alas, there was not a particle of scent, ground as dry and as hard as a brick—still there was no lack of jackals. We found three in a twinkling, and after some clever manoeuvring on the part of old Tom the hounds were all got on the line of one who gave us a quick thing for a mile, when he was brought us to book in the open only 100 yards from an impenetrable jungle—which he had in vain endeavoured to reach.

*December 29th.*—Again at *Cox's Bungalow*, and though we had not what can be called a good run, there was lots of that music which is so delightful to a true sportsman's ear. In the lat-

\* A practice strongly reprobated by all good sportsmen. "A horse only learns his work properly when following the hounds. To *sky* is to try and spoil a horse, and is a bullying not likely to improve his temper.—A. E.



ter part of the morning had sharp sport with one to ground—but being speedily dislodged Tom sang a requiem over him to the tune of “Tear’m and Eat’m.” Several of our field to-day had the misfortune to jump into a deep tank which certainly looked quite shallow, but souse over head and ears went the unhappy wights, and on emerging from its depths they certainly had a most picturesque appearance.

*December 31st, Dum-Dum.*—Had an excellent day’s sport to end the year—did not find till late in some grass—at the further end of which he was viewed away. The huntsman’s horn soon brought the darlings on his line, and after a glorious scurry of three miles with a burning scent and severe fencing we came to slow hunting in a large jungle. Nevertheless the pack stuck to their jackal with most praiseworthy perseverance—and finished by running him to ground on the edge of a tank. “The cold water cure” however soon made him “put in an appearance,” and old Ringwood seizing him by the throat, rolled him over into the tank below. The scene was worthy of the pencil of an artist—thirty horsemen standing round the tank and the fourteen couple of hounds breaking up their jackal in the midst of the water.

*January 3d, Dum-Dum.*—There was a ball here the night before—given by the Artillery—at which we were lucky enough to have been present—and after a snooze of a couple of hours in an arm chair we doffed our evening costume and donned our scarlet toggery—just arriving in good time at the “large tree”—no scent—so no sport worth recording—we ran a jackal to and fro between two jungles for an hour and a half—but could make but little of it. This was unlucky, as it was the last day that the Dum-Dum men were out, nearly all of them having been ordered up post haste to join the army of the Sutledge: so we were obliged to bid good bye to the good humoured face of Lieut. B—h and to many others who were regular attendants of the Hunt.

*January 14th.*—Gurrah Haut—large field out—hit on a drag the moment we crossed the road, and went merrily away for half a mile—when it was hold hard!—our jackal having at first slipped too far ahead: found again in a grass covert, and had an hour’s slow hunting: at 8½ o’clock the sun getting warm we turned our horses’ heads to home.

Such, Mr. Editor, are a few of the many capital days we enjoyed last season with the Calcutta Hounds. In fact we never missed having a good gallop—for if the scent did not hold, the hounds went earlier home than usual, and we took to fencing; and though many were the *spills* that took place no very serious accident occurred with the exception of one at Gur-





riah Haut on the 14th January, when Mr. De S——s had the misfortune to break his collar bone.

All praise is due to our excellent huntsman for the manner in which he conducted everything, proving that though his hairs are grey with age, his zeal in the noble science is not diminished. There was some talk at the close of last season of trying the experiment of hunting deer instead of jackals. Be this as it may, I sincerely hope to hear (although not likely to return to Calcutta for many a day) that the City of Palaces still boasts its Hunt in each succeeding year.

FLOREAT.

August, 1846.

## SPORTING MEMO.

*"A leopard killed one of my cows last night"* was the information given to me by an old ryot, who represented himself as a resident of a village about three miles from my camp, in the beginning of the month of June of the present year. I thanked him for having let me know, and inquired the particulars. It proved that the leopard had got into the man's court-yard and there made free with his beef, and as the beast had not been allowed time to make a comfortable supper, but had been inhospitably driven off, it was most probable that he would return that night to finish his repast: I therefore determined to go and sit up for him. When a tiger or leopard kills a bullock in the jungle or fields he generally comes at sunset to enjoy his food, but when a beast is killed in a village, as this was, the animal never returns until after dark, indeed until the village is quiet. I therefore got into my palquee about 8 o'clock and reached the scene of action about 9 P. M. The carcass of the cow was shewn to me, and the marks of teeth and claws gave conclusive evidence as to the manner in which it had come by its death. There was an empty house within about twelve yards of the cow, and in this I ensconced myself, cutting a hole in the mud-wall about a foot square; my guns resting against the wall inside, and a light placed in an earthen ghurra hanging against the wall outside, and so contrived that it shewed a glimmering light on the carcass of the cow. The night was so dark and the light afforded by the "*cherag*" so faint, that if I had not known where the carcass was lying I might have watched in vain either to discover it or the approach of any animal towards it. Silent as death and equally

watchful for my game I took my stand, peering through the loop-hole until my eyes felt larger than their sockets: every now and then fancy conjured up sounds and appearances which redoubled my anxiety, and often did I cock and uncock my gun when I heard or saw aught that betokened the approach of the wished-for prize. At about ten o'clock, I distinctly heard the beast coming, and presently some moving object came within the influence of my *putent reflecting lanthorn*. Without loss of time I took the best aim I could and let fly, the beast fell but no roar followed, nothing was heard but a sharp cry something between a bleat of a sheep and the yelp of a pariah dog: out I came and carefully approached the beast when the reader will judge of my disgust on finding that I had bagged a wretched jackal. The report of the gun brought my people from where I had left them with the palquee, and I have no doubt they all had a hearty laugh at the result of my mighty preparations and long watch. The people of the village however comforted me by saying, that the leopard might still come if I had patience to wait an hour or two longer; whereupon I determined to try my luck again, and sending the fellows back to the palquee, I placed the jackal on the cow and again took up my position, my mind made up to fire at any janwar that came even at the risk of defiling myself with the blood of another jackal or pariah dog. At about 1 o'clock A. M., my patience was rewarded by the sound of an animal advancing from the front, and in a few moments the carcase was seized in an unmistakeable manner by some beast, but the wretched light had become still more feeble and dull, and I could form no notion of the size, colour or nature of the intruder: however I saw something and that was enough, and not without certain misgivings of conscience as to what shikar I should bag I fired, and all my doubts and fears were dispelled. The musical tones of the roar showed that I had made no mistake this time, and again rushing out I favoured him with the other barrel: and found I had vanquished a decent sized leopard; the jackal was laying at a distance of six feet from the cow, and must have been struck away by the leopard when the latter found him apparently engaged in demolishing the supper he had prepared for himself.

I wish I had anything worthy of filling a page in your *Review*, but for some months past the season has been against all sport. About a month back I got notice of a bear being in a small jungle about four miles from the station. I summoned all the sportsmen of the place, but only two responded to the call, G——n and G——e. On reaching the ground we took up our posts, G——n on the right, G——e in the centre, and I on the left. The puttra or low brush-wood jungle did not take long to beat, and the old bear made his appearance within some 30 or 35 yards of G——e, who





got several shots at him without however succeeding in bringing him over, one ball appeared to have struck him: outside the puttra was a meidan of 300 or 350 yards across, and beyond it a small hill covered with puttra: between the bear and the small hill there were sowars stationed, and they, as they had been instructed, endeavoured to turn the bear back to us, but bruin objected and charged the sowars most gallantly, seizing a horse and dismounting one of the riders, fortunately for the latter the bear did not perceive him fall, but dashed on at another sowar and putting him to flight reached the hill in safety, and we lost sight of him: beyond the small hill there was another meidan and then came the large jungle, which if once reached by the bear would have extinguished every hope of our cultivating a further acquaintance with him. G——e and I therefore made all haste to cross and meet him; G——e going right up the hill, while I, having a better knowledge of the geography of the place crossed on the left. G——e fell in with the bear in the jungle and was *on him*, that is within a yard of him, before he was aware of it, the consequence was that he fired without putting his gun to his shoulder, and the bear got away from him. On leaving G——e the bear very obligingly came straight to me, and commenced his start for the large jungle, darting at a sowar who was in his path, I fortunately hit him behind the shoulder before he reached the sowar; he turned over but recovered himself quickly when I gave him another about the ear, and my dogs seized him; seeing however that he still had strength to have cut them, I gave him his *quietus*: while we were putting him on one of the elephants, a man came running up to report another bear in a puttra about a mile off. We started and again took up our positions in the same order as before: the bear presently shewed himself, but at a long distance. G——n fired two or three balls at him, but he was too far—he took back, and then began an exceedingly pretty chase: the bear started for the puttra from which we had bagged the first bear; in order to reach this he had to cross upwards of a mile of open ground and we had a capital view of the tomasha: he was accompanied by three or four sowars, who occasionally cut at him with their swords; one man only contrived to wound him slightly; the sowars were not to blame, for it is difficult to get a horse close up to a bear. The sowars did the best thing they could: they went ahead when close to the puttra, and placed themselves so as to be able to shew us, when we came up, what part of the puttra the bear had selected: we again took up our stations and the beaters were put in; in a very few minutes old bruin, who had got cross from having been so bullied \*charged out gallantly on me. I was standing about five yards outside the puttra in a small bush, and had as pleasant a shot as could be desired, my first ball brought



him over and before I could fire the second barrel, one of my dogs, by name Bully, rushed past me and seized the beast by the throat, on which the bear shewed his love for Bully by hugging him most affectionately—this I could not afford—so I gave him a couple more, when he dropped the dog and gave up the ghost as a respectable bear ought: so ended our day's sport.

A tiger had stopped one of the high-roads about fifty miles from the station, and had killed a great number of people, some said 84 (!) within the last six months; G——n, G——e and I went out last month and spent a week in waiting for the man-eater, but he was too cunning for us, and we returned without having seen more of him than his foot-prints, sadly disappointed in having done nothing worthy of being recorded in the pages of the *Review*.

JUNGLEE.

MORUSSAIL, 7th September, 1846.

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## URSUS THE FIRST.

Perhaps, Mr Editor, the when and how my first bruin met his death may find a vacant corner in the *Review*. During the hot weather of last year, an enterprising village shikaree brought me in authentic information that a bear had been tracked by his (the shikaree's not bruin's) comrades to his lair among a dense cluster of rocks. The villager moreover declared, by all his gods, that bruin was at that present speaking still snoozing the weary hours of noon away. No time was to be lost, so instantly mounting my nag I gave the order for march. A smart jog-trot keeping the infantry at a run the while, brought me in about an hour to the promised scene of action. The jungle was rather low, but tremendously thick; though dry and time-worn. Rocks of all shapes and dimensions, reared their grey forms around. In a den formed by a collection of these, perhaps, antediluvian relics, was, so the shikaree told me, bruin lulled in fatal security. Here had he made his stronghold. I could easily have had a running shot, by placing myself at or near the mouth of his hole, for he might have been driven out by stones, &c. &c. thrown in from above, but I confess, that, being new to this kind of work, I did not trust my own powers sufficiently to hope to bag bruin by a snap shot; so I determined on doing monkey, for the *nones*, (as old Chaucer hath it,) get over him, and so take him at an advantage, which proceeding would give me the further benefit of a POT shot. Quickly, then, disen-

cumbering myself of my thick shooting shoes, I commenced with the assistance of a villager, the ascent, and at last drawing a long breath, stood, triumphant already in imagination, over the bull's-eye-like aperture that let light into the bear's secluded castle. Straining my eyes to their utmost, I at length perceived a dark mass coiled up in the extreme corner of the cave. Present, fire! was the word, when instantaneously with a—dhoo—dhoo—out rushed some 30 feet beneath us the object of my search; evidently under the disadvantage of a bullet-hole clean through his unwieldy carcase. I again pulled at him, but I fancy missed, and he was immediately lost to view in the surrounding jungle. I thought he was lost but the shikarees declared he was hard hit,—I hoped so for my own credit—and could not go far; so down after him, and go it ye cripples was the word. Donning, as quickly as I had before doffed my *Stunts*, I started in pursuit—before he had gone half a mile, we came up with the chase, who had regularly winded himself by his unusual exertions. Another dose of lead administered within fifteen yards, served only as a spur to further efforts, and off he was again. This bolt, however, was fated to be his last. He retreated to another den about a mile from the spot where the action commenced, whither he was marked down by the scouts whom I had stationed on rocks about. After a short search the entrance to his new habitat was discovered; another volley into him satisfactorily proved his demise—his shaggy carcase was then lugged out for inspection, and the chase appeared to be a *she* bear and not a he, as I have been styling the animal throughout this eventful tale.

I see in the communication by JUNGLEE, published in the VI. No., that he doubts KATEE's assertion in No. V., that the bison of Southern India and the gour of Hindostan are the same animal. I have been at the killing of the bison, and can certainly add my verdict to KATEE's on the subject. JUNGLEE's drawings of the bull bison are the thing (or animal) itself; but I must say that I think KATEE has made a mistake about the footmarks. I never saw a bison's footmark like a plate; on the contrary as JUNGLEE observes, it resembles a large sambur's more than anything else I know:—it is not at all like the mark of the buffalo. If JUNGLEE would read VERDERER's description and *measurements* of four bison, which he shot in the Deccan, which account appeared in the *Bengal Sporting Magazine* for April 1842, he would see at once that the bison of South and the gour of North India, are identical.

• URSINE.

## SPORTING GALLERY.—No. VIII.

## DR. SAWERS.

We have here—if not the Father of the Indian Turf—a worthy member of it, who has been an owner and breeder and runner of horses for no less a period than forty-one years! In those days gone there was hardly a thorough-bred mare to be found in the market, and the first of fine blood that came into Dr. Sawyer's possession was a Dukhene, purchased on the banks of the Sutlej of the late Colonel Skinner towards the end of 1805 or beginning of 1806. She was taken from the enemy at the battle of Afsulgurh, her rider, a Mahratta Chief, having been killed in the action. She was subsequently sent to Bareilly with a Junglee mare to be covered by the English horse Pepper Jacket, the property of Mr Thornhill, the Judge of that station, but unfortunately received some severe injuries and died shortly after. The Junglee never had a colt that turned out badly. We note these two Mares, because with them the worthy Doctor began his career as a breeder. In 1808 he had the good fortune to get possession of Janet, an Arab mare, from whom are descended the celebrated mares Fair Salopian, Shropshire Lass, and Polyphema. The following English horses have been imported by, or the property of, Dr Sawers: Skirmish, Shakespear, Johnny, Caractacus, Hajji Baba, Vanguard, Emblem, Emancipation, Nettleham Lass, Gipsy, and Harriet. From the Cape: Tumbler, Farmer John, Skipper and Clown. The list of Arabs that have been in his Stable includes Sinner, Quack, Bustard, Roostum, Stride, Snowball, Alfred, Odds Bobs, Vizier, Jessamine, Edway, Sans Souci, Satrap, Kouli Khan, Star, Sinbad, Jerry, Corremonie, Historian, Loch Litter, Silver Tail, Span, Bravo and Selim. We come now to Country-breds and we find Hoomayon, Hamida, Haidee, Hamlet, Ningpo, Formosa, Young Emblem, Begum, Zebjehan, Spinning Jenny, Musquito, Figleaf, Laurelleaf, Dimple, Fair Salopian, Barbara, Charlotte, Leander, Morgiana, Granadilla, Brenda, Gaylass, Annette Lyle, Puzzle, Jonathan Wild, Victoria, Cloe, Jack Shephard, Leonora, Lath, Elizabeth, Young Harriet (dam of Hoomayon), Fanny, Fenella, Young Sweetlips, Tell Tale, Thisby, Figziz, Eaglet, Sir Joshua, Helen *alias* Beauty, Rover, Flora, and Queen Mab.

Dr Sawers has not, we believe, been generally successful on the Turf, yet he can grace his board with a dozen cups: two of them the "Begum" and "Hoomayon" he won twice. But breeding has been his chief, as it was his first, amusement and we wish him fortunate years of it in old England, whither he is now proceeding, taking with him the Arab Selim to try his fortune for the Goodwood Cup!

A. E.





## SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

## No. II.

" As soon as the word tiger left his lips  
 Each man began his budget to unfold  
 And tell of all his tiger-shooting trips ;  
 The gay, the raffe, the young, and eke the old—  
 For all in India at sport are bold.  
 One tells how oft he's spear'd the bristly boar  
 And how he in the muddy nullah roll'd ;  
 Another swears that he with ease can floor  
 His tigers right and left, out-roaring tigers roar."

EARLY in March of the last year but one of the rule of Auckland the Governor, an invitation was sent me by a friend to meet a party of sportsmen at his house. This was gladly accepted by me, not then being very busy. My horses were accordingly despatched to the house of another friend half way, whither I proceeded by water, intending to ride the remainder of the journey. It, however, happened that there was a delay in starting, and I did not reach the half-way house till long after sunset, and then found my friend with a party of five just sitting down to dinner. It was not very difficult to induce me to stay, and my boots were soon deposited under his hospitable toon. The glass and song went round freely, and towards midnight feeling myself refreshed, I ordered my horse to ride on, although my friends endeavoured to dissuade me attempting any thing so rash. However, "when the wine is in the wit is out," and all exhortations proved useless. My saees went forward to secure the ferry boat, there being about seven miles ahead a river to cross. What circumstances occurred during the night after my departure have left my memory, but at day break the following morning I found myself lying in a field, my horse quietly grazing near me—as old Will Shakspeare hath it, "Oh ! that man should put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains." The cool morning air, a sharp canter up to the river, and the administration of some of that "invaluable medicine, which the Doctors call *aqua pure*, soon restored my obfuscated senses. As we were crossing I was forcibly reminded of a letter, a certain unsophisticated Dutchman who was travelling in England in days of yore, before the time of Mynheer Van Dunck, wrote to his friends from Abingdon. He had been visiting Oxford and apparently had been well entertained by some convivial Masters and

Bachelors, for after describing some of the churches and colleges, he says, "*est modus bibendi apud Anglios quem vocant, 'once again,' quem me fecit pernoctare in Bagley wood.*" Bagley wood for the information of those who know not that part of the country, is a wilderness or jungle through which the road from Oxford to Abingdon runs. This wood used to be celebrated for nuts, very large green snakes, the wild honeysuckle and Paphians.

Shortly after getting across one Edward Davis hove in sight steering for the same destination as myself; when our first greetings were over, he proposed we should call at an Indigo Factory a little out of our road, get some breakfast and then ride on: on reaching it we found the proprietor gone to look after a school he had set up in a neighbouring village, so instead of leaving cards, by way of compliment, we wrote with a piece of chalk on his table, the old schoolboy saying "*Jupiter quem odit facit pædagogum.*" On reaching Dowlutgunge our host came into the verandah to meet us, and with a sorrowful countenance told us that three other men he had invited had sent excuses; this not a little rejoiced me, as a large shooting party is an abomination, there being generally in addition to the great flow of animal spirits caused by a number meeting, a very great increase in the flow of vegetable spirits, and then guns are not alway pointed in the proper direction. In the afternoon we went to the borders of a neighbouring bheel and shot a few snipe; the next morning we went in search of a tiger reported to be luxuriating on the bullocks of some unfortunate ryotts about seven miles off; the elephants were sent on over night that we might have them fresh the following day. On reaching the village on our nags about 9 A. M., we were shown a large patch of kussia grass within three gun shots of it, probably from twenty to twenty-five beegahs, in which was said to be a tiger. The grass was very high indeed, varying from about ten to fifteen feet, and very thick, and the ground being well trenched or cut up in little water-courses by the overflowing of the river, we feared venturing in, as the elephants could not see their way, and were likely to make false steps when they came to the hollows and ruts in the soft sand. A man is put in an exceedingly awkward situation, if in riding over the country his elephant suddenly puts his foot in an unseen hole two or three feet deep, which is frequently the case when the waters cover the face of the earth, as he does not recover himself quickly like a horse,\* but goes most leisurly to

\* There is a work on Natural History by the Rev. W. Tiler, apparently a student at the Regent's Park and Surrey Zoological Gardens and Woombwell's Menagerie, published in 1839. In writing of the Elephant he naively remarks: "The Elephant

work, assisting himself with his trunk, and slowly moving one leg to a secure position, as you may see a gouty or rheumatic old gentleman changing his position; in the meantime you are helpless, and if you don't hold on like grim death, are likely to taste *aqua distillata* as the Medicos term rain water; but if your hattie should happen to be religiously inclined when drawing a tiger the chances are the tiger draws you unless he be of a be-

is not distinguished for the *elegance* of its form or for the *airy fleetness* of its motions as the horse or antelope; its bulk is too *unwieldy* for such *elegant distinctions*—The Elephant possesses more of the *awful* and *grand* than the *elegant*, more of *majesty* than *agility* in its motions"—Here's information for the world, prettily expressed too—

"As the skin of the elephant would look ridiculous upon an inferior quadruped, so the skin of any other quadruped would look ridiculous upon it." His reverence is a man of consummate observation and penetration.

The reverend gentleman in the preface to his work, which is much too long for insertion here, but is highly edifying, condemns the Editor of, the readers of, and the contributors to the *Sporting Review*, in a heap; they are all worse than "brutal wretches," the "vilest of our race," and he charitably hopes they may soon be compelled to "wander and hide themselves in deserts and in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth." Talking of Fox Hunting, Horse Racing &c., &c., he says "they originated in ignorance of the grossest kind of Natural History and "The darkest minds, the most depraved hearts, the most vicious and abandoned lives are united in support and defence of such enormities." Hark to that, renowned Warren Frith! Hark to that "Lord of unconquered Elepoo!" Listen, thou late noble President of the Tent Club; ponder well, Mister Green, and thou gentle Master Mathew; meditate oh Editor, meditate oh Printer and Printer's Devils of the *Sporting Review*, and last though not least amongst the "depraved, vicious and abandoned crew, *thou strong-minded Tom Pitts*."

A few days since I was attending an Auction at Cook and Co.'s. Dr. Esdaile and myself were standing at the back of the box at the Calcutta Tattersall. The worthy Doctor purchased a pair of ponies, and a book was presented him to sign his name in, which he forthwith did and retired; as soon as he was gone the following conversation took place between the Auctioneer and self:—

T. P. Is that sir, the Dr Esdaile who mesmerises people?

C. Yes that is the gentleman, and I think if he had mesmerised you, he would have got the ponies cheaper.

T. P. Do you really believe sir in mesmerism, I don't?

C. Yes, I do most firmly.

T. P. But I don't understand it, sir.

C. Neither do I, yet I believe.

T. P. But do you really mean to say sir, that he could mesmerise a *strong-minded man like me sir* that was determined not to be mesmerised; I'll bet him ten thousand rupees he can't.



nevolent disposition like the lion, who suffered a certain black chiropodist to experimentalize on his toe—

“ The elephant hath joints but not for courtesy,  
His legs are for necessity, not flexure.”

We being of discreet and *retiring* temperaments determined to hold a council of war, and withdrew to ‘the shade of some trees near the village for the purpose. An old man with a Beelzebub countenance came out to meet us, and when he heard our story, laughed somewhat sarcastically ; but said if the gentlemen would give some money for oil and khoosta, he would soon drive the unbeliever out. Not having any with us we could only promise to pay, as it would have taken a long time to send to the factory for some : to our surprise he said the suhib’s word was sufficient : natives generally requiring to handle the needful before they will do aught for you. In about half an hour some thirty fellows sallied forth from the village, each bearing a long bamboo with gunnce and khoosta tied at one end, and a small hollow one in their cumberbunds containing oil ; and some ten or fifteen fellows with tom-toms and spears. Old Beelzebub desired us to get to leeward and look out sharp. In a very short time the grass began to burn, and the yelling and noise made by the tom-toms was enough to rouse old Vulcan and his nhalbands from their smithy even when “*implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinae,*” (for I suppose they get the good things of this upper world down in their forge in exchange for their ferrum,) but not so the tiger. However, as Davis observed there is “nothing like patience, perseverance and spittle :” we certainly were extremely patient, and the villagers were extremely persevering and the saliva caused by the smoke flowed extremely or *exstreamly* as a youth who is looking over my shoulder suggests. At length a long growl was heard and presently a little kitten, (I suppose tigers being of the genus *Felis*, their produce are called kittens, or it may be tigerlings, as we say ducklings, or it may be “*‘sweet, dear little darling’*” as a young lady was once heard to address a snarling, scratching little animal at the Clifton Zoological Gardens,) ran out of the cover, quickly followed by two others and their mother. Our elephants were placed in a row to the south of the jungle about thirty yards, and standing about thirty yards apart from each other. Edward D. in the centre, Williamson on the right, and myself on the left. Mama after bestowing a hasty affectionate glance at the precious ones, uttered an awful roar which caused much palpitation at my heart, and had she charged me I suspect “*vox faucibus hœsit*” would have been the order of the day ; however, she went straight at Davis and got hold of his elephant’s head : he having only a guddee to ride on was so awkwardly seated that

he could not get a fair shot at her, but he and self pushed up and gave her in a twinkling two broadsides each in her flanks and loins, when she immediately dropped and was unable to rise again, and a couple more balls in the head settled her account. The villagers immediately surrounded us, uttering many expressions of joy and amazement, and a little boy who had got up in a date-tree to see the tumasha, Nicodemus ko moffick, told us there was another lying concealed, and pointed out the spot; a bullet was sent to the place he directed, and the immediate moving of the grass shewed us his whereabouts; again the villagers set to work and soon unearthed him, when he came down on us, but could not make good his charge, receiving six balls before he got within ten yards of the nearest elephant; he then turned tail, "absquotilated" as Sam Slick says, and took to a small nullah, where a native with a spear smote the philistine in his hinder parts whilst soon "his true loves followed arter," but he was nearly *hors de combat* when they reached him, lying under some trees; he, however, had pluck enough to attempt a charge but failed. A ball No. 12, straight in the head as he was advancing and a brace more put in under his arm as he lay on the ground, terminated his miserable career.

The sharp shot dash'd Alp to the ground  
 Ere an eye could view the wound,  
 That crush'd through the brain of the infidel,  
 •Round he spun and down he fell.

He was evidently a dissipated old gentleman as the whitened bones of many an overdriven, overwalloped bullock and unhappy native proved, and as a sly old Mussulman remarked, the soul of a kulin brahmin must have migrated into his reprobate body, for he was the only tiger that had been killed for many miles round for two or three years, whilst many of the softer sex and numerous butchas had been slain yearly—only one of the latter was secured alive, but grief and weaning soon dug its grave. We had the curiosity when the day's sport was over to examine the tigress, to see exactly where she was hit, as balls in the body unless immediately behind the shoulder are not usually very effective. The shot that apparently brought her down was one made of *soldering metal*, No. 17, out of an old Joe, which got well into the vertebræ of the loins—soldering metal if there is not too much tin in it, is the best material for balls for alligators; if the tin preponderates the ball itself does not do so sufficiently, but becomes too light, and then you are not so sure of your aim at a long distance; the ball is also apt to split striking against a hard surface—the soldering metal in England is differently prepared to what is obtainable in this country; here they invariably

put in too much tin, to say nothing of charging too much also, which is decidedly adding insult to injury.

CHUSHMA.

November 1st, 1846.

P. S.—Perhaps some of the readers of the *Sporting Review* learned in Canine Pathology can answer the following query. The latter end of last May a little spaniel dog of mine was bitten by a pariah, and owing to my absence from home, three or four large sores were the consequence. On my return I set to work and soon cured them; he was again slightly scratched by a pariah the latter end of July or beginning of August; between the 5th and 15th of September he several times performed family duty for a female canine, (and she is now in the way I suppose she wished to be,) and September the 22nd died mad. I cannot say he died from hydrophobia, as he would suffer me to pour water down his throat, and would even go and wet his tongue himself, but was unable to swallow without assistance. Will the puppies, should they be born alive, be predisposed to generate madness or hydrophobia? I have not heard of Dr Esdaile trying mesmerism with the human subject in hydrophobia, perhaps he has not had an opportunity, but have no doubt of his succeeding should he ever have one. Strong camphorated brandy, and finely powdered charcoal will cure any sore on any animal; if maggots have formed they must be first destroyed by turpentine—a cloth saturated in the juice of garlic will keep flies from a sore.

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## SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

## No. V.

AFTER passing a few days very pleasantly at Birmingham, I thought it as well to wait a few extra hours and return to London by the same conveyance that brought me from it: so after seeing much to wonder at and admire in the busy manufacturing town, which I had not visited for many years, I found myself one fine cold morning once more seated on the box of the "Regulator," and beside me sat the same knowing hand, with whose quaint notions I had been so much amused; he recognized me immediately, and touching his hat remarked, that it was a fine fresh morning, and expressed a hope that I had enjoyed good health during the time we had been separated. "Fust morning of winter, sir," said he, as we were clattering and rumbling along the frost-hardened road, "the sort of morning, sir, as puts a man in good humour with hisself and every body else about him—as if the river of troubles a rolling about every one of us, sir, had got frozen up!—look at the hips and haws, sir, and the fieldfares a picking at 'em, doesn't that put you in mind of the time when they was Dogroses and May flower?—it always does *me*, sir, and that's the way we wheel and turn about; no sooner summer than autumn, and no sooner autumn than winter, and so on. Now the man as could be unhappy on such a fine day as this must be a werry miserable being; everything seems cheerful, sir, and even the sparrows a picking at the road-side seem a size larger than usual, as if their small bodies had swelled with the cold. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, rain, hail, snow or sunshine, its all the same to me; but I know there is some people werry much affected by the weather. I know'd a man as druv a day coach to Sudbury, he was a werry rum fish, and wasn't any less rum for having married a wife with a temper, and a squint as 'ud put any respectable pair of eyes into a fit of winking for an hour or two. Well, sir, Mat used to go home every other day to his noo wife, as cosey as you please, and whenever he went in he used to say, well old'ooman how's the glass to-day? inclined to be fair? or down to stormy?—and whenever he said so, which was every other day, sir, she'd be safe to flare up, unless she wanted a new bonnet or a yard of ribbon or lace, and in that case she'd be *werry* domesticated, indeed! I've heerd her going it for one whole hour without stopping, and then she'd go into 'stericks; and when she got out of 'em begin again! Mat told me once that he wished she'd shy a sarsepan at him, and

then see if he wouldn't have up 'afore his washup, and see if he couldn't get the silent system tried upon her ! Bill, says he, to me, I ain't sure but what it 'ud be the saving of that 'ooman says he, her tongue's her ruin says he—women's never badly off for parts of speech, says he, but my wife's over and above perwided in that particular, and if I could only get her shoved into some of these here model prisons, says he, I'd take care of her all the time, says he and I'm sure she'd thank me when she came out, says he,—I ain't sure that the silent system's intended for women, Bill, says he, but I'll enquire, and if it is its a fust rate plan, and I only hope it 'ull succeed, for except in cases of lock-jaw, (and I don't think even that's upon record, says he,) its been always reckoned the difficultest thing in life to stop a woman's tongue, clack, clack, clack, clack, like a water-mill, and when there's *tears* with it its more like still ; it ain't in their natur to keep silent, says he,—but its my opinion that there's no ill as hasn't got its cure and you may take my word for it, says he, the "silent system" is the only earthly cure for a scolding wife—howsomever that's not at all to the pint. What I mean't to say is that, Mat told me positively that he always found his wife much worse in cloudy weather, and for that reason, sir, *I* say, that on a fine morning everybody should be gay and extra cheerful,—you may depend upon it, sir, many a man makes hisself werry miserable about nothing,—and ater all its only natur to be so—everybody's in a wrong place somehow or other, and all seems to be playing a game according to the rules of contrairy. I never yet see a man as was satisfied with his station in life, sir. I dare say you've seen little boys a strutting and a wondering about in front of the horse-guards, a wishing with all their might to be soldiers. Well, sir, as soon as they get home their mother hasn't a moment's peace till she buys them a sixpenny sword a piece. Well, sir, that lasts a little while and he gets tired of it,—and wants a steel one, in fact he wants to be a soldier,—and so he wants on 'till his govenor (if he happens to be good natu'd and rich), seeing he won't never be fit for nothing else—buys wat's called a commission (the only kind of commission by the by, sir, as people likes to pay for), and there's the young tiger afore he knows how to walk properly turned into a real live lifeguardsman ; he's a officer, and with his red coat and gold lace, he looks like a red morocco album, all gilt and leather outside and werry little *in* ! This lasts about a year—when the lace begins to get tarnished and the sword and breast-plate rusty, besides being werry heavy and ill convenient, so he thinks it a troublesome dress altogether, and whenever you meet him arter he's been a couple of years in the Army, you'll hardly know him—and if it warn't for six hairs on each side of his lip, and a hole in each of his heels, I'm blest if you'd know him from a

parson, or lawyer, or even a small dragsman; the fact is, sir, soldiers is like everybody else—they *are* soldiers, and so they try to look like anything else—no matter *what*, so long as they aint took for soldiers—its human natur, sir,—nobody likes to seem what he is, and that's why the sportsman, I suppose, gets his coat cut like a Quaker's, sir. I never could make out any other reason; the only wonder is, that such a quiet set of slow coaches as them 'ere Quakers shouldn't have diskivered long ago, that *they* set the fashion of wearing Newmarket cut coats at races and prize fights, blest if they aint *sold* there, and no mistake. The only people I know, as don't care for the world a knowing their perfession, is us coachmen, sir!—and it *must* be rayther a nobby calling for I hardly ever saw a gent as know'd wats wot, who didn't want to drive, every now and then—and I recollect the time, sir, when there was at least fifteen first-rate private four-in-hand drags a travelling the roads—North, East, South and West of London: they was horsed by real nobs, sir, and was werry much admired; but to my thinking, they had a good deal too much bright steel, and chocolate and black about them to look perfessional; a baker's boy might a know'd they wern't replars, and when Jew Alexander took to starting drags like 'em to Ipswich and Brighton, all the swells ewaporated like so much steam—cos they thought it vulgar, but since the Jew has been airing hisself on the Queen's bench, they've come out again, and you *may* see four or five at Hepsom on the Darby and Oaks days, if you make good use of your eyes, sir!”

Well said I, you're not a bad specimen of a man who has been tortured with the pangs of discontentment; I suppose if the truth is known, you are never ailing! “Why, sir,” said he, “to tell you the truth, I never ails under double X, and then I ails pretty much of a muchness every day. I worn't always so fat and jolly as I looks now; I was once a reg'lar fine drawn slim and genteel young feller, but somehow or other I was always a bothering myself about something, and oftener about nothing—either I got sponey upon somebody, or I got beyond the comings in, in the goings out, or something else turn'd up tails to make me werry unpleasant; but arter all I don't know whether it aint the way with all 'on us, sir; we're just like horses, can't take to the collar kindly 'till we find it ain't no use kicking against fate, which between you and I is wuss than a brick wall, sir. People says as how our school days is the happiest time. Now I'm blest if I think it is just that. I never rec'lect a day's pleasure I had when I was at school 'xcept one, and that was when we all went every year to St. Paul's to sing, and even that wasn't all pleasure, for I either got a licking for losing my blue bow, or my nosegay, when I was agoing, or else for eating too much plum-pudding when I come back. No, no, I'm blest if I can recollect *one* day when I was actually happy at

school; there was always a something coming in the way to put a mark upon my cord'roys; no, it ain't that anybody thinks his school days the best, it is because we're a discontented set of wanderers! From the hour that we shoves our toes into little red shoes, until we turns 'em up altogether, we are nat'rally discontented. How often we hear a old fellow (old and hugly enough to know better), blow out a sigh like the puff of a hengin, and say, Ah! my school-days was the happiest—as if the old sinner could ever recollect anything farther back than twenty year! I'd like all such croaking old muimmies to be turned into boys again and me to have the larruping of 'em. I ain't patiente with such people. One old woman blows and says, Heigho! its a funny world! another says, ah! I wish I was in my grave! and all that sort of thing, sir; all I can say is that if the wizened old porpoises had their wishes, they'd jist get their deserts. No, no, sir, the world's well enough,—its a beautiful world, and its only our own worn out, and dissatisfied minds as makes it otherways. All it wants to make it as it used to be is, to take up all the rails, and blow up all the steam-boats, and then see if old England wouldn't be as good as it used to be: in course there's good and bad of everything, we can't expect our grog all brandy; and if it was, we shouldn't be able to drink it; and as far as I'm concerned, I've found (barring a little falsity in the hearts of womankind), werry little to grumble about. When I couldn't afford a draught of ale with my bread and cheese, I took a draught at the pump, and put up with that till the coppers was more plentiful, and I've never felt any the wuss for it. If we had nothing but sunshine, sir, where 'ud all the corn come from? Depend upon it people ought to think twice afore they speak once, and that's better advice to the rising generation than you'll find in many a clever sermon. I hopes as how you found all comfortable at the Bull, sir; you couldn't be well off a doin so, sir, 'cos Mr Jones sees to everything hisself, sir; he's a wonderful man that, I don't believe there's never a bed made in that hotel that he doesn't superintend the making on; and if ever a man was born to be a inn-keeper, that's the man, sir! He's none of your swell tapmen as looks as if they was hung in chains; none of your high and mighty licenced wittlers, as seems above their business, and too big to doctor their own porter, not he, sir! I've seen him many a time with his sleeves tucked up, and a apron on a coming up from slaving away down in the cellar, as if he had to fight his way up hill, instead of being in werry comfortable circumstances; he knows his customers' taste to a knob of sugar, sir; gives all his old wines to old gents, and all his young wine to young gents—as don't know the difference. He keeps a ansome barmaid, 'cos both old and young like pretty barmaids, takes in the fust rate mock turtle with his own

hands, never forgets hisself in a dressing hisself, nor yet in addressing his superiors, and *that's* the man for a inn-keeper, sir! Now, in London, sir, a inn-keeper or a tavern-keeper, keeps his gig, drinks his champagne, bets his £10 on the Darby or Oaks, and does everything tip-top, as if he was a real gent! If he has a pretty barmaid its becoss he finds it convenient to keep one. He doesn't care a rush whether the world is pleased or not with him nor whether his customers takes less sugar in the grog, as is over and above sweetened by hersmiles—he likes his own so, and that's enough for him,—he gets made steward at the licenced wittler's ball, and comes as nobby as a full plumed pheasant—and looks as if he didn't care a “Joey” whether his brewers think he's a going the rig or not: no more he does—he don't mind nothing so long as he can cut it remarkably fat, and put his fist into the till to pay for it!—that's the kind of inn-keeper you'll meet in London, sir. There's half a dozen on 'em not half a mile either side of Holywell street, in the Strand, sir; and how they pay for their segars, and



THE LONDON TAVERN KEEPER.



all that, has puzzled wiser skulls than your's and mine to tell, sir, begging your pardon. Now old Mr Jones, sir, as keeps the Bull at Brummagem, is a reg'lar old fashioned Bakkus, or Bonnyface, or whatever they used to call the tavern-keepers a hundred years ago: as to the drinking canary and possets, and all that kind of stuff in them times, I don't believe a word of it, sir, 'cos I don't exactly know what canary is; but if the posset was at all like what my mother used to give me for a cold, it was made of treacle and water and particklery nasty; howsomever, Mr Jones is the picture of a old-fashioned tavern-keeper; he keeps a 'ansome barmaid 'cos his customers likes to look at her and talk to her; and by this and the care she takes to mix properly, Mr Jones has nicely feathered his nest. He sprung up from a pot boy, sir, and he's not the fust man who's done a bit of Wittington, sir! I know a carcass butcher in Vitechapel, sir, who's riz up from a boy to be journeyman, and being rayther a good looking fellow, with no end of mutton fat on his hair, he married his master's only daughter, and when the old shaver died, he left the young kipple his money and business. Well, sir, they're a old kipple now and 'tother day he was made a halderman, and he knows about as much of a halderman's duties, as I do about stoking a hengine. Well, sir, about two months ago, they lugged him in to be a steward or director, or something to the licenced wittler's annual yearly ball; in course if he hadn't been a halderman, he wouldn't 'ha been axed, howsomever arter a great deal of fuss and bother he agreed to having his name put down in the vay bill, and I happened to drop in one day while his wife was a tryin to persuade him to wear tights and pumps. The old feller wouldn't hear of it!—no, says he, I went to the hexpence of getting a long-tailed blue coat and basket buttons made to please the fancies of my wife 'cos she said as how a surtoot wasn't the ticket, but I'm blest if I'm a going to pull off my tops and be made a dancing master of, to please nobody, says he!—I've worn tops every Sunday ever since I was a journeymän, says he, and they've always been considered a deal more nobby than trowsers or tights by werry good judges, says he, and it ain't becos I'm a halderman, says he, that I'm a going to change the fashions; or becos I've been green enough to let my wife and darters bully me into going to a ball says he; them as don't like my tops, says he, needn't look at 'em; I ain't a going to darnce, says he, and if I was I don't think I should do it any the wuss for the tops, 'cos they supports the back sinew says he. Well, sir, a friend of mine made me a present of a ticket and jist for the fun of the thing I went to the ball—and blest if there wasn't old Tom Wates, a standing in the middle of the big room like a stattie, and about as much conglomerated as he'd jist dropped from a balloon; he was a smiling and a bow-

ing to people he'd never seen afore and didn't know nobody as was most hintimate with him, not even his own wife and darters; there he was, with white cords and top boots, and a tail coat as might have fitted Dannel Lambert when he was at his fattest: he didn't seem to know what to do with his hands, so he sidled away to a door, hooked his thumbs into his pockets and lollopped against a door till supper was ready: and arter all sir, I think the supper's the best part of a ball—and the only thing many people goes for. It was the fust time I ever went to a ball, and I think it just as likely as not that it 'ull be the last. Wat's the use of darning, sir?—it can't be a wer-



THE HALDERMAN

ry pleasant amusement; if a man happens to be thin he gets a great deal more hexercise than is good for him, and if he happens to be fat he ain't no business to darnce at all! A fat man a darning sir, always puts me in mind of a half filled balloon, a bobbing up and down and a rolling and a shaking about so, as if it wasn't the greatest trouble he has in life to toddle through the day, without a capering about all night like a fat hog in a bean field. No, no, sir, darning *may* be a amusement, but if is, it ain't a werry lively one—or if it *is* lively, I ain't seen the funny part of it. I see nothing else but eight ladies and eight gents a bowing and sliding about, as if they wouldn't go out of a walk to please the fiddlers, and all the time they 're a doing of it they looks as grave as mustard pots; the music seems the only lively part of

the business, for if one old gent persists in doing of his steps as he learnt them at school, he only gets laughed at for his trouble: it's a werry grave affair this darning sir; to be sure I ain't seen much of it, but I certainly never see a smile upon any of their faces except between the heats, when some young feller in a waiter's neck-hankerchy pulls his kid gloves till he tears the thumbs off, and then laughs with the lady next him as if he thought it about the cleverest thing he'd done for some time, and follers it up by remarking werry wittily that there's plenty more where they come from! Another feller I see who looked as if he'd swallowed a handspike, a running his fingers through a werry moppish looking head of hair and a combing of it the wrong way—all the time a saying it was werry hoppersive—in course meaning his hair, 'cos it ain't at all reasonable to think he mean't the weather, as he was hexerting hisself so much. I s'pose all this is called "small talk," sir, for every pair on 'em arter every canter turns their faces and says something so werry small that ten chances to one nobody hears 'em but the lady, and she's remarkably lucky if she don't. I don't know if you're a dancier sir, but if so be you are, jist try a stopping up your ears at the next ball you go to, so as not to hear the music, sir, and see if ever you dance again: as long as the music lasts sir—you can jist diskiver the reason *why* people are moving about so, but jist put your fingers in your ears—try *that* sir, and if ever you darnce again call me a Catagonian Ingian! I've know'd lots of desperata dancers sir—all women, sir; if they'd a cold in the head, or a child ill with measles, or anything else as would perwent 'em a going to church, jist send 'em a hinwitation to a darnce and see if the cold in the head and the child isn't cured in a hand canter!—its the finest physic in the world, sir, to them as can take it, and a certain remedy with ladies as have jealous husbands, 'cos it gives 'em a opportunity of talking and laughing with their pardners, and that may be one reason why you always find more men than women against darning sir. Its altered werry much, sir, darning is, within the last hundred years; why, sir, every fust of May the poor people in every willage used to muster on the green and darnce round the Maypole. There, ain't neither Maypoles nor greens now, sir, they're all turned yaller, and depend upon it, sir, these are the things as have been a ringing the changes on people: the poor willagers used to look forward to the fust of May and the Maypole; every young gal as could muster sixpence used to buy her bit of cherry-coloured ribbon or blue or pink as the case might be—and perhaps some clod hopping sweetheart was fust favorite there, howsomever, it was a treat for all on 'em and they enjoyed theirselves famously I dare say; but now, sir, unless poor people go to see a parcel of adwentrous gents

and ladies go down in a diving bell at the Pollythickneck or get themselves frightened out of bare life with 'lectrick shocks—they ain't got no amusement; to be sure they *may* spend a werry pleasant day at Hornsey Wood House, or at Chalk Farm, or the Spaniards at Hampstead, but even then, if some young feller has been a taking too affectionate a farewell of his sweetheart, and the parting has made him unsteady on his pins he don't get a spark of pity; *not he*, he's woted a drunkard, and dissipated, by all his water-drinking friends, people *is* so charitable in these times sir! How often we hear a feller, with a smile like a codfish say, "Oh! he's a little the *wuss* for drink!" but you never hear any on 'em say "Oh! he's a little the *wuss* for *no* drink—ta'nt reasonable that aint! A poor man may go on from day to day, without getting his bit and his sup—and the charity people be none the wiser, but when a slice of luck comes, if a poor feller happens to be a little merry, instead of people being pleased to see him so they say, "oh! he's a little the *wuss* for drink" says they!—because he forgets for a little while that he's a poor man and that it don't often fall to his lot, to feel cheerful!"

Well, said I, you have made good use of *your* time, at any rate, and you must have taken great notice of men and things in your travels—it's a pity every body does not do the same.

"Why yes, sir, said he, and just do that, but *I* aint the only one, and you may depend upon it them as talks less, thinks more—we coachmen sir, never takes a liberty with any gent unless he fust offers a segar or a glass of ale—and then if we happens to be in good humour, and havn't been done out of our fees by the last box seat, we feels the way by saying its werry cold or werry hot or fine weather for the harvest, or werry onseasonable for the time of year, and although it's no news to anybody, seeing that they know the weather just as well as you do—yet arter all it's the way everybody begins to talk and many a remarkably strong friendship has been begun and kept up a top of a coach sir. As to our seeing a good deal of life, in course we do sir, and so could everybody else, if they'd take the trouble to look—depend upon it sir, Doory Lane and Common Garden or even Ashley's, ain't the only places to go to and look for real live hactars, male and female. If anybody would take the trouble to watch and notice what he sees a passing in his everyday walks and drives, he'd see a sight more plays hacted than ever Shikspur or Messinger wrote, taking the condemned ones and all—and p'raps they might turn out a little more natral too. I know'd a man once sir, who was a gasfitter and he'd about as fine a family as man need wish to see; he was pretty well-off in the world—that is to say he could always keep the pot a bilin without going about the streets to pick up sticks. Well sir, I was about sixteen when I fell in with him—

and I must say I never saw four prettier gals than his daughters was; pick and choose as you liked, blest if you could make up your mind which was the ansomest!—Well sir, the old boy thought as how it wouldn't do to let his darters do nothing and it wouldn't do neither to let 'em go as sarvents of all work—so says he, I'll do the thing halphabetically says he, Mary shall be a Milliner says he, 'cos her name begins with a *M*.—Sary shall be a shoe-binder says he, for the same reason; I'll make a Barmaid of Betsy, says he—but I'm blest if I know what to do with *Julia* says he, she's a Jezzabel *now* says he; she can't be a *wouse* one, she takes arter her mother *there*, says he, but as a Jezzabel ain't a perfession, says he, that's no go!—Let me see says he a ruminatin, she can't be a jewelleress that's too high—nor yet keep a Jemmy shop that's too low,—I'll bind her to a Barber, says he and she shall make *Jazies*! Well sir as he *said*, so he *did*. Mary was sent to lose her roses in a 'reglar smoky back parlour, or to walk about the streets with a basket at her back like a blackbird's cage. Sary took to the shoebinding werry kindly. Betsy made a uncommon pretty barmaid and Julia did all the *wig* business at the Barber's, with the hairs of a radical sir (excuse me.) This was all werry well, and it would ha' been all right and proper, but the woman never lived yet as didn't dress for had-miration; and in doo course of time Mary catch'd the heart of a young and swell poultryman as sold ducks and chickens in Noo-gate market—and a werry slap dash, free and easy style of fellow to poke his beak into a pot of porter he was surely!—he reglar'ly dumbfounded the gasfitter at fust with his rings and chains and fine talk about Doory Lane and Common Garden! So he was made a great deal more of than he ever was before by Mary's sisters, and as for the gasfitter, he said arter young giblets left the fust evening that he was a real gent, and werry perlite, and that Mary ought to consider herself a werry lucky gal for having kitch'd him! Well sir, you know where you see one sheep a leading all the flock follers. So Sary, Betsy and Julia soon found out the course as people says never runs smooth—and went to take a canter on it. The gas fitter was a werry easy sort of feller—and like a good many more in the world sir, becoss he was without wices hisself, (barring what he used in the trade,) he thought they was the kind of thing only to be read of in books, so Jack and Tom, Will and Harry came and went, and went and came like mice in a meal tub, and took the four gals to tea gardens, and Grecian saloons jist for all the world as if the 'banns had been published, read and agreed to, and settlements drawed out, and all signed, sealed and deliver'd according to law. Well sir, to make a long story short, all four gals went wrong somehow or other and druv about twenty mads a

piece into the gasfitter's coffin and the last I saw of Mary was on Waterloo bridge—she was a looking down into the muddy water, and looked amazingly like as if a dive into it would be a great relief. Now sir, the lifes of these four gals and the gasfitter wouldn't make a bad play—put the poultryman in a green surtoot trimmed with black welwet—green tights and robber's boots,—half the plays as is acted ain't got a quarter the point of this sir, and take my word for it, if it didn't draw overflowing houses, it wouldn't be played to hempty ones, as half the plays is altered sir, from what they used to be. Wot's called the 'riginal drama ain't never thought on, people's got noo notions—the o'd thing won't do now—and some says as how even the *seasons* is a changing, as if that was at all likely to happen. The truth is sir, as I said before, people's changing theirselves, they don't feel as they used to when they could tumble among the haycocks and roll in the gutters without being called houtrageous; they can't find any fun now in a picking hips and haws and a making dai-y chains as they used to—they feels no hinterest now in the sweeps on May-day, sir, and as for playing at shoot in the ring and a knuckling down and firing hard, it ain't natural!—But that ain't the world's fault sir, the world goes round as merrily as ever it did, to the young 'uns—it's only the old 'uns as don't see it so! and among it all, they make what they call halterations and improvements which is to shove on the march of hintellect by steam as if it wa-n't a going fast enough before! these here Railroads may be called himprovements, but I'm blest if I call 'em so—the only improvement as I can see at all likely to come of 'em is in the doctor's practice: they've got more to do now and they've found out how a limb can be hamptitated as clean as with one of their saws and a precious sight quicker; as for any other improvement it ain't natral—coaching was quite fast enough for anybody except highwaymen, and forgers and kipples a bolting to Gretna Green, and the consequence of the change is, that everybody's in a hurry, everything seems slow to the railway travellers—they can't talk fast enough—they can't do nothing without being in a hurry—they eat their dinners against time and can't get watches fast enough to please 'em, in fact things is getting *too* fast, and I shouldn't wonder if some of these clever people as inwent things for blowing 500 people into the air at once, was to discover a plan of turning two days into one, and so shorten a man's nat'ral life—don't they make the sun take likenesses sir?—ain't they a growing corn by sham lightning?—and hasn't some persewering nobleman got a telescope or spy glass which goes slap through the moon and shews mountains and rivers and no end of rum customers a travellin about with their heads under

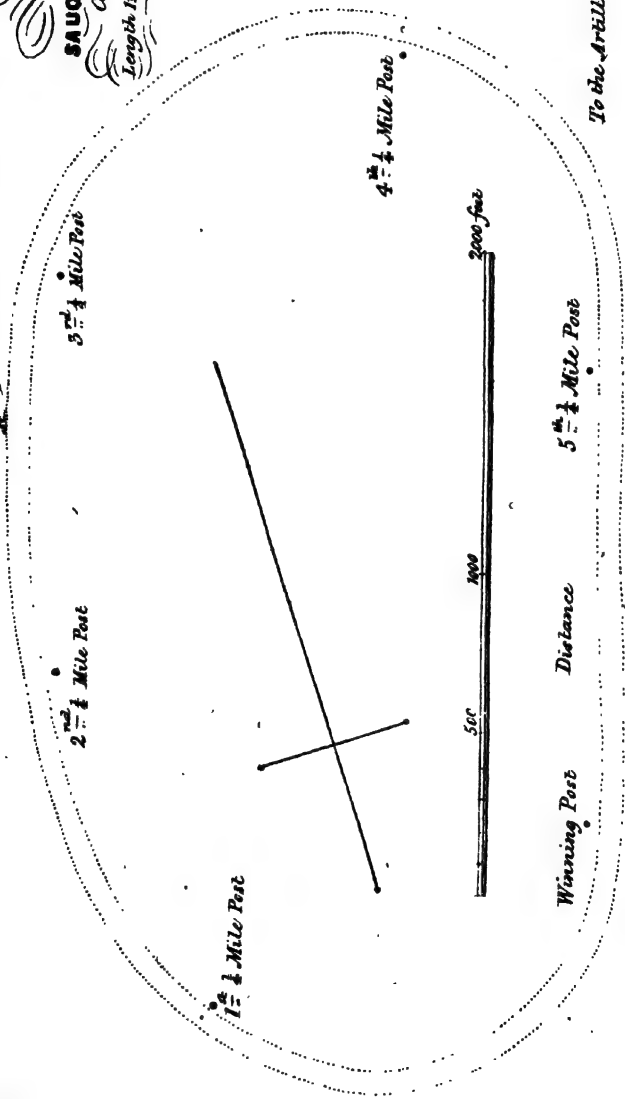
their arms. I recollect a old friend of my governor's a telling him some years ago—ah! says he Willy, although I shan't live to see it, our boys 'ull see the passengers agoing a long journey over the house tops some day!—and sure enough sir, they does it now—I know on the Blackwall Railway, (I don't hobect to going on *that* 'cos it is pulled along with ropes and you can't see the hengin)—Well sir, on that Railway as you travels along, somewhere's about St. George's in the east, blest if you can't see slap into people's bed rooms, and on a Sunday morning when the poor people lays a little longer than usual, it ain't werry uncommon to see a pretty gal doing what's called making her tilet, which means a combing and brushing her curls sir—it ain't unlikely that these gals knows when the train's a coming and put theiselves in front of the winders on purpose—its jest like 'em to do so—but any how there they are—as bright as silver and as fresh as paint—a putting on their gingham and cotton dresses with jist as much care as any lady in the land puts on her satins and welwets—that's a touch of pride, sir, that I think is werry excuseable, for it's the only chance they git of showing off!—once a week and then of a Sunday—howsomever even *that* ain't without its faults, for the women are all jealous of one another—I've know'd a lot in my time and I never yet heard one woman say another was jist beautiful—you hear men say of a woman, oh! she's diwine! she's helegant!! she's lovely!—but nobody never heard a woman say so!—she's either too *pink* if she has a fine colour, or *wax dolly* if she hasn't any colour at all—or no figure, or a bad walker or a bad dresser, or something as ain't up to the mark—and it won't be shamefacedness as 'ull keep the women from saying so—howsomever its jist the same with men, a fine fell'r with good temper and paces and fine mouth, and everything else but *money*, may scratch and scramble his way through the thornbushes of the world, feeding and starving, starving and feeding without no help from any body—he he may be tired of life 'cos its so hard to keep up, he may be sick of pity 'cos it comes without help—and yet directly that fellow *dies*, no end of people will say, ah! we shan't see his like again in a hurry, and *he* was sir one of a thousand starving men who'd rayther pay their threepence for a bottle of black revive to make their coats look decent, than buy a saveloy and a penny loaf—that's what I call werry harmless pride sir—they're the only sufferers, *they* are—and I don't see why they should be run down, 'cos they can't always keep their own 'side of the road. Here sir, we change; I dare say, you dont recollect the Inn,—it looks different 'cos we're going another way—the best thing to take of a cold morning is rum and milk sir, and if you jist steps into the bar, there you'll find it mixed werry exact, and if it should be a





Fakars Tree      Direction of Church

**Plan**  
of the  
**SAUQOR RACE COURSE**  
Constructed in 1846  
Length 1 1/2 Miles & 200 ft. Width 40 feet



little too sweet sir recollect the widder and don't say there's too much sugar in it.

OUTSIDER.

Dacca, November 30, 1846.

## THE SAUGOR RACE COURSE.

In a late number of your *Review*, you expressed a wish to be furnished with plans of the different Indian Race Courses. I therefore beg to send you a sketch and measurement of the New Saugor Course, which the sporting community of the station are now constructing.

The stony and rotten quality of the ground in this part of the country rendered it difficult to pitch upon an eligible spot for the purpose; ultimately one has been selected situated to the N. W. of the Cantonment, and bounded on one side by a range of hills.

Ere this reaches you the Course will have been completed.

I send you also the levels of the Course; you will observe that they are calculated from the line A B, supposed to be 100 feet below the winning post, and parallel to the horizon. The length of the Course is as follows; the mean of their measurements having been taken.

From W. Post to Dist. Post, . . . . .	722
From D. P. to 5th $\frac{1}{4}$ Mile Post, . . . . .	600
From 5th $\frac{1}{4}$ M. P. to 4th $\frac{1}{4}$ M. P., . . . . .	1320
From 4th $\frac{1}{4}$ M. P. to 3d $\frac{1}{4}$ M. P., . . . . .	1322
From 3d $\frac{1}{4}$ M. P. to 2d $\frac{1}{4}$ M. P., . . . . .	1321
From 2d $\frac{1}{4}$ M. P. to 1st $\frac{1}{4}$ M. P., . . . . .	1320
From 1st $\frac{1}{4}$ M. P. to W. P., . . . . .	1578

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8183 Feet.

The length of the Course has been reduced about 17 feet since I sent you the plan.

PETREL.

SAUGOR, 10th December, 1846.

## A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE EXTRA WEIGHTING OF CAPE HORSES.

Nearly three years ago the gentlemen entrusted with the duty of preparing a prospectus of the Calcutta Races for 1844-45 being convinced by the repeated defeats that Glengall, one of the best Cape horses that ever ran in India, sustained in his contests with Elepoo and Chusan, that it was impolitic and unjust to make any difference of weight between the two classes, resolved to relieve the Capers of the additional burthen (varying from a stone to 7lbs.) hitherto imposed upon them, and the articles of the several races were accordingly, with one exception, framed upon the principle of perfect equality with regard to the South African and Arabian blood. The example was immediately followed at Sonapore, a meeting which for liberality and good management stands among the first in India. In some of the races the extra weight was removed, in others greatly reduced. The first year of this improvement on the old system produced no result of any importance. In Calcutta not a single Cape horse ventured to encounter the crack of the day. At Sonapore the Arabs met their master in Napoleon, but the achievements of the victor were not such as to justify a return to the exploded practice of putting on the drag.

Last year, however, a change occurred. A turfite of the Madras Presidency having carried every thing before him at Bangalore with a couple of Cape horses, determined to bring them up to Calcutta, in the hope that one of them might be good enough to accomplish the hitherto vain task of stretching the great Elepoo. To his own surprise the attempt was, after one defeat, successful, but the performances of his horse Sir Benjamin were attended with very little glory : the partisans of Elepoo maintained that the old horse was amiss after the first day, and the fact that he was beaten at even weights subsequently by other horses, certainly seems to bear out the assertion. Nor is it to be forgotten that, on the only occasion on which the rivals encountered each other singly, Asia gave Africa a stone and a beating.

The enterprising owner of the Cape horses met with the good fortune he deserved. Sir Benjamin won four races, having started six times, and the other, Battledore, carried off five prizes out of seven for which he contended, but this success was far from palatable to the turfites of the old school. The Arab dealers looked grave; gentlemen who had purchased promising young ones at exorbitant prices began to ask each other, how long this game was to be allowed to continue? and when

the prospectus of the first meeting for 1846-47 appeared, in which the principle of putting all classes of horses, excepting English, on an equality was still adhered to, it was received with remarks and inuendoes anything but flattering to its concoctors. A circumstance occurred at this juncture, however, which tended to re-establish the confidence of the waverers. The owner of Elepoo, a gentleman remarkable for discernment and success in turf matters, so far from being daunted by the defeat of his favourite, boldly offered to back him against Sir Benjamin or any other Cape horse on even terms: in this challenge he was joined by the owner of another Arab, *Glauco*, a sportsman of equal judgment, and the consequence was, that a series of sweepstakes was got up in which the two best Arabs were pitted against the two best Cape horses of the day. Although the owners of the Cape horses were to be allowed the privilege of choosing their own distance in two of these races, strange to say, the gauntlet was by no means taken up with the alacrity which the recent success of the Cape blood would seem to have warranted.

For some months after this the Arab protectionists seem to have made up their minds to abide the issue of this contest, but suddenly fresh murmurs were heard. Whether some new light had been thrown on the subject, or "the tightness of the money market" had rendered the sporting community more than usually awake to impending danger is doubtful; but certain it is that the anti-monopolists were regarded with an evil eye. A meeting was called to take into consideration the expediency not only of putting extra weight on the Cape horses in the Second Meeting, but of altering the published prospectus for the first, on the strength of which many owners of horses had entered into expensive arrangements for the coming year. Luckily the latter suggestion proved abortive, but the Stewards made a sort of compromise regarding the former, which met with the usual fate of half measures—that of being scouted by both parties.

The principle adopted in the prospectus of the Second Meeting is to put an extra stone on the Cape horses in all races not exceeding a mile and a quarter, and a nearly equal weight on Walers and country-breds. Hitherto it has been held as an axiom by racing men that weight tells in proportion to the distance, and that consequently any additional weight that it may be necessary to impose on a horse of superior powers in a three quarter of a mile race, must be reduced if the distance be extended to a mile, and still more if to a mile and a quarter. This truth, however, is not recognized in the prospectus under notice, the articles of all the three short races, whatever the length may be, put one stone more upon the Cape horses than upon the Arabs, and in the longest race of the three, that of a mile and a

quarter, the same difference is observed, though the weights are unusually high, and it is universally admitted that the effect of extra weight is felt more at high weights than at low ones. Why the unfortunate Walers should incur a penalty for having in their first season in India as racers managed to carry off two prizes is a matter it is not my business to discuss : as regards the Cape horses, it is clear that a horse that can give a stone and a beating to a first rate Arab plater in a mile and a quarter race must be a better racer than any that figured on our Course last season. But even this concession, considerable as it was, did not satisfy the representatives of the Arab interests : the cry was for more protection, and obedient to the call the framers of the articles for the Merchants' Cup and Civilians' Plate gave the Arabs an advantage of 7 and 5lbs. respectively in those two races, though the distance of the first is the St. Leger Course, and that of the second two miles and a quarter.

We may very reasonably ask why this extraordinary favor is shewn to the Arab horses. The only legitimate object of racing is the improvement of the breed or, as in this country, to give encouragement to the importation of horses of a superior kind. How this object is to be effected by giving decided advantages to a class which their supporters contend to be worse than the others is not easy to understand. For it is to be remarked that not only are Arabs more favourably weighted than any other horses that run on Indian Courses, but that a marked preference is shewn to them in the apportionment of the public money. In the prospectus of the first meeting there are four races—the Derby, the Great Welter, the 40 Gold mohurs' Purse, and the Bengal Club Cup, worth in the aggregate at least 250 G. M. exclusive of entrances and forfeits, open to Arabs only ; while the Cape, New South Wales and Country-bred horses, lumped together in one class, are considered to be sufficiently provided for as a separate lot by the Colonial stakes, with the munificent addition of 30 G. M. from the Fund.

It may be said that without sport, that is well contested races, we shall soon have no public money, and that to ensure sport we must shew indulgence to indifferent, and sometimes even to bad horses. Granted, but that is no reason why those that are declared to be the worst should have the largest share of the good things. It will hardly be denied that a class which is pronounced to be superior to another should meet with more encouragement ; but if we are to adopt the opinion which the advocates of Arab interests profess to hold regarding their protégés, it would really seem that the main object of a Calcutta meeting was to reverse the good old turf maxim : " let the best horse win."

But is there any foundation for the alleged superiority of the Cape horses? The answer to such a question is almost invariably, "look at the performances of Tumbler." To this it may be replied, that Tumbler was by no means a fair specimen of the class. His recorded performances, and well authenticated private trials, were far superior to those of any Cape horse that has appeared since his day. The best judges do not hesitate to affirm that for speed, bottom and capability of carrying weight he was when fit to go equal to any English horse that has appeared in India. In fact, he was a phenomenon, and to justify the imposition of extra weight on Cape horses by referring us to the performances of Tumbler is about as reasonable as if the Doncaster Stewards were to inflict a similar penalty on South country horses because of Eclipse. Let us turn to the Calendar of the Calcutta meetings of 1845-46, and see what the Cape horses effected, in what is generally said to be their most successful season. In these two Meetings three Cape horses, Sir Benjamin Battledore and Banker came out, and one or another of them contended with Arabs in fourteen distinct races. Of these the two first named won eight, and of the remaining six five were won by Arabs and one by young Muleyson, a New South Wales horse; and it is not to be lost sight of that, in the last mentioned race (the Deputy Governor's Cup) the Cape horse Banker was beaten for the second place and second money by the Arab Niger. Had the Arabs beaten the Cape horses in eight races out of thirteen, would there have been a meeting to discuss the propriety of putting extra weight on Arabs? And is it fair to judge of the comparative merits of the two classes by the results of a single season, noted for bringing out first-rate Cape horses? In common justice to the Capers we must go further back and see what they have been doing since the days of Tumbler. Luckily the means are not wanting. An enthusiastic sportsman whose contributions to this *Review* under the signature of *Asmodeus* are well known to the public, having had his attention drawn to the subject, has prepared a statement exhibiting the performances of every Cape horse that has run in India since the year 1832, including as far as was practicable the weights, distance, time and the names of the winning and beaten horses. Unfortunately the paper is too bulky for the limits of an article, and indeed as far as regards Madras and Bombay the records from which it has been prepared are too scanty and incomplete to furnish satisfactory data: but it has been my task to make an abstract of the whole, and put the more important particulars in a tabular form for the information of those who take an interest in the Turf. In the subjoined table is given the result of every race in which Cape

horses of any note and Arabs came together at any regular meeting within the Bengal Presidency, from the season of 1836-37 to that of 1843-44 included, that is to say, from the days of *Tumbler* to the appearance of *Sir Benjamin*.

Season.	Horse's Names.	Number of Races.	Won by Cape Horses.	Won by Arabs.	Won by C. B.	Won by English.	Course.
1836-37	{ Potatoes, . . . Don Juan, ..	4 1	3 1	0 0	1 0	0 0	Cawnpore, Allyghur. Cawnpore.
1837-38	{ The Whig, .. King's Own,..	5 2	2 0	3 1	0 0	0 1	Meerut, Allyghur. Calcutta.
*1840-41	{ Farmer John,. Baronet, . . .	5 2	1 1	4 1	0 0	0 0	Calcutta. Calcutta, Kishnagur.
1842-43	Farmer John,.	1	0	1	0	0	Calcutta.
1843-44	Glengall, . . .	8	4	4	0	0	Calcutta.
1844-45	{ Napoleon, .. Orville, .. .	3 1	3 0	0 1	0 0	0 0	Sonepore. Sonepore.
		32	15	15	1	1	

Besides the above, the Cape horses Potatoes, The Whig and Napoleon started in five races not open to Arabs, two of which were won by Capers and three by Country-breds. Mark too, that the above table includes handicaps and all races open to Arabs for which Cape horses walked over, but it does not include those for which Arabs walked over and which were open to Cape horses, neither does it include the defeats of Cape horses of little or no reputation such as the Clown, Gustavus and others, who were beaten on every occasion of their appearing in public.

So much then for the superiority of the Cape horses from the days of *Tumbler* down to the beginning of last season. The next table shews in a similar form the results of the Sonepore and Calcutta meetings of 1844-45 when the extra weight was

\* NOTE.—In 1838-39, 1839-40 and 1841-42 no Cape horses of note ran in Bengal.

taken off, and the Cape horses in some instances received an allowance.

Season.	Cape Horses.	No. of Races.	Won by Cape Horses.	Won by Arabs.	Won by C. B.	Won by English.	Won by N. S. W. Horses.	Course.
1845-46	Here I go, . . .	7	3	2	1	0	1	Sonepore.
	Sir Benjamin, . .	6	4	2	0	0	0	} Calcutta.
	Battledore, . . .	6	4	2	0	0	0	
	Banker, . . . .	2*	0	1	0	0	1	
		21	11	7	1	0	2	

At Sonepore, Here-I-go was beaten by Vanguard, a Country-bred in a race not open to Arabs, and on the other hand Battledore won a race of a similar kind in Calcutta beating Lara. All the clamour therefore that has been raised by the old school Turfites owes its origin to the Cape horses having in the course of ten years' racing, during which they met the Arabs fifty-three times, won twenty-six races, while the latter won only twenty-two, the remaining five having fallen to the lot of the Country-breds, N. S. Wales and English horses! But, as has been said already, there are a number of races walked over for by Arabs, which are not given in the foregoing tables, though open to Capers, and for some of which it is well-known Cape horses were entered. Had these appeared in the proper column their respective winnings would have been at least equal.

There is a circumstance connected with the running of the two classes during the last ten years so contrary to the general opinion of racing men as to their comparative *speed* that it is worth noticing. Nineteen men out of twenty believe that it is most difficult with any reasonable difference of weight to bring them together in short races, on account of the superior speed of the Cape horses. There were no races in that period shorter than a mile in which they met, but there were seven of that length, and lo! five were won by Arabs. For the information of the curious, here is another table shewing the lengths of the several races, and

\* This includes those races only in which no other Cape horses started.



the names of the winning horses down to the close of the season of 1844-45 in the Bengal Presidency.

<i>Distance.</i>	<i>Number of Races.</i>	<i>Won by Cape Horses.</i>	<i>Won by Arabs.</i>	<i>Won by C. B.</i>	<i>Won by English Horses.</i>	<i>Won by N. S. W. Horses.</i>	<i>Names of the Winners.</i>
1 Mile, .....	6	1	5	0	0	0	{ Bedouin, Pirate, Walmer, Glengall, Chusan, Commissioner.
1½ Mile, .....	4	2	2	0	0	0	{ Farmer John, Chusan, Elepoo, Napoleon.
1¾ Mile, .....	6	4	1	0	1	0	{ Potatoes, Sandy, Lucifer, Baronet, Napoleon.
2 Miles, .. ..	7	3	4	0	0	0	{ Sandy, Glendower, Bedouin, Glengall, Elepoo.
2½ Miles, .. ..	3	1	2	0	0	0	Don Juan, Fieschi, Glendower.
3 Miles, .. ..	2	0	1	1	0	0	Zarifa, Faustus.
Uncertain, .. ..	4	4	0	0	0	0	Potatoes, The Whig.
Total, ..	32	15	15	1	1	0	

"Facts and figures" speak for themselves, and further argument is useless; but there is another consideration involved in the question, namely, granting that we shall have no racing unless the Arabs get the best of it, is it just to punish the Colonial and Country-bred racers, because, right or wrong, they are declared to be better than the more favoured class? Instead of lumping weight on the former, ought we not to effect the desired end by taking it off the latter. A glance at the figures in the last table will shew what has been the consequence of the crushing weight imposed by our rules on English racers. The argument against the obviously just course has hitherto been, that light weights could not be found to ride the inferior horses, but this holds good no longer; there is no want of light weights now in Calcutta, and plenty more might be brought from England at short notice by paying for them. If a man persists in starting what he himself declares to be an inferior description of animal against good horses, any inconvenience or penalty that may arise from his doing so ought to fall upon himself and not upon his opponents.

A word before concluding in favour of the New South Wales horses. In the last two meetings they started six times—



*The Chatterfield Cyp.*







*The Stewards' Cup—Goodwood.*

## THE STEWARDS' CUP—GOODWOOD.

This magnificent and massive silver prize has been designed and modelled by Mr E. Cotterill, with his usual good taste, and executed in the establishment of Messrs Garrard. The workmanship is of the most exquisite description. It is a vase or flagon constructed after the fashion of the prize at Ascot, and is capable of separation—the upper portion forming the flagon and the lower part the Cup. Grouped round the neck of the flagon is a splendid representation in complete relief of the mythological tale of Perseus rescuing Andromeda from the sea monster. This is executed in Mr Cotterill's best manner. The graceful form of Andromeda, the beauty and spirit of Pegasus, and the terrible figure of the sea monster, form rich and agreeable contrasts; and the artist has displayed great judgment in so balancing the different masses of the composition that whatever view is taken of the Vase, it presents a symmetrical, though diversified figure. The whole is richly adorned with tastefully designed and elaborately finished ornaments. This acceptable prize fortunately fell to the lot of Lord Chesterfield, the race having been won by his mare Lady Wildair. The extreme height is 31 inches, and the weight 326 ounces.—*Ibid.*









SIR TATTON SYMES, BART. & SONS, LONDON.

and won twice, and for this success (?) they are to carry extra weight in nearly all the races in the second meeting in the ensuing year. Of this class as racers we know little or nothing, and if the system of penalty is to be continued, we are not very likely to improve our knowledge. What good purpose is to be served by breaking horses' backs with weight unless it be to enlarge the list of candidates for the honours of the pig-skin is puzzling. The best thing that can happen to these Colonials is to be beaten in every race they start for. Should they chance to have the ill-luck to win a race or two, it will not be long before we see Tom Pitts (if he has pluck enough to stick to the New South Wales blood under such disheartening circumstances) fully qualified to jock his own flyer without wasting.

A TURFITE.

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### SIR TATTON SYKES.

Our artist has reduced, and with great fidelity, the drawing of the winner of the St. Leger, published in the *Illustrated London News* of Sept. 26. The following is the account of the horse from the *Doncaster Gazette* :—

“Sir Tatton Sykes is a bright bay horse, with a white reach down his face, and one white foot; stands little more than 15½ hands high; he has a long lean head, and is rather Roman nosed; drooping large ears, light straight neck, very oblique shoulders, wide chest, deep brisket, large long arms, great knees, very short legs, strong pasterns, and fine open feet, turns his toes a little out, large back and fore ribs, fine loins, very wide from hip to hip, long quarters, tail thin and set on high, great length from the hip to the hock, immense gaskins, long and strong thighs, large curby-looking hocks, and very short from the hock to the ground, and stands with his hocks close together. He is particularly quiet and docile, and possesses every qualification for a race-horse.”

## THE ORANGE CUP.

Messrs. Hunt and Roskell (late Storr and Mortimer) have this year had the gratifying task of preparing three of the four plate prizes contested for at Goodwood, and admirably have they sustained their high reputation. In design and execution their labours have been triumphantly successful, and of a character to raise the estimate of this class of production still more highly than it has yet reached. The first of the prizes here represented is called "The Orange Prize;" it is valued at 300 sovs. and is so named in honour of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands. It consists of a group, representing Prince Maurice of Nassau directing the final charge at the battle of Nieuport, fought against the Archduke Albert (son of Maximilian II.), viceroy of the Netherlands under Philip of Spain, in which, according to the "Memoirs of Sir Francis Vere," after a severely contested encounter, the Archduke Albert was wounded in the face by a lance, unhorsed, and forced to quit the field. Maurice, seeing the horse of the archduke galloping without his rider, ordered a prompt and general advance, and gained a great victory, taking five thousand prisoners, including nearly all the commanders of the archduke's army. The battle was fought on the 2d of July, 1600. The artist has represented the moment when the archduke has fallen from his horse, and the prince is ordering the advance of his troops. The group is very finely composed, the whole is full of vigour, and both horses and men exhibit all the fire by which the originals in this celebrated battle may be supposed to have been excited.—*Bell's Life in London.*



*The Orange Prize-Goodwill.*







*The Goodwood Cup.*

## THE GOODWOOD CUP.

This is the second of the productions emanating from the establishment of Messrs Hunt and Roskell, and constituted the principal prize contended for at the late Goodwood Meeting. It represents the crisis of the battle of Bosworth-field, Sir W. Stanley saving the life of the Earl of Richmond, when, according to the chronicles of the time, Richard III., finding the battle going against him, made a desperate attempt to change the fortune of the day by destroying Richmond, and, charging furiously, overthrew Sir John Cheney, killed Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer to the earl, and got near enough to his opponent to aim a blow at him, which was parried by Sir William Stanley. Richard was unhorsed and slain. This group is exquisitely modelled, the general outline and the minor parts are all in the best taste. The horses and their riders are all in motion and full of vitality. The details are very elaborate, the armour of the two principal figures being enriched with gold, and the armorial bearing and devices being also of that metal. The apparel is gorgeous and very appropriate to the subject. This and the Orange Prize were designed by Mr Frank Howard, to whom the greatest praise is due, both for the designs and the manner in which they have been carried out; Mr Bailey, R.A., has also contributed his genius and good taste to render them what they are.—*Ibid.*



### THE CHESTERFIELD CUP.

This, the third of the prizes which have issued from the *atelier* of Messrs Hunt and Roskell, is a beautiful candelabrum, comprising branches for nine lights, tastefully entwined with ivy leaves, in compliment to the house of Gordon. At the base is a group of stag and dogs, modelled with matchless accuracy and truth to nature. The light and elegant construction of the whole reflects the highest credit on the artists engaged, and, combining as it does the useful with the ornamental no doubt proved most acceptable to the winner. It is modelled after a design by Mr Landseer for a candelabrum for the Emperor of Russia, also manufactured by Messrs Hunt and Roskell; it is something less in dimensions, but possesses all the vigour and force of the larger work.—*Ibid.*

SELECTIONS,

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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# SELECTIONS,

AND

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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### SOUND AND UNSOUND HORSES.\*

#### DOWN IN THE HIP.

This is an occurrence that arises from accidents of various sorts, and, where it does not exist in any great degree, seldom interferes with the utility of the animal. It consists in one hip-bone being lower than the other. Many horses have been purchased with this deformity without its having been observed; for it is sometimes very difficult to detect when standing by the side of the animal, and may exist, though in so trifling a degree as to be hardly perceptible when the horse is even looked at behind. I will not take upon myself so much of the province of the professional examiner as to say whether a horse thus situated would be held as a sound one as a matter of law, but as a matter of opinion, on the honour of the thing, I should say thus much, and, I hope, act up to it. Persons in taking a warranty of soundness have a right to expect a horse to be, *at the time of sale*, sound; and further, that he shall have nothing about him that is the effect of present or former accident, ailment, or formation contrary to the general rule of nature. This is what most persons expect; but I should say the man who made all this a *sine qua non* in purchasing, would be one who had purchased very few horses indeed, for he will rarely find one coming strictly up to this criterion of soundness, nor would perhaps the horse that did be worth one shilling more than one that from some trifling cause did not. But if the man did expect this, and the person selling knew he did, and at the same time sold him a horse that he knew the other would not purchase if he was aware of some imperfection the animal had, as a matter of honour I think he is bound to mention it; if not, he is certainly selling an imperfect thing where a perfect one

\* Continued from No. VII.

is expected; in short, does not realize the understood compact between two parties. If, therefore, I sold a horse down in one hip without mentioning the circumstance, though the horse would most probably be to all intents and purposes sound, I should, if requested to do so, certainly hold myself bound in honour to take him back.

If slightly affected in this way, and it had been of some time standing, so that no danger of inflammation need be feared from friction of the affected parts, I should not object to purchase such a horse. How far, when it was of magnitude enough to be unsightly, a man might choose to sacrifice look to price, remains for the purchaser to determine.

If after being worked, whether a week or an hour, a horse down on a hip evinced the slightest symptom of lameness or stiffness, it is all but unnecessary to say he is a decided unsound one, and returnable.

#### WOUNDS IN A GENERAL WAY.

However severely a horse may have been wounded, though it may have left a seam of most unsightly appearance, if he is radically cured of it, and no stiffness remains from the accident or mode of cure, I should say such a horse may be warranted perfectly sound; for the most unpractised eye could not overlook such a blemish, and in such a case it would be a blemish, and no more; but, as in the case of a low hip, if any stiffness ensues from exertion, it then becomes a positive unsoundness.

Muscular wounds will often occasion a little stiffness of the surrounding parts, that is neither diminished nor increased by work; though in a general way it decreases as the muscles become warm by exertion. When that is the case, and the horse when cool is no *more* stiff than he was on *first* being brought from the stable, no fear need be entertained of any unpleasant consequences; but if from the effect of exertion the animal when cool is found *more* stiff than he was before the exertion, he is of course a decidedly unsound horse, and one likely to get worse by repetition of the same or increased exertion.

Wounds in the muscles of the thigh and hind quarter will often produce an inequality of step with the hind legs that renders the horse *apparently* more or less lame; he may nevertheless, so far as any required work goes, be perfectly *sound*, but of course could not be warranted so. If it existed in but a trifling degree, he might, however, be safely purchased at a *proper price*.

#### SPAVINS,

Like any other disease that interferes with the springy action of the hock, are in my estimation a most serious objection. If a horse has had spavins, has been fired for them, and no stiffness of the hock remains, of course the objection to them ceases also. But though such is often the happy result of proper treatment, I have remarked that a far greater number of horses, though rendered sound by it, never regain that elasticity. "*That*," as Goldsmith says, "when once destroyed, can never be supplied." When this is the case, a great portion of the *pleasantry* of motion of the riding horse must be destroyed also.

My great dislike to spavins, and my dread of a horse throwing out

one, arises from being aware that we cannot apply to the immediate root of the disease; we can only go a little below its surface; so that we have only to trust to external remedy and judge of how far the seat of disease is affected, by the diminution of its external appearance and the alleviation of the lameness, and the apparent pain of the animal. If spavin exists, or arises from a want of that sinovial fluid intended to lubricate the parts, all the firing-irons in the world can no more remedy the disease than the creaking of a dry wheel can be remedied without some unctuous matter to enable it to run more smoothly; in fact, the pain felt, and the lameness exhibited by the horse, and the creaking of the wheel, arise from nearly the same cause; and when this cause is the one that occasions lameness, and it has been of long standing (without pretending to any professional acquirement), I will venture to pronounce the case hopeless: the horse is *incurably lame*.

When spavin arises, which I believe is the common case from coalition (a very unprofessional phrase) of bone, we can in no way apply a remedy to the *foundation* of the disease; all we can therefore do is this:—If the lameness proceeds from irritation, by counter (that is, external) irritation we can lessen that irritation; but I suspect the cause will still remain, do what we will. Thus, though the horse will not perhaps be lame, the flexibility of the joint will remain materially impaired, and, in my opinion, the value of the animal be very much deteriorated indeed.

#### BOG-SPAVINS.

I have had many horses who had in a lesser or greater degree bog-spavins, and never was unfortunate enough to have one lame with them; nor would I reject a horse thus affected that was sound; nor, so long as he continued so, would I attempt a removal of them. In the first place I should have very little hopes of effecting it, and the attempt to do so would, I should say, be much more likely to do injury than produce any good result. In a general way they cause neither pain nor inconvenience. Blood-spavins are in nearly the same part of the hock, and are merely an enlargement of the veins; unless very large, they seldom produce lameness, though I had a horse once very lame from one blood-spavin. I mentioned the circumstance in something I once wrote. A veterinary surgeon at Hounslow, I forget his name, but I think Walker, took up the vein very skilfully, sent the horse home in three days perfectly sound, and so he continued for months. I then sold him, and he went abroad.

#### CURBS.

The great objection to curbs is, that they sometimes arise from the same cause as spavins. When this is the case, they mostly cause a permanent stiffness. A very recent curb frequently yields to a blister; but, in a more advanced stage, nothing but the iron, and that *effectually* used, can be depended upon. Even then, should the hocks be badly formed by nature, I would not purchase such a horse. Such hocks will most probably give way again in some way; if they do not, as their bad formation renders them incapable of, taking their share of supporting the hind-quarters, an additional stress will be laid on the back-sinews, and then they will go.

We must not always judge of the probability of a horse standing work or the reverse, by the size of a spavin or a curb: a very small enlargement in either case will make a horse as lame as he can be; while, on the contrary, the excrescence will sometimes be very great, and yet cause scarcely any perceptible inconvenience. This depends on the *situation* of the failing, and consequently on its interference with the motion of the hock; and, when it *does* thus interfere, I should consider the chance of a perfect cure very uncertain indeed.

#### THOROUGH PINS

Are, to use a homely term, a puffy enlargement, both inside and outside the hock. They are very common. Numbers of horses have them more or less. I never had a horse lame with them; though I had one with an enlargement of this sort, on both hocks, each side as large as half an orange, but never was even stiff after the hardest run.

#### CAPPED HOCKS

Are very unsightly, and generally proceed from bruises got in some way. If a harness-horse had them, I should strongly suspect him of having made too close an acquaintance with the splinter-bar. If the hock—that is, the swelling—is soft, I never saw a horse lame with them. I saw one very decidedly so with capped hocks; but then the enlargement was nearly as hard as bone.

#### ENLARGEMENT OF THE FLEXOR-TENDON.

This is a most serious affair; the flexor-tendon being to the hind leg of the horse what the leather brace is to the C spring of a carriage. Cut the brace, the carriage comes at once on the perch; *divide*, or *seriously* injure the flexor-tendon, the hind leg is as useless as if it was broken. In such a case a bullet is the most humane resource. Sometimes, from inflammation of this part, the horse will become so lame as to be perfectly useless for the time being; but here do away with the cause, and the effect will cease, and the animal will probably become as sound as ever he was. No man would, of course, buy a horse lame from such a cause; I only, therefore, state the importance of this tendon, that no young purchaser may be talked into thinking lightly of any remains of injury to so important a part of the animal anatomy. How far the injury may have been radically cured, a professional man will decide; and in such a case his advice is very cheap at 10s. 6d.

#### THRUSHES

Are, by the generality of persons, held out as being much more objectionable than I ever considered them. The term, "I consider," or "considered," ~~may~~ appear arrogant on my part; but if the reader will be kind enough to carry in mind that I only state what experience has taught me, without pretending to advise professionally, I trust I shall be held exonerated from any undue presumption. I know enough of a watch to see if the main-spring is broken, and enough to tell any one that when it is, the watch cannot go (some persons do not even know this), I then refer them to the watchmaker; so, in all I say of soundness or unsoundness in

horses, I refer my readers to the veterinarian, who will tell him when and where I am wrong.

I have always held thrushes, taking them as a disease, as one of very little importance, and as one easily cured when merely a disease in themselves. They generally arise from neglect on the part of the groom; such as foul, wet litter, allowing grit and dirt to remain in the cleft of the frog, and that frog to become ragged, so as to admit dirt in its interstices. In such a case take a pen-knife (as good a tool as any), cut away all ragged parts. If any part of the horny substance is loose from the sensible part, cut that away also. Poultice the foot, to soften it; then apply a little horse-turpentine and lard for a few days, till the foetid smell and acrimonious discharge ceases; then use a mixture of verdigris and honey for a few days; and, finally, stop the foot with tar. To this, and a dose of physic, I have always found thrushes yield, when they were in themselves a disease; but when they are the effect of another cause, they become serious; that is, when they rise from high narrow heels pressing the frog, so as to cause inflammation. In this case, unless you can do away with the cause, the effect must continue; and, as it is not once in fifty cases contracted heels can be cured, so it is not once in fifty cases thrushes can be cured when arising from such a cause. Give me a good sound open foot, and take off ten pounds out of fifty in the price of a horse for thrushes, I would never wish to buy one without them.

#### NARROW HEELS.

Having mentioned these in allusion to thrushes, I will say a word or two about them. Now, as relating to them as a disease, which many persons consider them to be (that is, they consider contracted hoofs as one), I should say there is no such disease as contracted hoofs or heels—there are contracted feet, and a most lamentable, and in most cases incurable, disease it is; but the hoofs or heels being, or rather becoming, contracted, is the result of a disease, not one in itself.

Most men have, as boys, no doubt kept a horse-chesnut or common nut some time in their possession, and have found that after a time it has become shrunken in size and withered in appearance. Now, supposing the internal parts of either had retained all their juices, and consequently their pristine size, the outer skin or shell could not diminish in size; so I consider it to be with the horse's foot. Preserve that in its original healthy state and size, the hoof will not, in fact cannot, contract. When the internal parts shrink from inflammation and disease, the hoof follows the foot. If a twelve-stone man, wearing an elastic worsted waistcoat, wasted to nine stone, the waistcoat would still fit close to the body; but it would not be the waistcoat that had shrunk of itself, but the body, and the waistcoat had *followed* it. If the hoofs were the cause of contracted feet, we should only have to rasp them till they were as pliable as the skin of the body, and the feet would immediately expand. Such is not, however, the case. Rasp the hoof as long as you will, unless you can restore the natural foot to its former health and vigour, it will have no inclination to expand; no, not if it was in the middle of the Mediterranean instead of being within a hoof, and unfortunately we cannot get at the sensible parts



of the foot so as to restore their original healthy state, which in very few cases indeed ever returns after they have become in any way contracted.

#### EYES.

Setting aside the internal organs, which are, of course, hidden from our sight, I consider the eyes, as a part of the anatomy of the horse, the most difficult for the non-professional to become competent judges of; and any disorder of those delicate organs in the horse are, generally speaking, more fatal in their nature to him than the same casualty is to the human being. This arises from several causes. We can ask the horse no questions; consequently, if his eyes become diseased, we can only judge of the extent of the disease by the organs themselves, and by the acts of the animal.

If he runs his head against a door-post instead of walking into the door, we of course infer that he is blind or nearly so; if he starts at such things as a pool of water on the road, a white stone, or a piece of paper, we fairly judge his eyes to be more or less affected; for there is a wide difference between his shying at carriages, or any object that might reasonably cause a fear of coming in contact with, and starting at objects under his feet. If he starts at any distant object, it shows at least that he *sees it* at a distance, be it what it may; but if he only bucks at it when under his feet, we may fairly infer he has near or confused sight.

Horses starting at any object coming suddenly upon them, has nothing in it to cause suspicion of their perfect vision. We should do the same if our best friend startled us by a sudden appearance. But if a horse began pricking up his ears or looking alarmed at seeing another horse, or cart, or cow, or any familiar object when at that distance at which he ought to be able to distinguish them, generally speaking I should say his sight was more or less imperfect. By such observations we may often judge of the correctness or incorrectness of his vision before it affects the appearance of the organs themselves.

Nothing is more deceptive to the casual observer than the first look at a horse's eyes. I have been often surprised at the cursory glance I have seen dealers take at them. A fine, clearly defined eye, with a clear, dark hazel iris, is handsome—in fact, a beauty in a horse; and such eyes often lead to the remark, “They are all right,” when in fact they may be all wrong. For though I admit that a strikingly-handsome eye is mostly a good one, it in no shape amounts to a certainty it is so; and alluding to it as *PROOF*, the colour of the iris has nothing to do with proof of soundness of sight; and it is quite possible that a horse may have such a formed and coloured eye that at three yards' distance we should swear by; yet when we come to inspect the visual part closely in a proper light, we may find him as blind as a bat. It is an opinion with some persons that wall or china eyed horses never go blind, or very seldom. This is quite erroneous; that there are very few blind horses of this sort is true, but it merely arises from there being but few horses with such coloured eyes.

How far certain imperfections of vision will affect the value of horses depends greatly on the description of horse so afflicted: a very superior cab horse, of great size and beauty, with magnificent action, worth, we will

say, three hundred, might not be reduced perhaps more than a hundred by a trifling imperfection of sight, possibly not so much ; but the same affliction would bring a three hundred guinea hunter (formerly) to a stage-coach, and now, poor fellow, to an omnibus or a cab, unless he happened to have similar action in his trot to some of the black hearse horses—which God forbid any hunter should have—then he might be honoured by drawing a Brougham, till sufficiently worn out to be bought for a street cab. Such is the feeling and gratitude of man !

One great reason why every one should be very tenacious of buying a horse whose eyes have been once seriously affected is this—they may be, *pro tempore*, cured ; but as most of the diseases to which the horse is subject are of an inflammatory nature, so are the diseases of his eyes ; and as the generality of uses to which we put the horse are likely to cause inflammation, the chances are very great that the same cause that produced diseased eyes will, when put in practice, again produce them. For this reason, unless at a lesser price and for particular purposes, I would never purchase a horse whose eyes had once been seriously affected, if I knew it to have been the case ; unless the disease had been very temporary indeed, and had arisen from some particular cause that was not likely to take place again.

#### WIND.

Next to taking a ride in a balloon and anticipating a sudden explosion of the gas that filled it, it would be difficult to induce me to own a horse bad in his wind, be it broken wind, thick wind, roaring, whistling, or any of the intermediate abominations attendant on any failing in this particular. I am aware that a great deal of work is to be got out of even broken winded horses, but not by me, for I would not accept one as a present, much less buy one.

#### BROKEN WIND.

This disease is so manifest in its symptoms that its existence can scarcely escape the notice of any one attempting to purchase, unless, indeed, the unfortunate animal had been set and dosed for the purpose of sale. We may see a horse blow strongly, as a race-horse will do standing under sweaters in the stable, or pant as the same horse would do if a trainer had let him come a greater space in a gallop than the state of his condition and wind would warrant. But this is quite different from what the broken winded horse exhibits ; with him there is a drawing in of the flanks, and a peculiar convulsive jerk on their expanding again, that cannot be mistaken, unless, as I have said, it is prevented, for the time being, by nefarious practices. Whatever may be the cause of broken wind, one thing is certain : it is beyond the reach of medicine or treatment to cure ; for the best palliation, that we know of, only in a greater or less degree diminishes the effect, but in no way eradicates this dreadful disease ; for on making a post mortem examination there will not be found any uniform derangement of the internal organs of broken-winded horses ; consequently, unless the seat or source of disease can be definitely fixed on, it is impossible, or at least useless, to suggest remedies, and the only means

by which we can in a temporary way apparently relieve the broken-winded horse, are such as, from their nature, could not be persevered in.

I have had friends who had broken-winded horses; to them I always recommended one mode of treatment of such animals; and they, one and all, have told me it succeeded even beyond their expectations. A small upland meadow or paddock, where the grass is very short and very sweet, and no water to be got at by the horse; a liberal allowance of oats, but little water, and no hay. When the weather was such as required a horse to be constantly housed, in lieu of grass, plenty of carrots; cold bran mashes, which almost supersede the necessity of water; scarcely any hay, that perfectly sweet, and always given wetted. Thus treated, horses will do a great deal of work with comparative ease to themselves—still I would not own one.

#### THICK WIND.

Every horse that is not in condition must, of course, be more or less thick in his wind, whether it proceeds from illness, want of exercise, or being constantly over fed. This is, however, only a temporary failing, to which it is easy to apply a remedy. Still, if the same treatment that has rendered the horse thick in his wind is persevered in for a length of time, the organs of respiration lose their tone and power, and the horse becomes a confirmed thick-winded one. Still he is in no way to be considered as, or confounded with, a broken-winded one; for though he may be the very reverse of being clear in his wind, if you galloped him till he stood still, pant as he might, he would have none of the draw and second motion of the flank of the broken-winded horse. How soon, if in such a state he was put to quick work, he might become broken-winded, would of course depend on circumstances; probably he would not keep his master long in suspense about the matter. Indeed, under such circumstances, it is quite likely that, without waiting to get broken-winded, he would get an attack of

#### INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS,

Which of course produces difficulty of breathing at the time, and often for ever afterwards. But few horses are bought when labouring under this dreadful disease to an extent that is visible: when it has become so to any alarming degree, he will probably be a dead one in a very short time.

I in no shape consider it impossible or even improbable that a horse that has had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs may, if properly attended to during the attack, be afterwards just as sound as ever he was, and his lungs be as healthy as before, and doubtless many are: still, if a horse had been more than once subject to this attack, I would not buy him at any price for any purpose, though apparently perfectly cured. In fact, if he had been attacked once, I should hesitate in doing so, not from a doubt of his being cured or being sound, but from a dread of his being attacked again.

I will here give one hint that may be the means of saving some valuable animal's life, should he be suddenly and severely attacked with inflammation of the lungs, and the owner may be so situated as to fear he may not be able to procure professional aid for perhaps twenty-four hours.

Do not hesitate a minute; use your fleam or lancet, or even penknife if nothing better is at hand; bleed at once, produce a good full stream, and bleed till the symptoms abate. The quantity in such a case must not depend on the size, age, condition, or constitution of the horse, but on the effect it produces on him. A country farrier, if called in, would probably take two quarts, and say, "that *must* be plenty:" in most cases of inflamed lungs he might as well take a mere pint. If such a man bleed for you, tell him you will be answerable for his acts, and make him go on, whether two quarts or ten, till the effect is produced. In such a case, this is the end to be obtained without reference to any given quantity. Don't be afraid, as he perhaps would be, of bleeding your nag to death; horses won't stand firm and steady on their legs and be bled to death. They may be much more weakened by over-bleeding when in a state of health than would be proper: but in a case of inflammation there is little fear of that while he stands on his legs, unless the bleeding is continued *after* the symptoms have abated. Should the symptoms not have abated, and should the horse even fall, do not be alarmed; he will get up again: you have done right: it only shows the strength of the disease required more reducing than the habit of the horse could for the moment bear. If such has been the case, let him lie a few minutes: on his recovering himself I doubt not a great change will be found for the better. The fact was, merely the horse fainted before the bleeding had acted on the disease.

Till the professional man comes, now put your horse in a cool box, leave the door wide open if even in winter, and clothe him up proportionably warm. Whatever may occur, depend on it that so far as you have gone you have done the best the situation you and your horse were placed in allowed. If the symptoms should not return, it will prove this; if they should, it will prove it also; for you will probably find the veterinarian will bleed him again. If the state of the disease was such as to require the extent of bleeding I have described before it abated, you may be satisfied that, had you not had recourse to it, your horse would have been a dead one in a very few hours.

#### ROARERS.

The purchasing or rejecting a roarer is one among the many acts of a man's life the propriety of which depends on his own taste. They are in many cases as useful as any other horses. We know some can even race with a good deal of credit to themselves; many are excellent hunters; and consequently there is nothing in this failing to prevent their doing most things that other horses can do. It only amounts to this.

Some men might not object to hearing another take his first lessons on the trombone. If I knew such to be a man's taste, and he deputed me to take lodgings for him, if I found such as I knew would please him in every particular, I would engage them for him though I knew a pupil of this sort lodged in the same house: but for myself, though not over rich, the rent of the whole house would not induce me to occupy any portion of it. I would not have taken a present of Lottery, as a hunter, in his best days if he had made a noise. I need say nothing more.

There is a peculiar comfort, of the wrong sort, attendant on the possession of a roarer, which is, that, independently of the horrible nuisance of his present noise, the owner need have no anticipation of his getting better; while he may bring himself into the conviction that the chances are greatly in favour of his getting worse, though some never do.

#### WIND SUCKERS.

This is not an unsoundness in the literal sense of the word, nor ought it to come under the denomination of a vice; it is simply a bad habit. What leads to it has never, I believe, been perfectly ascertained. I do not believe that, like crib-biting, it is learned from other horses. Some persons say that, from keeping horses a long time fasting, they contract the habit of sucking in wind in order to fill themselves with *something*. I think this very likely to be the case. Though not in itself an unsoundness, I am quite sure it is very likely to lead to that in point of wind, for a horse going full of wind I conceive little better than one going full of water. I certainly would advise every man not to buy a horse possessing this habit, for any purpose whatever.

The striking or threatening a horse to find if he is a roarer, must not always be depended on as a test. Some will, on a momentary exertion, give a kind of grunt that are no roarers, while others that are cannot be made do this. If, however, on a horse being struck or threatened, or on turning in his stall, he gives a fine, long, sonorous groan, there can be no mistake in him—he is a roarer with a vengeance.

#### WHISTLING.

The difference between this and roaring, and the propriety of purchasing a horse that whistles, is merely the difference of music between the trombone and the penny trumpet. I detest both: my reader may like both, or prefer one to the other—*de gustibus non est disputandum*. Whistlers, however, may be bought with impunity, and they certainly are far less objectionable than roarers; nor does whistling, I believe, much affect their wind or utility, at least not perceptibly so. I never, however, owned one, and I shall use every precaution in my power that I never may, unless I should find some most extraordinary qualifications indeed to make amends for a defect to which, in all its stages, I have an utter abhorrence.

HARRY HIEOVER.

*Sporting Review for Aug. & Sept.*

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## THE SPORTSMAN'S DRESSING-ROOM;

OR, A FEW WORDS ABOUT HUNTING COATS, BREECHES, BOOTS,  
SPURS, SADDLES, AND GUNS.

BY ACTÆON.

The mutabilities of the present age are unspeakably great: time was, and at no great distance either, when slang and vulgarity overspread the larger part even of the higher orders of British sportsmen. But a brighter day has dawned; and with the "*three bottle*" heroes have vanished the groom's dialect, the coachman's slang, and the low-bred bullying swagger of the prize-ring.

Amongst the many features by which a sportsman and a gentleman are distinguished, perhaps there is not one which is more likely to stamp him, either alpha or omega, in "*the eyes of the world*" than his dress, or, in other words, after what fashion a man turns himself out, according to the amusement or calling he is about to pursue.

That a peculiar style of dress is necessary for each of our national recreations must be admitted by every one more civilized than the denizen of the wilds of North America; but to dictate to any one the *exact* mode in which he is to dress himself, would be a piece of presumption which I should suppose the most arrogant minister of fashion would hardly dare to assume. The description of habiliments which would become one person, would, in all probability, sit like the lion's skin upon any other, and render the wearer the most perfect object of ridicule. Fancy Squire Osbaldeston "*lavishly got up*" like the Count D'Orsay, screaming to his hounds, when he had them, by the side of a Pytchley gorse cover, or the master of the Quorn kigged out in the tights and wrinkled Hessians of Romeo Coates. Still such absurdities as the last-mentioned gentleman have absolutely shown themselves in the hunting field of the Royal Buckhounds, and the vanity and self-love of the exhibiter, led him to suppose that the Prince of Wales was struck with the neatness of the fit, and adopted the peculiar style of this pseudo-fashionable West Indian\*. Lord Chesterfield, of Nepotic-literary renown, has said that a man ought to be rather *over* than under dressed; in fact, according to Ude, *dressed to a turn*. His lordship, immoral as some persons may esteem him, was not altogether a bad judge, considering the times he lived in; however, I never much fancied him myself—that is, his writings. He was guilty of one gross breach of decorum and taste, in my humble opinion—he sneered at foxhunters. But we are now talking about coats and boots and breeches, and not hounds, so let it pass.

\* The celebrated Romeo Coates had the vanity to declare that he was the first person who set the fashion of wearing the boots pushed down in wrinkles, and which were afterwards much worn by the dandies of that day. Mr. Coates's boots had however, one original recommendation—that was, of being waterproof; being made without a seam, of the skin of a horse's leg, blocked into shape.

A sloven in dress, nine times in ten, is the same listless performer of the ordinary or extraordinary duties of life. Again, a man may be got up with as much trouble and expense as the most correct dandy who perambulates the streets of London, and yet be the mere exhibitor of the most outré taste and habiliments that it is possible to conceive; in fact, he may be what has been so expressively denominated a "*Bucknasty*," redolent of a mixture of frouziness and perfume, and eminently expressive of a taste at once jaunty and plebeian, dingy and yet tigerish in the most superlative degree.

Badly-cut habiliments certainly denote poverty of taste, if they do not of the pocket; and I never meet with a man whose clothes are, as it were, *chopped out* in the country by the parish clerk, that I am not impressed with the idea that he is fondly wearing out the treasured heirlooms of his great-grandfather, or at best that he is some Sabine in easy circumstances, the homeliness of his garb keeping pace with the crudeness of his ideas, and who has summoned up courage to emerge from the chrysalis state of his solitude to stare with wonder and astonishment at the more glittering objects of a new and refined world.

Although imitators in every branch in the arts and sciences are to be met with, in even the most remote districts of the globe, the mighty "*Babylon*" alone is the emporium where clothes of all descriptions, as well as each species and genus of implement used by flood and field, are to be obtained in that degree of perfection that can ensure satisfaction or success in the use of them to the purchaser; and this, with little exception, within one mile of the once favourite lounge, the White Horse Cellar, in Piccadilly.

How extraordinary it is that, in a country like England, where good sense has generally predominated over whim, and where the useful and comfortable have, in most instances, been preferred to the mere expedients adopted by the eccentric or parsimonious, the hunting-coat should have been allowed to retain a shape, during so many years, the most unsightly and comfortless that can encumber the back of a sportsman! The fashion of wearing evening coats in the field is certainly a custom the most absurd, as that part which ought necessarily to be as well protected from the cold and wet, as even the back itself, viz., the lower regions of the stomach and groin, are necessarily left exposed to the weather; and I am well convinced that no one who had ever been in the habit of wearing the old-fashioned and now nearly exploded huntsman's frock, with its close fitting and weather-proof flaps, would ever wish to exchange so great a comfort for the ridiculous swallow-tailed affair of comparatively modern invention. In these extra-refined days of universal dandyism and rage for fancy uniforms, if the old coat above alluded to may be deemed too vulgar and antediluvian to be allowed to grace the back of the modern fox-hunter, why not have something invented in which might be combined comfort as well as appearance? A garment so truly "*simplex munditiis*" as the coat worn by her Majesty's watermen, with a few trifling alterations, would afford a pattern for a dress at once the most agreeable and appropriate that could be conceived for a horseman's use.

There is one very remarkable thing with regard to the cutting of all kinds of coats, taking the whole list of tailors from Dan to Beersheba, from the legion in Conduit-street or Bond-street, to the indefatigable Jew monster of Aldgate Pump, that hardly one can be found who can produce a garment where the skirts are not purposely made to point towards the horse's tail, as if intended to brush away the flies from the animal's quarters, instead of hanging gracefully down his sides. These knights of the shears one would suppose have only studied the art of "getting up" dandies of the peripatetic school, without having made themselves anatomically and scientifically acquainted with either the comfort or appearance of a well-dressed horseman.

The next article of dress which I shall notice are breeches; the material of which, in the fast countries, should be invariably of leather; but in the provincials or back-wood settlements, cotton or worsted cords are undoubtedly admissible; and wonderful as it may appear, there are not above three tradesmen worthy of the title of professors of the art—we might almost say science—of producing these necessary appendages to the sportsman's wardrobe, in the whole of this vast metropolis. The great difficulty is in cutting them sufficiently long in the fork to prevent their riding up, and the parting company at the knees with the boot-top, or "*visiting*" as it is facetiously expressed by the more slangy of the artistes; and where this difficulty has been obviated, the cutter more usually than not runs into the extreme of slanginess and bad taste by carrying the knee-buttons directly down the front of the shin, or even what is still worse, across it, giving one the idea of "*first turn out*" of by-gone days on the Hounslow-road.

There is another material of which hunting breeches are occasionally made, and worn by those men who prefer the economy of the wash-tub to being well valeted by a good breeches cleaner; it is made of wool, and the resemblance so good that at a short distance few can distinguish the counterfeit from the real *leathers*.

It has been the fashion for some years past, to prefer excessively light top-boots in the hunting-field: in fact, everything connected with the chase seems to be tainted with a sort of mania smelling excessively strong of the racing stable. Hunters are trained, sweated, and set, like the race-horse, to prepare them for the quick things of modern days; gentlemen-sportsmen ride with cutting jockey-whips instead of the more appropriate thong. And to keep up the character, boots, breeches, and saddles are made proportionally light and useless, the wearers forgetting that during an hour's run across a severe and enclosed country there are innumerable "*little objects*" to be encountered in the various rasping bullfinches which are penetrated, in the shape of blackthorns and stubs of trees, and which are never encountered upon a race-course; but all this comes of that unsportsmanlike, horse-dealerish pastime the steeple-chase. A pretty figure a man would cut after being obliged to dismount in a Leicestershire gateway, where the mud had been well tempered during the preceding wet night by a dozen Scotch bullocks; but such things are liable to occur to the *fastest* and cleverest of horsemen, where the gate, which may be the only practicable way out of the field, is *fast*.



ened up, or too heavy to lift off the hinges without dismounting. All men don't jump gates; perhaps they can't, after

" Fifty minutes so ripping, which must be confessed  
Was enough for the bad ones, no joke for the best."

The long black jacks, although sported a good deal by many "*holiday fox-hunters*," are, in my humble opinion, perfectly inadmissible, excepting for what they were first intended, viz., salmon-fishing and sniping, and are generally seen accompanied by elaborate shawl ties, monster pins, and fancy waistcoats. A top-boot, to be properly made, should come up so as to cover the lowest button of the breeches-knee, and should be attached to that button by means of a loop of catgut, which gives a less strain upon the button, when attaching it, than if it were made of leather, and makes the top sit closer to the leg; it should also be buttoned in the same manner behind, allowing none of the stocking to appear; this is difficult to achieve with some gentlemen whose calves are of the order of London footmen\*, and a real horseman's leg ought to be as lean and wiry as the limb of a greyhound.

I have seen a few men, who really ought to have had better taste, not only dress so as to show the stocking above the top of the boot, but absolutely to sport pink silks, and amongst them I may enumerate the late Sir Harry Goodricke, well known as one of the most bruising riders ever seen in Leicestershire, and who at one time obtained the unenviable soubriquet of "the butcher," from his cutting a horse's throat in the middle of a run, and which had broken its leg. Only fancy cutting a horse's throat in pink silk stockings! Sir Harry however is gone; so let him, keen sportsman as he was, rest in peace.

The subject of the spurs may seem almost too immaterial to be mentioned here, but it is a most undeniable fact that not one man in fifty knows how to put them on when he has got them. The under spur-leather is invariably, as turned out of the shop, cut too long; consequently

\* It may, perhaps, be not generally known to all our country readers, that one of the greatest essentials, with regard to the recommendation of a London footman, is not only his height, but the size and form of his legs, veal being at a high price in the "lackey market" of the metropolis. A friend of the author's, who once lived in one of the leading squares at the West-end, had occasion to hire a new footman. The man arrived; but for the two or three first days was absent from his post at the hour of his master's dinner. Upon inquiry being made of the butler why the new footman did not make his appearance, the excuse given was, that "*the man's calves had not yet come home*." "What!" said the astonished master, "what do you mean?" "Why sir," replied the major domo, "the man's legs are not quite so well formed and large as is consistent with his calling, and he has been obliged to have recourse to those artificial means which are resorted to by great numbers of the fashionable footmen in London, viz., to order a pair of '*sham calves*,' and I am sorry to say that the man who makes them has disappointed him, from the vast quantity which he has had orders for at this season of the year. However, he will be ready to appear by dinner time to-morrow."

the spur, when worn, is thus placed above the heel instead of nearly at the bottom of it. Experience makes fools wise; and the misery of having the heel dreadfully scarified by the horse treading upon the neck of one's spur when scrambling up after a fall, is quite sufficient to bear me out in my recommendation to wear the spurs placed rather low on the boot, in the manner I have described.

A saddle—"Well! but saddles have no business to be kept in a man's dressing-room!" Perhaps not; but, nevertheless, if I had only one good horse, and one real good London hunting saddle, I would rather keep it in my dressing-room, or even make a pillow of it, than see it kicking about all the summer in a nasty *half kept* harness room, as many are, to be utterly destroyed by mice, moths, and mildew. Besides, as I know a sportsman who is never measured for hunting coat unless sitting upon a saddle, so as to obtain the exact length of skirt, I think I may be allowed to introduce the subject of saddles in this catalogue of useful appendages. To say nothing of the quality of the materials used in the construction, the workmanship alone of a London saddle is far superior in every imaginable way to one of country manufacture. In the first place, the trees used by the London men never stretch so as to let the saddle down upon the withers of a horse, and seldom break. The pig skin does not crack nor lose its colour so soon; and what is of far greater consequence than all the rest put together, the backs of horses are seldom pinched by the pannels of a London saddle, while they are continually being wrung by wearing the nasty, spongy, heavy, ill-fitting contrivances of the country maker. A saddle to really fit a horse well should so sit upon its back when not mounted as to allow a person to see daylight underneath it all the way along from the cantle to the pommel. The pommel should be rather narrow and low than otherwise, the seat long, and the cantle cut very low, or woe betide the "*seat of honour*" of any horseman if he experience a shave in a down leap. The skirts, or flaps as they are sometimes called, should be cut large, full, and projecting backwards, and of such a thickness—which is rarely the case unless made to order—as to prevent the possibility of the perspiration from the horse spoiling the rider's boots.

The innumerable appendages which modern refinement has attached to hunting saddles, in the shape of canteens and cigar divans on a small scale, besides sham horns filled with drinkables enough to satisfy the cravings of a tolerable large foraging party, have a very unsightly and snobbish appearance; two glasses of sherry in a small silver *waistcoat* flask in one pocket, and a neat little dry sandwich in the other, are quite sufficient for any gentleman who breakfasts at nine and dines at seven; and I should as soon think of borrowing a man's tooth-pick as to allow all the field to take a suck out of these monster brandy bottles, which are so much patronized by the "*gents*" of modern days.

Talking of modern improvements and modern prices, I think it would be difficult to bring forward any article which gives the purchaser a greater advantage over the old regime than the guns of the present day. Within the last fifteen years the science of gunnery has, without doubt, progressed three hundred per cent., and the style in which low-priced guns are

brought into the market is perfectly astounding. Nevertheless, I am in no way anxious to recommend the young sportsman to invest his cash in a cheap and unwarranted gun; for depend upon it, there is nothing which can be turned out from any of our manufactories to which the "*quid pro quo*" is more applicable than that description of gun used by the English sportsman. Moreover, there are so many tricks resorted to by the rogues in the trade—a few of which I will presently endeavour to elucidate for the benefit and amusement of my readers—that it is not only a cruel waste of money, but dangerous in the highest degree to run the risk of having one's hands and head blown into eternity by the bursting or sudden explosion of the gun, to say nothing of being certain of having to go to market again at the commencement of the next shooting season.

It is well known that more than nine-tenths of even the superior kinds of guns which are sold in London as *town-made* are only finished in the metropolis, the barrels and much of the furniture, excepting the locks, being previously turned out in a rough state from the hardware emporium of Birmingham, at which place the majority of them have also been proved, as may be seen by the stamp belonging to the Proof-house of that district.

The proving of guns is rather a curious process, and may, perhaps, be not thoroughly known to many, at any rate of our more juvenile readers. In a moderately-sized and strongly-built room, well secured by cast-iron shutters and double-iron door, is placed a kind of stand, along which are fixed the barrels intended to be proved, say to the number of about one hundred, the priming being conveyed all along the line of the touch-holes by means of a small trough or groove, and which communicates with the outside of the building. Opposite to the muzzles of the gun-barrels is heaped up a mound of sand, to prevent the repeated blows of the bullets injuring the wall. All being in readiness, and the shutters and door well secured, the match is applied to the train, and in one instant is heard a most unearthly volcanic noise, resembling thunder in the distance, but by no means so loud as a stranger to the scene would be led to suppose would arise from the almost instantaneous explosion of one hundred gun barrels. A minute or two is allowed to elapse before the door is opened, not so much to allow the smoke to escape as to give those barrels time to explode which, by reason of any slight damp or otherwise, have *hung fire*, which is frequently perceptible by a few single stragglers, which bring up the rear in the engagement. As soon as the door and windows are thrown open, a most curious scene presents itself to the wondering spectator—barrels lying burst in all directions, some of them distorted into the most fantastic shapes imaginable, with the ribs curled up like pigs' tails to the very muzzles; others are found driven to the extreme distance of the room, and in some instances perforated by three and four bullets, which is one positive proof, if there were no others, of their not all exploding at the same moment. Some of the most curious of the specimens are preserved and hung up on the walls of the building. The next process is to collect those barrels together which have, apparently, upon close examination, not been burst; these are filled with water, and placed against a wall for twenty-four hours, when it is easy to perceive the least crack or flaw by the rust which shows itself along the fissure.

Although low-priced guns, of Birmingham manufacture, have been sold in London from time immemorial, it is only within the last five or six years that the description of gun to which I now allude has so inundated the market. To the eye of the inexperienced these guns at first sight seem equal to the five-and-twenty guineas articles of the London makers; but upon close inspection, a good judge with half an eye is able to detect the inferiority of these worthless counterfeits. By way of rendering the imposition more difficult to be detected, the name of some *defunct* London tradesman is generally forged upon them, or even the name of Manton, Lancaster, Egg, or Jackson occasionally figures upon the barrels, care being taken to omit the street, which would otherwise render the vender liable to an action for trumping up his inferior wares. The usual points in which these cheap guns are deficient are the following, although many of them come well up to the shoulder, and feel every inch of them, upon first handling, to be worthy of being taken into Scotland upon a grouse campaign. In the first place, the locks, to a connoisseur, are most wooded and unmusical, and, being made of iron instead of the very best and hardest steel, soon wear away and become shaky and even so dangerous as to go off upon the least blow on the butt-end. The lock-plates are never fitted with that care and closeness that a superior gun is turned out with; consequently the least wet is always liable to pass into the works. The heel-plate usually becomes removed from its right position upon the slightest blow, and is continually cutting the sportsman's hand with its sharp, knife-like edge, which projects from the side of the stock. The barrels are, nine times in ten, full of little pits, or what are termed "*grays*" on the outside, and "*flaws*" within, and eventually become quite honeycombed; and at best they are only rough bored, which is plainly perceptible by the rings inside them, when held up to the light. The ramrods invariably split when used, from being made of sawn wood, instead of, as they always ought to be, cleft strips. The sight and the loops frequently become unsoldered and are lost, and in fact the gun, after a little severe work, fairly tumbles to pieces. Still, with all these deficiencies, and upon the same principle as the three-halfpenny razors occasionally turn up trumps, that is by chance, now and then one of these "*cheap jacks*" is discovered to shoot in a most extraordinary manner, as I can myself vouch for, but seldom with both barrels alike, the weak one hardly being able to cut a partridge down at thirty yards. Now this is one of the greatest drawbacks, if not the very worst feature in any gun, in my opinion—I don't care how it may be turned out in other respects—viz., weakness or inequality of shooting; and the only way to avoid the cause of such continual disappointment is to go to a really respectable maker at once, who, if he warrants the gun to the purchaser, and he knows how to try it in a proper manner, will either ease the barrel which requires it by means of a rubber used with emery, or if unsuccessful in making *both* barrels shoot strong and equal, find him a fresh pair of barrels altogether, equal in performance to the price charged.

The simplest and most certain method of trying, or *shooting* a gun as it is termed, is as follows: Take two quires of strong brown paper with you to the ground; place one quire against a wall, taking care

that the stray shots do not injure any one who may be passing in that direction. Load your gun *yourself* with the same charge that you would use in the field, and don't trust to the tricks of the trade, where in some instances small charges and short distances are found to throw the shot closer upon the target. Take your stand at about forty yards, and always fire from the shoulder, as a rest invariably causes the gun to jump, and to shoot by no means so sure. The only rest that can be used with any degree of certainty is a line suspended between two uprights; but, after all, nothing beats the natural plan of shooting from the shoulder. After the first shot, walk up and see how many pellets have entered the sheet next to you, and also how many have penetrated through the last; as the quire is folded double you can easily take off the outside sheet and place it on the ground, renewing its place by a sheet from the unused quire, and then try your gun again, when the clean sheet will show how the shots have been carried both into and through the target. After a few shots at forty yards, you can try greater distances in the same manner and at the end of your exercise, by referring to the sheets, which ought to have been carefully placed one upon the other as they were taken off, discover at what distance your new gun would kill to the greatest advantage. The penalty of forging the proof mark upon new guns is so very severe, that I do not think even amongst the low-priced sort the accident of bursting is much more frequent than amongst the higher class of guns, and upon making inquiry I have generally discovered that the cause of the disaster may be attributed, nine times in ten, to the carelessness and inexperience of the sportsman, who had forgotten, after having discharged the first barrel, when loading to ram the wadding of the other barrel down, which is not unfrequently shaken up by the first discharge.

Of course I am only speaking of those guns which are *bonâ fide finished*, and not of those which have been almost, as it were, "*blown together*," for no other purpose than to pledge at the pawnbroker's, and which, when pawned at about three guineas, left an ample profit to the rascals who made them. One of the recommendations which these guns were discovered to have, when afterwards examined to be sold, was that the breechings were absolutely, in some instances, only driven in like the stopper of a bottle, without having the least worm or screw whatever to prevent them being blown out upon the first occasion of their being fired off, to the certain destruction of the purchaser.

*Sporting Magazine for August.*

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## SUMMER SPORTS IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

Hunting in summer! Why this was a pursuit we had never dreamed of even in our wildest imaginings.

The thing however was not only to be dreamed of but to be realised, and realised in a manner sufficient to put to flight all our preconceived notions and prejudices upon the subject.

A sporting medical friend—the country dispensary physicians of Ireland are, to a man, sportsmen, had frequently given me kind and pressing invitations to spend a week or two with him. These, from some cause or another, I had as constantly been compelled to decline. At length, however, sick of the dust and heat of a large city during the ‘dog-days,’ I resolved to avail myself of my friend’s proffered hospitality, and seek relief in the wilds of Duhallow.

A few hour’s drive brought me to the cottage of the worthy practitioner, where a hearty welcome, a plain but substantial dinner, and a ‘magnum’ of Irish claret, *i. e.*, whiskey punch, awaited my arrival.

An hour or two thus occupied, by no means indisposed me for the comforts of the ‘pillow,’ from which the doctor had promised I should be early aroused, as the hounds were to meet at daybreak on a mountain a few miles distant.

We tumbled into our cots, and were soon lost to all external things. Wild and incoherent were the dreams which that night visited me. Whether it was the spirit of the doctor’s ‘mountain dew,’ or the effects of the pure mountain breeze I had inhaled I know not, but horses and hounds, red-coats and hunting-whips, were commingled in ‘confusion worse confounded,’ while o’er wall and dyke and fence I urged my nag to many a desperate leap, such as, if walking, I should have shuddered even to look at. Matters were in this situation when a loud, a most vociferous ‘Yoicks, hark forward, tally-ho!’ made me spring from my couch, and I could soon distinguish the doctor’s cheering voice, urging me to expedition, as the sun had already risen, and every thing gave promise of a good morning’s sport.

A few minutes sufficed to complete my toilet; our horses were already at the door, and, having swallowed a glass of something warm to exclude the early fog, we were quickly in the saddle, and pressing along at a gentle trot to the scene of action.

Never shall I forget the beauty and the grandeur of that morning scene. Around and beneath us was one vast sea of fog, with here and there, as it were, an island peeping up from the still waters, the tops of the loftier hills alone being visible, while above us all was clear and unobscured. The rising sun was shedding a red and lurid light on the scenes presenting every object, distorted, to the view, while the landscape resembled more an island specked sea than what in truth it was, a far inland view.

More than once to the annoyance of my companion, who was accustomed to such scenes, I stopped to admire the novel prospect. Gradually,

however, the veil was lifted, and ere we reached the residence of the owner of the hounds the fog was almost entirely dissipated. Nothing could be more admirable than the site selected by the sporting master. On the side of a gentle hill, surrounded by a plantation judiciously arranged, as well for shelter as for ornament, and trellised with woodbine and roses, stood a pretty cottage of modern design. Before it rose the beautifully wooded demesne of N——, and in the valley beneath ran a laughing rivulet, that sparkled and gurgled over its pebbly bed.

From the sounds which proceeded from the house it was evident that more than one of its inmates was afoot and stirring.

‘I would lay any wager,’ said my companion, addressing me, ‘that S—— has had a party with him last night.’

‘Paddy, my boy,’ he added, turning to a man half butler, half groom, who was busily engaged filling a large kettle from a well adjacent to the path we rode on, ‘can you tell me is ‘the master’ up yet?’

‘Arrah, thin, troth he is, doethur,’ was the quick reply, ‘more by sartin he didn’t go to bed at all last night!’

‘Not go to bed last night! Was he ill then?’

‘Ill! Not he faix, doethur, only some of the gintilmin dined wid him yisterday, and they’re at it iver sinse. That I mightn’t if this insn’t the sivinth kittle of wather I filled since last night, and the bellows is all dish-troyed from the hard labour. Divil rasave the lie I’m telling you, sir!’

Giving our horses into the care of a sleepy hanger on, who stood near, we entered the house, and took our seats at the table without attracting observation from the more than half unconscious revellers. The scene was a strange and amusing one. The untrimmed candles burned dully, shedding an indistinct light on a confused mass of decanters, bottles, glasses, and jugs, while the rays of the early sun-light were streaming in as if in mockery. At the head of the table, erect and smiling, sat the master. Beside him, apparently endeavouring to snatch some hasty repose, his head resting on the board, was the well-knowing sporting Mr Kennedy, a man able to ride to any hounds, a first-rate hand at a comic song or story, and an excellent judge of wine, whiskey, and horseflesh. Opposite, and on the chairman’s right, Dick M’Manus was deep in the intricacies of a hunting ditty, which the others were anxiously endeavouring to chorus, while from a distant corner an occasional snore gave evidence of the existence of some oblivious occupant.

With a continuance of this state of things it was evident we could enjoy no hunting that morning. Accordingly we took immediate measures to remove as far as possible the effects of the carousal. The shutters and windows were thrown open, and the cool breeze was permitted to rush in. This, with the application of a little cold water, had a most beneficial effect, and we had soon the satisfaction of seeing all the party (save and except one, who was conveyed to bed) in tolerable condition to encounter the ‘accidents of flood and field.’

The dogs were ordered out—the hounds by our directions had already been sent on—and in a few minutes half a score of ‘good men and true,’ were wending their way along the mountain paths of the Limerick border.

A single glance was sufficient to show the difficulties of the ground

over which we were to try the qualities and powers of our respective horses. There was no champaign country suited to the racing speed of the thorough bred, no break-neck fences to call into action the jumping capabilities of the steeple-chaser. A pony would have had a better chance than either among those wild mountain ranges. The ground, as may be supposed, was broken and uneven.

Here and there might be seen a few small patches under cultivation, and these were protected by a nondescript fence, half stone, half loose earth, and by no means a safe or pleasant one for either horse or rider. But though little intersected with artificial fences, there was an abundance of natural obstacles, some of which were of a rather serious description. *Bohreens*, or by roads, rudely fenced on either side, ravines, deep and jagged gulleys, caused by the rush of winter floods, and precipitous rocks, called for caution on the part of the rider, and a quick eye and sure foot in the animal that carried him.

Fortunately for myself, the kindness of my friend had furnished me with a nag of the right sort. Active and wiry, with well knit and muscular limbs, and, though not large, yet possessing considerable speed combined with the greatest steadiness, he was 'easy in hand,' and admirably calculated for a 'light weight,' as well as for the work on which we were about to enter.

In accordance with a rule which I have always adopted, and which I have ever found serviceable, I rode to the side of the huntsman with the desire to propitiate his favour, and slipping a half crown into his hand, 'Well, Patrick,' I said—certain that I could not go wrong in calling him by this almost universal synonyme—'well, Patrick—'

'Moses, sir, at your service.'

'Indeed! that is not a usual name in this part of the country, eh?'

'May be not, sir! but I heard tell as how it was the name of a famous lawyer that lived long ago in furrin parts, and the way I come by it was this:—My father and mother (rest their souls!) had sivinteen sons, barrin myself that was the eighteenth, and faix when I came may be they wern't puzzled why to know what name to call me. While they wor debating upon it, who should come in but Thade Mahony, my mother's first cousin, an' says Thade, says he, 'What's the matter.' Wid dhat they up an' told him the hobble they wor in aboht de name, an' how they had gone through the entire family for the brothers that wint before me. Now Thade was a knowin' man an' a good scholar, an' had read a dale about the old Romans and Greeks (may be you heerd tell of them, sir), and after considering for a while he says, says he, 'Wouldn't you call the child Moses?' 'Bedad' says my father, 'that'll do,' and wid dat, sure enough, they christened me Moses, an' well I remimbirs it, more be token they found it very hard to get sponsors for me, for the neighbours thought the name rather heathenish an' outlandish!'

While laughing at the simplicity of the man's manner, I was interrupted by the exclamation—

'Holy mother! there's a hare!' and a splendid 'Jack' at the moment started from beneath his furze shelter, and made play at a pace that bid fair to try the mettle both of dogs and men.



My friend Moses was now all life and animation, and certainly showed himself no novice in the matter of getting his children on the scent, for in less time than it takes to record the feat, the dogs were running breast high, and 'discoursing most sweet music' to the morning gale. A few words of encouragement or jocular remark, and then each man settled himself seriously to the business in hand. At first there appeared no desire on the part of any in particular to take the lead. Indeed had such a wish existed in the breast of any, the deprecatory exclamations of Moses would have effectually prevented it.

'For the love of Heaven give the darlints time, sir!' 'Docthur, your honour, hould 'Lancet' in, sir!' 'Mr Blennerhassett, for God's sake pull up 'Pit box!'' This was addressed to the apothecary. 'Och, mille murdher, that mad divil has ruined Yelper!' 'Steady, my pets, steady! To it, my darlints, that's your plan.' 'Now for it, gintilinin, catch 'em who can!'

There was indeed now no longer any need of restraining the impetuosity of either man or horse. The hare was, in truth, a prime 'un, the hounds true and fleet, the scent glorious, and the pace undoubtedly as fast as was at all convenient, and to it accordingly we all went to the best of our ability.

The difficulties, and the unusual nature of the ground made me at first exceedingly cautious, but as the excitement increased this feeling subsided, and ere we had gone a mile I had given my little horse the rein, and soon found myself in the foremost rank. The parties composing this were my friend the doctor, Kennedy, Dick M'Manus, and the huntsman. Kennedy, who had shaken off all traces of the night's debauch, had a decided lead. This, however, he was not destined long to hold. The pace had become very severe, and my light weight, in consequence, told much in my favour.

We were rapidly approaching one of those ugly gulleys to which I have alluded, and I drew my horse in a little to give him breathing time before taking his leap. In doing so, I allowed Kennedy, whose side I had already reached, to pass me, and he, without an alteration in his stride, dashed boldly at the chasm; but, whether it was that his horse was blown, or that he had himself miscalculated the distance, the gallant animal, though he cleared the drain, was unable to retain his footing, and fell a heavy 'burster' at the further side.

It was now my turn to make the trial. With my horse well in hand I approached the drain, and, speaking a word in encouragement to him, lifted him to his leap. And well did he answer to my call, for with a gallant spring he carried me safely over the chasm. Moses and the doctor followed. How the others got over I know not, but from that forth we had the run to ourselves. Kennedy, too active and ambitious to lie long on mother earth, was soon again in the saddle, but the speed was too great to give him an opportunity of regaining his lost place, and he came up with us only in time to see me hold up 'puss' in triumph, having killed her after a straight run of nearly six miles, with none but the huntsman and the doctor to witness to the death.

The sun had now begun to shine forth very hotly, and the scent, in consequence, lying badly, we determined to turn our faces homewards. A race across the country was proposed, and negatived, lest injury might be done to the corn fields thereby.

Challenges to leap were, however, given and accepted, and in the course of these trials of skill and pluck, an incident occurred which caused considerable amusement to all present. A Mr S——, of Cork, who was mounted on a showy, and, indeed, a good hunter, was much given to boasting both of his own performances and those of his nag, and had, during the morning, frequently indulged in this, his weak point. At length, tired with his continued repetition of the subject, one of the party offered to back the pony which he rode against him. S—— accepted the challenge, and a choice of a dry-built wall as the first point of trial. This both animals cleared, the horse of S——, however, having a decided advantage.

The second trial was proposed to be made with a turf-built fence, soft and yielding, and having on either side a drain filled with water, of the consistency of mud, and, owing to the turfy soil with which it was commingled, of the colour of ink. The pony took the lead, and jumped it admirably. Mr S—— followed, but his horse's fore-legs having stuck in the fence, the animal, in endeavouring to extricate himself, performed a somersault, throwing his rider headlong into the ditch, and thoroughly saturating his coat and white cords with the pitchy fluid. His hat was lost in the drain, and he himself nearly smothered; but it was not till he was fairly released from his unpleasant position that we could give vent to our mirth, which was certainly more hearty than polite.

Never shall I forget his appearance as he stood on the hill-side, while two country boys, with pieces of slate, scraped the mud from his clothes, he himself, warm though the morning was, shivering from the effects of his bath, and with the black mud dripping from the tips of his once white gloves, looking the very personification of misery.

With such scenes as this we amused ourselves on the way back to Woodview, the hospitable owner having invited us all to stay to breakfast, an invitation which was gladly accepted by men, whose exercise of the morning had fitted them to do ample justice to the excellent repast provided for them.

*Madras Athenæum, October 31.*

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## PUBLIC GAMES OF THE GRECIANS.

" Digredimur, lentaque fori pugnamus arena."

*Juv.* 16. 47.

There seems to have been something nationally characteristic in the ancient notations of time. The devout Jews, referring all things to the Deity, reckoned from the creation of the world; the Egyptians, Persians, and other enslaved nations, counted by dynasties, and the succession of kings; the patriotic Romans commenced their chronology with the foundation of their city and the consular government; the ancient Argives reckoned by the succession of the priestesses of Juno, their patron goddess; but the Greeks, in general a vivacious pleasure-loving people, began at a very early period to mark their time either by the recurrence of their local festivals, or by the periodical returns of the great national jubilee, when the Olympic Games were celebrated, held after the completion of every fourth year. These games, which in the midst of war were not only signals for a general truce, but for a fraternal commingling of the fiercest enemies in the common enjoyment of sports, pastimes, and festivity, must have had a most healing and humanizing effect upon the whole Grecian people; while they enlivened their chronology with pleasant remembrance of the past, and joyous anticipations of the future. They who reflect how deeply the love of pleasure, more especially of public spectacles, was implanted in the mind of the Greeks, and how much more vivid is the hope of future than even the possession of present enjoyment, will duly appreciate the great political wisdom of instituting these national festivals, and will not lightly estimate the degree of happiness which the anticipation of their recurrence was capable of diffusing throughout the whole of Greece.

Exclusively of the local festivals, some of which we have already briefly noticed, there were public games in different parts of Greece; which being open to the participation of every inhabitant of the country, might be strictly termed national. Of these the most celebrated were the Olympic, the Pythian, the Nemean, and the Isthmian; the first dedicated to Jupiter, the second to Apollo, the third to Archemorus originally, though renewed in honour of Hercules after the destruction of the Nemean lion; the fourth, which took their name from the Isthmus of Corinth, where they were celebrated, were consecrated to Neptune. These were the four great solemn public festivals of the Greeks, which, by instilling into them at a rude and barbarous era, a disinterested love of fame, for the noblest reward was a simple laurel wreath, by inspiring them with a love of the arts, and by imbuing them with the spirit of social life, contributed not less to their aggrandizement over other nations, than to the advancement of civilization among themselves.

According to some writers, the Pythian Games celebrated near the Temple of Delphi, were instituted by Apollo himself, in commemoration of his victory over the serpent Python; though others maintain that they were first established by the council of the Amphictyons 1263 years before

Christ. They were originally held once in nine years, but afterwards every fifth year, consisting in their earlier course of a simple musical contention, wherein he who best sang the praises of Apollo obtained the prize; which was a garland of the palm-tree, or of beech-leaves. Hesiod, it is said, was refused admission to these games, from his inability to play upon the harp, which was required of all such as entered the lists. The songs called the Pythian modes were divided into five parts, containing a representation of the victory of Apollo over Python in the following order: The preparation for the fight;—the first attempt;—taking breath and collecting courage;—the insulting sarcasms of the god over his vanquished enemy;—an imitation of the hisses of the serpent, just as he expired under the blows of Apollo. Appropriate dances were introduced, which combining with vocal and instrumental music in the representation of a story, would bear no very remote resemblance to a modern opera; and suggested doubtless to Thespis, as has been already intimated, the first hint of the Drama. The Romans are thought to have introduced these games into their city, under the name of *Apollinares ludi*.

Various reasons are assigned for the first institution of the Nemean Games, though most writers concur in ascribing their renewal and enlargement to Hercules, after his destruction of the Nemean lion. The Argives, Corinthians, and the inhabitants of Cleonæ generally presided by turns at their celebration, which occurred every fifth, or according to some authorities, every third year, and consisted of foot, chariot, and horse races, boxing, wrestling, and gymnastic contests of every kind, to which were subsequently added singing and music. The conqueror was rewarded with a crown of olive until the time of the war against the Medes, when a check experienced by the Greeks occasioned them to substitute parsley, which was a funeral plant. The celebration of these games served as an epoch to the Argives, and to the inhabitants of that part of Arcadia which bordered upon the Nemean forest.

The Isthmian Games, instituted 1350 years before Christ, were exhibited near a fine wood that shaded a magnificent temple of Neptune, in the vicinity of Corinth. Being originally celebrated at night, they rather resembled nocturnal mysteries than public spectacles. After having been suspended for some time on account of the great number of robberies and murders committed during their performance, they were restored by Theseus, eleventh king of Athens, after he had cleared the country of the banditti who infested it. On their re-establishment they were exhibited during the day, and solemnly consecrated to Neptune, Theseus stipulating with the people of Corinth, in return for the service he had rendered them, that the Athenians should not only be entitled to the front ranks during the performances, but that there should be a space between their seats and the others, as wide as the sail of the vessel in which they should arrive from Athens; a condition which shows the great importance attached to these national spectacles, and to the possession of the most honourable places. Like the other games, they consisted originally of races, and trials of bodily strength or skill, to which were eventually added competitions in music and poetry. The concourse of spectators was usually so great, that

none but the principal inhabitants of the Grecian cities could be provided with places.

But it was under the Romans that the Isthmian Games attained their greatest magnificence, for besides the exhibitions we have enumerated, they introduced the hunting of wild beasts, collecting for that purpose the most uncommon animals from every quarter of the world. These games, which furnished an epoch to the Corinthians and the neighbouring people, were held so inviolable, that even a public calamity could not prevent their celebration. When Corinth was destroyed by Mummius, the Roman general, they continued to be observed with no other alteration than that the right of superintendence was transferred to the Sicyonians, though it was subsequently restored to the Corinthians. No long after this occurrence, during the performance of the Isthmian Games, the victorious Romans, by an act of apparent generosity, emanating, however, from the political wisdom that governed all their counsels at that period, made a public and solemn restoration of liberty to the whole of Greece. Livy thus relates the event, which from its theatrical air is exceedingly characteristic of the times.

An innumerable multitude of people had crowded to the Isthmian Games, either attracted by the natural passion of the Greeks for public shows, or from the accessibility of the place, which being between two seas, allowed an easy approach from all quarters. The Romans having taken their place in the assembly, the herald advanced into the middle of the arena, and having procured silence by sound of trumpet, pronounced aloud the following decree: "The Senate, the Roman people, and the General Titus Quintius Flaminius, after having conquered the King of Macedonia, declare that henceforward the Corinthians and all the people of Greece, formerly subjected to the dominion of Philip, shall enjoy their liberty, their immunities, and their privileges, and shall be governed by their own laws."

Filled with astonishment, doubting their own ears, and taking for a dream that which had passed before their eyes, the people gazed for some moments at one another, and then calling upon the herald to repeat his announcement, pressed tumultuously around him, that they might not only hear but see the proclaimer of their liberty. After the herald had repeated the same formula, the whole assemblage abandoned themselves to an ungovernable transport of joy, filling the air with such loud and reiterated acclamations, that it was easy to see they valued their liberty as the most precious of all boons. In confirmation of this remark, the historian adds, that it even took away their enjoyment of the pending games, since they could hear, see, talk, and think of nothing but their newly-proclaimed liberty. This great event occurred 194 years before Christ.

At a subsequent celebration Nero renewed in person the same promises, and conferred the right of Roman citizenship upon the Isthmian judges, whom he loaded with presents; but the Grecian people, oppressed with the yoke of their conquerors, and the misfortunes which they had now endured for more than a century, only acknowledged his promises by feeble acclamations. Disheartened by the exactions of

the prætors set over them, and losing those feelings of pride and patriotism by which they had been formerly animated, they had no longer the spirit to support the public shows, which insensibly lost their celebrity, and declined, until the Isthmian games entirely ceased in the reign of Adrian, about the 130th year of the Christian era.

Of these three festivals we have only furnished a brief outline, because it is our purpose to place more fully before the reader, the order and succession of sports in 'the Olympic Games, which were by far the more celebrated and magnificent of any. The sanctity and solemnity of that institution, the majesty and supremacy of the God to whom it was dedicated and the great value set upon the Olympic crowns by every province of Greece, were sufficient arguments for furnishing it with an august founder; and this honour was accordingly ascribed in the first instance to Jupiter himself, after his defeat of the Titans. Others have assigned it to Hercules, maintaining that he caused the games to be first celebrated about 1222 years before our era; but all agree that after they had fallen into desuetude, they were revived and enlarged by the advice of Lycurgus, and the orders of a King of Elis named Iphitus; who, being deeply afflicted at the calamities under which his country was then suffering, consulted the oracle of Delphi for a remedy, and was told by the Pythoness that the safety of Greece depended upon the re-establishment of the Olympic Games; the non-observance of which solemnity had drawn down the indignation of the god to whom they were dedicated, and of Hercules, the hero by whom they were instituted. There was probably more truth, and certainly more wisdom than usual in this answer of the oracle; for as the celebration of the games was to be preceded by a general truce among the belligerent states, the prediction was accomplished to a certain extent by this preliminary measure; while the amicable intercourse of the hostile parties was sure to soften the asperities of war, and not unlikely to produce a general peace. To this armistice Iphitus added a public mart or fair for the benefit of commerce, reduced the festival into a regular and coherent system, united the sacred and political institutions, provided for its regular recurrence at the commencement of every fifth year, and by making the epoch of its revival an Olympiad, or public era for the whole peninsula, imparted such a stability to the institution, that it lasted with little variation for above a thousand years, a duration exceeding that of the most celebrated kingdoms and republics of antiquity. The first of these stated Olympiads, which constitutes the earliest regular and authentic notion of time among the heathen, occurred in the year of the world 3208, being 505 years after the taking of Troy, 776 years before the birth of Christ, and twenty-four years before the foundation of Rome.

Historians are incalculably indebted to this epoch, which, superseding the fables and inventions of the mythologists, first threw light into the confused chaos of time; but no one has acknowledged his obligations more fervently than Scaliger; who, though he seldom paid compliments, thus enthusiastically apostrophizes, the Olympiads; "Hail, divine Olympiads! sacred depositories of truth, you who repress the audacious licentiousness of chronologists! It is you who throw a certain light upon history; were it not for you how many truths would be still buried in the night of

ignorance! To you I address my homage, because it is by your means that we can fix with accuracy, not only the events that have occurred since our institution, but those that were done in the remote ages before it. By your help also, we are enabled to fix the dates and epochas of the Holy Scriptures, notwithstanding what silly and ignorant people advance, who say that without the Holy Scriptures there would be no coming at the knowledge of thy epocha than which nothing can be conceived more absurd and monstrous.'

As the historical and other writers of ancient Greece and Rome, through the means of the Family Classical Library, are now coming daily into perusal, even by our females, and the frequent mention of the Olympiads may often necessitate a comparison with the Christian era, we subjoin a table, by which the correspondent dates of the two modes of notation may be instantly ascertained.

The computation by Olympiads ceased after the 304th, which corresponds with the 440th year of the Christian era.

The festival, which lasted five days, commenced at the next full moon after the summer solstice, and was held at Olympia in Elis, in the neighbourhood of which city was the Hippodrome, the Stadium, and the sacred grove, containing the celebrated temple of the Olympian Jupiter, together with the theatre, and other buildings appropriated to the games; of which, and of the environs where the vast multitude of spectators were collected, some idea may be formed from the annexed topographical plan, drawn from the work of the learned M. Barthelemy.\*

TABLE FOR THE REDUCTION OF OLYMPIADS INTO YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.

Olym. begins. B. C.	Olym. begins. B. C.	Olym. begins. B. C.	Olym. begins. B. C.	Olym. begins. B. C.
1 776	18 708	35 640	52 572	69 504
2 772	19 704	36 636	53 568	70 500
3 768	20 700	37 632	54 564	71 496
4 764	21 696	38 628	55 560	72 492
5 760	22 692	39 624	56 556	73 488
6 756	23 688	40 620	57 552	74 484
7 752	24 684	41 616	58 548	75 480
8 748	25 680	42 612	59 544	76 476
9 744	26 676	43 608	60 540	77 472
10 740	27 672	44 604	61 536	78 468
11 736	28 668	45 600	62 532	79 464
12 732	29 664	46 596	63 528	80 460
13 728	30 660	47 592	64 524	81 456
14 724	31 656	48 588	65 520	82 452
15 720	32 652	49 584	66 516	83 448
16 716	33 648	50 580	67 512	84 444
17 712	34 644	51 576	68 508	85 440

\* Which we cannot give.—A. E.

Olym. begins. B. C.	Olym. begins. B. C.	Olym. begins. B. C.	Olym. begins. B. C.	Olym. begins. B. C.
86 436	108 348	130 260	152 172	174 84
87 432	109 344	131 256	153 168	175 80
88 428	110 340	132 252	154 164	176 76
89 424	111 336	133 248	155 160	177 72
90 420	112 332	134 244	156 156	178 68
91 416	113 328	135 240	157 152	179 64
92 412	114 324	136 236	158 148	180 60
93 408	115 320	137 232	159 144	181 56
94 404	116 316	138 228	160 140	182 52
95 400	117 312	139 224	161 136	183 48
96 396	118 308	140 220	162 132	184 44
97 392	119 304	141 216	163 128	185 40
98 388	120 300	142 212	164 124	186 36
99 384	121 296	143 208	165 120	187 32
100 380	122 292	144 204	166 116	188 28
101 376	123 288	145 200	167 112	189 24
102 372	124 284	146 196	168 108	190 20
103 368	125 280	147 192	169 104	191 16
104 364	126 276	148 188	170 100	192 12
105 360	127 272	149 184	171 96	193 8
106 356	128 268	150 180	172 92	194 4
107 352	129 264	151 176	173 88	195 1st

[year of our Lord.]

So extensive were the preparations of this spectacle, that the intervening period of four entire years did not always suffice for the completion of the necessary arrangements. The choice, breaking in and exercising of the horses for the different races, as well as the selection and embellishment of the cars, was a work of time; the candidates were obliged to enrol their names some months beforehand, to swear that they had been regularly exercised during ten months; and thirty days before the games it was their duty to assemble at Elis, where they were again compelled to exhibit their strength and skill every morning, under the inspection of proper officers until the games commenced. After this severe probation, first at home and then at Elis, they were dismissed on their departure for Olympia with the following exhortation: If ye have exercised yourselves in a manner suitable to the dignity of the Olympic Games, and are conscious of having done no action that betrays a slothful, cowardly, and illiberal disposition, proceed boldly. If not, depart, all ye that are so minded!"

The city of Olympia, known also by the name of Pisa, was situated on the right bank of the Alpheus, and at the foot of an eminence called the Mount of Saturn, at an easy distance from the Ionian sea. Within the Altis, which was a sacred wood surrounded with walls, stood the Temple of Jupiter, containing the celebrated colossal statue of that deity by Phidias, besides an infinite variety of columns, trophies, triumphal cars, and



innumerable statues in brass or marble, dispersed throughout all the avenues of the sacred precinct. All of these bore inscriptions specifying the motives of their consecration, the statues being mostly those of victors in the games, whose exploits were thus recalled to the assembled citizens of Greece every four years, and handed down to the latest posterity, through successive generations of admiring spectators.

For some days previous to the festival, crowds were seen flocking to Olympia in all directions by sea and land, from every part of Greece, and even from the most distant countries, for there was no part of the earth to which the fame of the Olympic Games had not penetrated, and few people who were not intensely anxious to become spectators of them. The ceremonies opened in the evening with sacrifices upon all the altars, which were adorned with festoons, the principal offerings being reserved for the grand altar of Jupiter. These were upon a scale commensurate with the general magnificence of the celebration, all the principal cities of Greece sending victims for the Olympian Jupiter; while private individuals, especially those who had gained the honour of an Olympic victory, sometimes made very sumptuous sacrifices at their own expense. Alcibiades, after having gained three prizes in the chariot-race, feasted the whole concourse of Grecians that were gathered together to view the games with the victims offered to Jupiter, only a small part of which was consumed upon the altar. It is probable, indeed, that the vast multitudes collected upon these occasions, were chiefly subsisted by the sacrifices provided by the different cities; of one or other of which every private Grecian had a right to partake. The sacrificial ceremonies, performed to the sound of instruments, and by the light of the moon, then near its full, were attended with every circumstance of magnificence and solemnity that could awaken admiration, and inspire reverence. At midnight when they ended, most of the spectators, with an eagerness that never deserted them during the whole festival, ran instantly to secure places in the course, the better to enjoy the spectacle of the games, which were to commence at daybreak.

The Elean people, represented by judges termed Hellanodæans, had the entire direction of every thing appertaining to the festival, being invested for the occasion with plenary authority to keep in perfect order that vast assemblage, composed of men of all ranks, and of every region and colony of Greece. Clothed in purple robes, and bearing the usual ensigns of magistracy, these judges seem to have sometimes exercised a sort of papal power, not only claiming the right to punish refractory or contumacious individuals, but to excommunicate whole nations, and cut them off from the right of participation in the festival. Lycurgus originally fixed the order of the athletic combats, which corresponded almost exactly with that described by Homer in the twenty-third book of the *Iliad*, and eight of the *Odyssey*; but the judges had authority to modify and suspend any of them, or to add new games, according to circumstances. Never, however, did the Greeks, except for a short time at Corinth, adopt the cruel gladiatorial shows of the Romans; never did they regard them with any other feeling than that of disgust and horror; never did the polished Athenians admit any spectacle of that sort within their walls,

notwithstanding the example of their conquerors, and of some of their own degenerate countrymen; and when a citizen once thought proper to propose publicly the introduction of these games, in order, as he said, that Athens might not be inferior to Corinth, "Let us first," cried an Athenian with vivacity, "let us first overthrow the Altar of Pity, which our ancestors set up more than a thousand years ago."

*Smith's Festivals, Games, &c., Ancient and Modern.*

## WILD SPORTS OF THE EAST.

### GOING OUT IN THE MORNING.

There being no inns, nor houses of a description suited to the accommodation of Europeans, in any part of India, it is usual for each gentleman to be provided with one or more tents, to which a suitable conveyance, either of elephants, camels, or bullocks, is usually attached. On account of the extreme heat of the climate, these tents are necessarily constructed on a large scale, with many apertures, and having a space of perhaps four or five feet between the inner shell or marquee, and the fly, which generally is three or four feet every way more extensive than the shell; making by this means a large awning of pavilion, for the accommodation of servants, and for the security of baggage.

The tents in question are made either of canvas, or of a narrow kind of coarse and cheap cotton, called *guzzee*. The former are for the most part lined with perpets, or baize. The latter being thin, is composed of many folds, perhaps four, five, or six and lined either with the same kind of cloth dyed of any colour, with printed chintz, of which an immense quantity is manufactured in all parts of India, of beautiful patterns, or with a red cloth called *curroah*, which should be coloured with a dye made of shell lac, and receive its tint previous to being woven; the same as what are in England termed cloths-in-grain. The ropes usually of cotton; and if made of the new material, are extremely durable. The rope makers, however, if not closely watched, are apt to mix a large portion of decayed cotton, collected from old tents, quilts, &c.; the tapes are also of cotton, and the quantity used would surprise an European tent builder. They are laid in the middle of the folds of *guzzee* which may be in any direction liable to strain. A tape proceeds from the peak of the tent, to every place where a rope is affixed, as well as all around the edge, and accompanies every bamboo, or lath, inserted in the walls for the purpose of sustaining the exterior of the shell, or marquee, at its proper height; which is commonly from five feet ten inches, to six feet four inches perpendicular: so that a tall person may walk all around within the area of the tent with his

hat on. The walls lace on by means of loops of cotton line, which passing through eyelet holes made in the upper edge of the walls, and being looped through each other in succession, brace them up to the shell very close and firm. Wherever there is a bamboo in the wall, a short loop is affixed to the bottom, secured to the work by a strong piece of leather, stitched on with great neatness and strength, for the purpose of receiving a wooden pin, of absent a foot long; which being driven into the ground prevents the walls from being blown in by the violent gusts of wind that generally prevail for many hours daily.

The peaks or caps at the top, are made of two or more layers of strong leather, manufactured in India; of late years to great perfection. All the leather work is covered with guzzee, if on the outside of the tent; but all within the tent is covered with the same colour or pattern as the lining. By this means great neatness is preserved.

Most tents are furnished with *verandahs*, or flat projections, proceeding from the edges of the shell in two or more parts, so as to increase the interior of the tent. They do not project beyond the fly, as they would thence be subject to wet from rain; which from their horizontal position they could not throw off. The doorways are made either in an arched form, or with square corners above as well as below. Some contrive them to shut by means of extra length in the walls; which, being brought to lap over, close them perfectly. This is certainly the securest mode, as well as the most comfortable; but the most convenient method is to have *purdahs*, which are hangings composed of the same materials as the tent, rather larger than the doorways, and kept extended to their due breadth by horizontal bamboos, which also prevent them from being blown in by the wind. These *purdahs* are rolled up when the doors are required to remain open, and are tied up by means of cords fixed to their centres for that purpose.

The tents are mostly furnished with *cheeks*, which are applied to the doors in the same manner as *purdahs*, and are usually hung upon the edge of the shell or marquee between the wall and the *purdah*. These *cheeks* are made of small strips of bamboo, about the thickness of a crow quill; they are kept together by threads worked in various patterns, but commonly in chequers, and are sometimes bound round at their edges with tape or coloured cloth. *Cheeks* are extremely useful; they admit a moderate portion of air; keep out the glare, which is highly distressing during the heat of the day in every situation; render the interior private, though a person within can distinctly observe all that passes without; and serve to keep out a large number of the insects, frogs, &c. which, during the rainy season in particular, become an excessive nuisance after sunset. *Cheeks* roll up in the same manner, but in much less compass than *purdahs*.

Many circumstances render it expedient that all Europeans who travel, or go on parties of pleasure, should be accompanied by small guards of seapoys. The habits of all the natives of power or opulence have created in the minds of the inferior classes an opinion, that to be without such a retinue proceeds from a want of dignity, or from a want of importance, and produces, on many occasions, very unpleasant dilemmas.

Frequently the head of a village, who is supreme within his own limits, will deny himself; will refuse to furnish supplies, though the money be tendered; and will behave with the greatest insolence. He will, perhaps, refuse to protect the party in the usual manner, by *chokeydars*, or nightly watch-men; while on the other hand, he will, not unfrequently, send some of his own gang to plunder the camp during the night.

However, the presence of a small guard, nay, even of a single seapoy, generally obviates these difficulties, and proves the means of not only protecting, but of amply providing the party with every requisite the country affords.

The guards usually sleep under shelter of the fly; in fair weather, under a tree; or occasionally in the open air; one or more centries are stationed, which with the aid of the *chokeydars*, for the most part prevent the approach of thieves, belonging to other villages; though this profession is brought to such perfection in India, as to completely eclipse the feats of our European sons of Belial! If however, the weather be not of the best, the guard, as also the servants, who partake of the same shelter, throw their small *satringees*, or carpets used to sleep on, empty pin-bags, &c., over the ropes of the fly, and thus keep off the rain, or the heavy dews; and in the day time, skreen themselves by the same means from the scorching rays of the sun. Some, perhaps, are accompanied by their *goorgahs*, or menials, who carry their quilts, and cooking apparatus, consisting in general of a *lootah*, or water pot, containing about a quart, a *deckchee*, or boiler, equal to nearly a gallon, and a *tussilah*, or flat platter, of about a foot or fifteen inches in diameter, with a side or rim about an inch high, and nearly perpendicular: the use of this last is to contain victuals when dressed, which the natives all eat with their right hands; taking up their viands with their fingers and thrusting them into their mouths with their thumbs. It is remarkable that although there are appropriate terms for knives, forks, and spoons, in the Hindostanee language, yet the natives never use them at their meals; and in fact, appear to have neither of those articles, if we except the *chuckoo*, or clasp knife, and the *choory*, or butcher's knife. Till Europeans visited India, spoons and forks in particular, were unknown there.

With regard to culinary apparatus, as well as liquors, &c., the usual mode of conveyance is by *bangies*. These are baskets or boxes, slung in net work of coarse twine, at each end of a split bamboo, from four to five feet long, and balanced on a man's shoulder. The pace of these *bangies* may be from three and a half to four miles in the hour, which, considering that they will occasionally carry a dozen of wine in each basket, though eighteen bottles is a fair load for both for eighteen or twenty miles, perhaps in very hot, or in rainy weather, will afford a sufficient proof of the vigour of this class of servants.

As to supplies of meat, they must be obtained from the cantonments whence the party proceeded; unless, as is often the case, sheep are driven out for the purpose. Most gentlemen have a small flock fed on grain: this arises from the custom prevalent throughout India of killing goat mutton, which, though generally fat, is very strong, and unpalatable to Europeans. Poultry can only be obtained among the Mussulmans, of

whom numbers are interspersed in the villages; though they bear a very small proportion to the bulk of the inhabitants, who are Hindoos, and will not tolerate the existence of poultry on their premises. Such indeed is their detestation thereof, that a Hindoo would sooner forfeit his life than wear a fowl's feather. Milk and butter are to be had in plenty throughout the country. The former, if obtained from a village, cannot be used, unless the precaution be taken of having it milked into a clean vessel; owing to the invariable practice adopted by the natives of smocking the insides of their milk pots before milking. The butter in use among the natives is generally made from the milk of buffaloes; it is rich but white; and is never applied to any purpose until it be melted, when it becomes granulated, and unpleasant to Europeans. It is in fact only suited to culinary purposes, for which it answers as well as the best. The natives of opulence frequently drink off a pint or more in the morning, deeming it a wholesome delicacy, tending much to pinguetion, which throughout India is esteemed a great blessing, and in a manner commands respect. Europeans, however, not only consider this kind of butter, which is called *ghee*, as nauseous, but find corpulency to be, on many accounts, both unpleasant and expensive. Good butter and bread are to be found in every Presidency, or civil station, and at all military posts; where bakers and buttermen are established, who provide those articles, manufacturing them in the English manner.

Cooking is carried on in the open air by means of embers; coals being unknown in India, except in the *Raighur* country where the *Soobanreeka* river runs for some miles through a mine of excellent quality. The country being extremely mountainous, and no navigable river within at least a hundred miles, though small streams abound, added to the vast abundance of fuel, occasions that valuable commodity to be neglected. The India Company, indeed, find it easier to send coal from England, as ballast, to their arsenals, abroad; where quantities are occasionally used in fusing metals for casting ordnance. Iron spikes armed with hooks, are driven into the ground at proper distances, and serve as racks for the spits, which are placed over the centre of the embers formed into a long ridge, and are turned by hand, as in Scotland, and other parts. Pots are placed to boil on ranges of holes dug out of the ground; the turfs being placed as rests under their bottoms, so as to admit a free draught of air: or they are placed on *choolas*, constructed of dried mud, which, though made to contain only one or two boilers, have the advantage of being portable, and can be turned to whatever quarter the wind may shift.

Under such circumstances, dinners are dressed which might vie with the best cookery in Europe; a circumstance the more extraordinary, as the natives, except of the lowest and most degraded castes, or sects, will not touch any viands that have been at the table of an European, or that may have been defiled by his touch, even though he should but enter the area made for the purpose of cooking the victuals!

The vast numbers of plantations made of mango trees, especially throughout Bengal and the northern provinces, by the natives, chiefly through ostentation, afford considerable convenience to persons inhabiting

tents. Some of these plantations or *topes* are of such extent, that an army of ten or twelve thousand men might encamp under shelter; a circumstance which to the native soldiery, with whom tents are not in use, is of great moment. In the hot season, the shade is both pleasant and salutary; in the cold months, these woods afford warmth by keeping off the bleak wind; and in the rainy portion of the year, those trees which have the thickest foliage contribute to the comfort of the troops, by throwing the water off from certain spots, and rendering them habitable. Sporting parties are benefited in a similar manner: such places are chosen as are well shaded, and near to wells or tanks. Some trees, however, are avoided, as having a baneful influence; the tamarind, for instance, under which nothing will vegetate. The *burghut*, or banian tree, exhibited in Plate II.\* has a similar effect on plants, but is not, like the tamarind, injurious to animals. The *kuntaul* or *kuttaul*, commonly called the *jack*, is the Indian fig. Its fruit grows like large pendant bulbs, from the stem or main branches. Some of these weigh from twenty to thirty pounds; they rarely ripen on the tree, requiring a stick smeared with a thick solution of fresh lime to be run through them, and to remain until the coat shall change colour and become soft. The kernels or fruit are numerous, and by some are much admired; but the smell of a jack when first opened is almost as offensive as carrion. When the fruit is nearly perfect, the scent is strong at times from the tree; but otherwise there is no inconvenience in being under its shade; which, from the opakeness of its foliages, much resembling the laurel, effectually precludes the sun. The mango tree being most common, is usually resorted to; the more so, as it is a general practice that when a plantation is made a well should be dug at one of its sides. The well and the *tope* are married; a ceremony at which all the village attends, and in which often much money is expended. The well is considered as the husband; as its waters, which are copiously furnished to the young trees during the first hot season, are supposed to cherish and impregnate them. Though vanity and superstition are evidently the basis of these institutions, yet we cannot help admiring their effects, so beautifully ornamenting a torrid country, and affording such general convenience.

Having premised thus much, I shall proceed to state the manner in which a party usually repairs to the hunting ground.

To those who have but one horse, which is a common case, especially among gentlemen of the army, it is an object of moment to keep him fresh for the sport. This motive, added to the refreshment produced by change of seat and position, induces many to proceed to and from the field on elephants, which are variously accoutred for the occasion; some having only the pads used when carrying burthens; others, if of small stature, furnished with saddles, or cushions and stirrups; and others again with *howdahs*, or carriages, with or without hangings. These are respectively exhibited in the present Plate, and their construction will be found parti-

\* The work is liberally embellished, but we cannot copy the plates. This notice will serve for future references.—A. E.

cularly detailed in the subsequent Numbers, in such parts as may require more complete elucidation. Suffice it for the present to state, that the carriage pad is formed of canvas, stuffed hard with straw, and lashed securely to the elephant's back by strong hempen cords. It is in general spacious enough to hold about four persons, though I have seen some so large, being in proportion to the elephant's bulk, as to carry eight or nine with ease. It requires a good spring to jump up; and those not possessed of such active powers are aided by servants, or avail themselves of the benefit of a chair, &c., to facilitate their mounting. Saddles are appropriate to such elephants as may be of rather low stature, that is about six feet or less; they are placed on pads lined with cotton or wool, and are girted on as with horses. In this manner only one person can ride each elephant; it is, however, in my mind, the most pleasant mode. Some, instead of a saddle, have a long cushion fastened on with one or two pair of stirrups. These are certainly convenient and easy; besides which they possess the advantage of carrying double. The howdah being made on a strong frame, and of a heavy construction, requires not only to be very effectually secured to the pad, but should be borne by elephants of good stature; that is from seven feet upwards. They are of various forms. That exhibited in this Plate is an *Hindustanee*, such as has been ever in use among the natives, and was at first the only form adopted by Europeans, who have since considerably varied this conveyance. All howdahs, however, require a ladder to ascend into them; after which the ladder is slung at the side of the elephant, in a horizontal position, by means of rope-loops made for that purpose. The iron rails in the front were introduced by gentlemen for the purpose of supporting their fire arms; and some have added a similar guard all around the back, filled up with cord or wire netting, as a security against falling out. The *coosah*, or back division of the howdah, behind the front seat, is usually allotted to a servant, who conveys either an umbrella or ammunition, or furnishes the sportsmen with refreshment. Into this the menials generally ascend by climbing up the elephant's rump, in which they are aided by the ropes that pass, like a crupper, under the insertion of its tail.

The elephant is invariably driven by a *makout*, let the form of conveyance be what it may. He sits on the neck, with his legs behind the ears, and his feet within a kind of collar of loose cords passed ten or twelve times round the neck. With his toes he guides the elephant; pressing under the ear opposite the way he would proceed: thus, if he would turn to the right, he presses with his left toe; and *vice versa*. He governs the elephant by means of an iron instrument about two feet long, having a large hook affixed near the top. This is called a *haunkus*, literally a driver: with the pointed end of it he either accelerates, or causes the elephant to lay down: in the former case he urges the point forward; in the latter, he presses it perpendicularly on the centre of the skull; accompanying each mode with words of command in general use, and for the most part so well understood by elephants as to suffice without recourse to the *haunkus*. As many elephants are impatient while mounting, or loading, it is not only proper to keep a certain pressure on the head, but to cause a grass-cutter, who ordinarily attends, provided with a spear, spiked at both ends, and used chiefly to goad the elephant forward, to

stand on one of the fore legs ; pressing, if necessary, the end of the spear, so as to deter the animal from rising prematurely.

Those who proceed on horseback, occasionally find some difficulty in mounting ; for, exclusive of the vice predominant in the horse throughout India, many of those animals are so shy of Europeans, as not to allow one to mount without being hoodwinked ; as is shewn in the Plate. Indeed it has often been my own lot to possess horses I could neither mount nor dismount, without being held by their own particular *syces* or grooms, lest I might become a victim to their ferocious dispositions. When mounted, they are for the most part tolerably governable, possess great spirit, and are excellent hunters ; but being, with few exceptions, stone horses, they are peculiarly quarrelsome, and impatient, especially when in sight of a mare. This renders it impossible to ride boot to boot, as is practised in England. Indeed from a dozen to twenty yards interval sometimes proves too little for the eagerness of horses to make battle. It is considered as quite an ordinary circumstance to see one or two engagements, between led horses in particular ; often to the greatest injury of the animals, and seldom without a dismal report of the damage done to the saddles, and other accoutrements.

#### BEATING SUGAR CANES FOR A HOG.

The experienced sportsman commences his operations often before the day is well announced : at this time the scent lies well, though it evaporates very rapidly after sunrise. At early hours the game will often be found on the feed at the edges of covers, or may be intercepted on their return from nightly depredations in remote fields ; they are consequently in a state of fatigue, and more easily overtaken. This certainly is not in general a *desideratum* ; but where covers are heavy and difficult to search, or when other covers are too contiguous, at times it becomes an important consideration ; since an arduous chase is often ruinous to a good horse.

It should be here understood, that the wild hog's pace and powers are not to be estimated by any comparison with tame swine. Those unacquainted with the vigour and speed of the jungle hog, will be surprised to learn, that it requires a good horse to keep near a moderate sized hog, not rendered tardy by too long voluptuousness among corn or canes ; and that it is by no means uncommon to see, what is considered but a moderate sized animal, overthrow many horses, with their riders, in succession ! The fact is, that, from April to November, during which period the canes and corn are off the ground, the wild hogs are compelled to wander from the copses and long grass jungles, in which they take refuge, in search of food to great distances ; by which means they are not only kept low in flesh, but from their daily exercise, get confirmed in good wind, and seem rather to fly than to run.—And this is not merely a spurt of some hundred of yards, but for a good distance. I recollect being one of four, well mounted, who were completely distanced in a chase of about three miles. In crossing the country one morning early in June, about sunrise, we saw at some distance a hog trotting over a plain to his cover,



which was a very large extent of brambles and copse, from which we could not hope to drive him. As there appeared no chance of overtaking him, we agreed to let him proceed unmolested, and to be at the place from which he had come, by day-break the next morning. We accordingly were up yearly, anticipating the pleasure of being at his heels; but on arriving at the same spot from which we had descried him, he was seen still nearer to his cover than before. Knowing that when hogs take the alarm, they are apt to change their route, or their hours, we were not surprised at this device, which rather increased our acuteness. We were still earlier on the third morning, when we took up our positions near his nightly resort, and had the satisfaction to find we were in time to bear him company homeward. Here, however, some delay took place: the hog, on his first breaking from the small jungle where we awaited him, and through which he had to pass, after glutting himself in a swamp among some young rice sown extremely thick for transplanting, found that he was watched; he therefore, after trotting out about a hundred yards, gave a snort and returned. This was exactly what we wished for! It was not yet day, and the desire to intercept our prey, had made us push forward so as to leave our people far behind. They however came up to the number of about two hundred, and after beating the cover for a short time, our friend took fairly to the plain. As we were careful not to discourage him, and had cautiously kept from that side on which we wished him to bolt, he gained upon us a little; perhaps about a hundred and fifty yards. He had to go at least three miles to his home, and the whole of the plain was laid out in paddy, or rice, fields; that is in compartments of about an acre or two each, divided by mud banks, perhaps from a foot to two feet high, and about fifteen inches thick. Under such circumstances our horses had evidently great advantage; yet we had the mortification to see the hog keep his distance, and enter the copse, without the possibility of even throwing a distant spear. His track over the banks was obvious: each place could be distinguished, where, as he passed over, his belly grazed; and those banks nearest the jungle into which he had escaped were tinged with blood. It was without any exception the hardest chase I ever saw.

This may serve to give an idea of the difference in speed between wild and tame hogs.

The wild hog delights in cultivated situations; but he will not remain where water is not at hand, in which he may, unobserved, quench his thirst and wallow at his ease. Nor will he resort for a second season to a spot which does not afford ample cover, whether of heavy grass or of underwood jungle, within a certain distance, for him to fly to in case of molestation; and especially to serve as a retreat during the hot season, as otherwise he would find no shelter. The sugar cane is his great delight, both as being his favourite food, and as affording a high, impervious, and unfrequented situation. In these, hogs commit great devastation, especially the breeding sows, which not only devour, but cut the canes for litter, and to throw up into little huts; which they do with much art, leaving a small entrance, which they stop up at pleasure. Sows never quit their young pigs without completely shutting them up. This indeed is requisite

only for a few days, as the young brood may be seen following the mother, at a round pace, when not more than a week or ten days old.

The canes are generally planted about the end of May or beginning of June, in ground rendered extremely fine by digging. For this purpose cuttings of canes are buried horizontally, and with the first showers of the rainy season, which usually commences in the middle of June, the several joints throw out shoots, that grow so rapidly, as often to be two or three feet high by the beginning of September. The red cane, called the *bun-ook*, which is not so valuable as the smaller or yellower sort, begins to ripen in September; by the end of which month it will have attained the height of seven or eight feet. These serve as the first receptacles for the wild hogs, which having suffered, since the harvest in March, all the inconveniences of bad diet, long nightly excursions, scarcity of water, great diurnal heat, and frequent disturbance, arrive among them in excellent running order, as may be judged from the instance just quoted. It should be observed, that throughout India a custom prevails of setting fire to the grass jungles in the month of May, when they are completely dry, for the purpose of increasing the growth of the new grass, by the stimulus of the ashes which are washed in with the first showers in June.

The *bun-ook* is commonly cut in November, and the hogs then shift to the yellow canes, which are by that time forward enough to serve as sufficient cover. Canes require much manure and excellent tillage; consequently they are usually planted near to villages, and surrounded by fields of wheat, barley, and other grain. A species of lupin called *rhur*, is cultivated in large quantities. It grows luxuriantly, generally to the height of eight or nine feet, forming quite a wilderness. The natives split the seeds, which they boil with rice, &c. In these *rhur* fields hogs delight, as they are completely umbrageous: but being open below, admit the air freely. Besides this, having often wild rice growing very thick among the *rhur*, or a kind of soft downy grass about a foot in height, they find themselves very comfortably situated.

About the middle of March, or, at the latest, by the beginning of April, the hogs must shift their quarters; the canes and grain being by this time generally cut. However they often retain possession to the last moment; frequently disputing every inch with the reapers, and not rarely causing them to leave parts uncut, in the hope that the hogs will evacuate them; which if the jungles whither they must betake themselves happen to be remote, they feel no great disposition to do. For at this season the hog is extremely heavy and indolent, in consequence of the abundance of the excellent food to which he has, for five or six months, been habituated. Hogs are often killed in March with three and four inches of fat on their chins and shoulders.

Exclusive of the habits of ease in which he has so long indulged, it is probable the hog feels diffident as to his want of exercise, and ability to travel under such a mass of flesh. Besides, he is extremely tenacious of the spot which has so long pampered him; and, though unable to proceed any distance without being blown, yet the short sallies he makes to attack such as venture near his haunt, are marked with vigour and resolution. Sometimes he will do considerable mischief with his tusks;

or if a sow, by biting, before taking out. Indeed great numbers are at this season either caught in nets, made for the purpose, or they are shot by the *shecarries*, or native sportsmen: a circumstance that never fails to afford an happy triumph to the affrighted villagers.

It generally requires a great number of people to drive hogs out of sugar canes, some of which are of large extent, covering perhaps fifty or sixty acres. The beaters should not be more than five or six feet distant from each other, else the hogs will frequently turn back, and rush through the intervals: sometimes they will squat, and suffer the beaters to pass them. They should preserve an even line as much as possible, so that the canes may be equally searched, and the game be induced to proceed before them. In order to effect this, the whole of the persons employed should be previously arranged along the outside of the cane, each man furnished with a lattie, or bamboo staff. The persons who carry drums, trumpets, &c., should be equally divided in the line. The hunters should be stationed at the several corners of the cane, so that two may see any hog that may start, and follow instantly. All being arranged, the signal is given to move on through the cane, with all the clamour that can be raised. It sometimes happens that the game will bolt instantly: at least will proceed to the verge, peeping out to see if the coast be clear; when, if any object appear to them suspicious, they will return, and often occasion infinite trouble to expel them. Sometimes, indeed, nothing can force them to run. A sow with pigs is very difficult to dislodge: she will frequently come to the edge, and running along the skirt, re-enter the cane with her litter, and dash through the line of beaters repeatedly.

The most arduous and unpleasant species of chase occurs where much heavy cover, either of canes or of *rhur*, happens to be somewhat contiguous. On such occasions, one or two of the party should hide themselves behind any patch of cover, that may stand between the cane where the people are beating, and that next to it, in the direction to which they are proceeding; so that, when the hog may have taken fairly out, he may be surprised with a sudden attack, which, if it be not successful in spearing, at all events will force him forward through the next cover, and tend to blow him the sooner. Those horsemen who are posted at the nearest corners, should gallop round to watch for the hog passing on; and, giving the halloo, should dash at him full speed, spearing as they come up.

Some hogs, however, are aware of the scheme, having been hunted before: many may be seen with large scars, evidently the result of wounds received on former occasions; and such are extremely difficult to deal with. They will break the line repeatedly, ripping all they meet, and eventually creating such terror, as effectually to discourage the beaters, who thence get into groupes; and, though they continue their vociferation, act so timorously, as to render it expedient to withdraw them for the purpose of trying a fresh cover.

It is very common to see ploughs at work at the very edge of the canes where the villagers are beating for hogs; and, as the bullocks employed are extremely skittish and wild, it rarely happens but on the hog's debut, they take fright, and run off with the plough, which is often broken to pieces. The ploughman, alarmed equally with his cattle, also takes to

fight, as do all the peasants who may see the bristling animal galloping from his haunt. Those employed in drawing water from wells, by means of large loaded levers, are in general less concerned, though not quite out of danger, as the hog might chance to bolt upon them unawares; the wells made for the purpose of irrigation being generally close to the canes.

In this Plate the plough, with the manner of yoking the oxen, as also a lever as used for drawing water, and the general plan of beating the canes, are portrayed. When an elephant is in the field, it should be placed along the side of the cane in a line with the beaters, so as to drive the game forward, in case it should come out laterally, and attempt, as hogs often will, to slip round the line, and return into that part of the cover which may have been searched. Neither horses nor elephants should enter a cane, as they would do considerable damage, and be of no benefit whatever.

Sometimes *badjra* or millet fields join to canes; and when this happens, it renders the task doubly difficult. In these, however, there are generally platforms raised on posts above the heads or panicles, on which persons are stationed to scare away the perroquets and starlings which infest that grain in prodigious numbers. (One of these platforms is shewn in the Plate. The tree under which the horsemen are waiting, to give the hog liberty to quit the cane fairly, is a cocoa. The tree seen to the right beyond the elephant, is remarkable both for the great size to which it arrives, and for the peculiar circumstance of its sending forth roots from all its branches, which, in time, reach the ground, and there establishing themselves, become strong props; while in lieu of being nourished by their parent boughs, they supply them with sap. It is common to see eight or ten additional stems to one of these trees. They are known among Europeans by the name of *banian*, but their proper designation is *burgutt*. The leaves and boughs are often cut for elephants' fodder; but the *mahouts*, or drivers, consider them by no means an eligible provision, imputing to them a peculiar tendency to injure the eyes. However, many hundreds of elephants eat them in large quantities without any such effect; which may be more properly ascribed to the change of air and of diet, that the animals experience on removing from the south-east to the north-west provinces. In the former, the soil displays a perpetual verdure, and the air is cooled by sea breezes; in the latter, the soil is hard and dry, and the wind, for four months in the year, as hot as the rays from a smith's forge. Another view of this tree is given in the Plate representing the haunt after a *kutauss* or civet.

The building in the back ground, near the grove of *Palmira* trees, is a small *bungalow*, such as is generally built by gentlemen who hunt annually on the same ground. They are usually made of mud or unburnt bricks, and thatched with jungle grass. They contain one, two, or three rooms under a pavilion roof, surrounded by a *verandah*, or balcony, supported by wooden or brick posts. A part of the *verandah* is sometimes closed in, so as to form small rooms for sleeping in. The doors are occasionally of wood, or glazed; but this is rare; and *pardahs*, or curtains of several folds of guzzee, such as are used for tents, are more common:

of these a description has been given in a preceding page. The small tiled building is the kitchen. As to stables, they are rarely built. Horses in India are much accustomed to be picketted in the open air; and, as hunting usually takes place from November to April, which is generally fair weather, they experience no injury from exposure at such a season. Indeed I have seen horses kept out for many days during the rainy period, covered with double blankets, not only without being the worse for it, but without being wet, although the season was peculiarly unfavourable; and that

“ It did come on to blow and rain to boot,

“ That Noah's flood was but a spoonful to't.”

Having mentioned the irrigation so prevalent in India, it may be acceptable to the reader to be informed how the process is conducted. The well is usually built on a spot in some degree elevated above the neighbouring fields, with one, two, or more levers, inserted into forked posts, and moving on pivots, placed near its brink; the butt-end of each lever is loaded with mud sufficiently to overpower the weight of an earthen or iron pitcher, when filled with water. This pitcher being fastened to a rope, of which the part that touches the water is made of green ox hides, as being less subject to rot than hemp, and suspended thereby from the pack of the lever, the operator pulls down the peak until the vessel reach the water. When it is filled, he suffers the lever to act; and the loaded end, descending again draws up the pitcher, which empties itself into a reservoir, or channel, whence the water is conducted by small rills into an immense number of partitions, made by a little raised mould. A person attends to open each partition, in its turn, and to stop the water when the bed has received a sufficient supply. Thus each bed or partition is adequately watered. Some wells are worked by a pair of oxen, which draw over a pulley, and raise, as they walk down an inclined plane, a leather bag containing from 20 to 40 gallons at a time. The field over which the hog is running is divided into beds ready for irrigation. This process is chiefly confined from the month of November to that of February, when the corn, opium-fields, &c. are growing.

From the insecure manner in which these wells are generally finished, as well as from the looseness of the soil in many places, they rarely last long. In such cases the peasant digs others, without doing any thing to those which have fallen in. This is productive of considerable danger, not only to hunters, but to foot passengers; many of whom are precipitated into them. Several collectors of districts are very rigid in causing every old well to be distinguished by a pillar of mud, sufficiently high to be seen above the surface of the highest crops. These serve as beacons, as do the levers to such wells as are in use. It is a pity such a precaution were not in universal practice. I have had several very narrow escapes myself; once, indeed, the hog I was chasing suddenly disappeared in some short grass! and, as I was certain it could neither have gone on forwards, nor turned aside, there being nothing to conceal it, I lost no time in pulling up, and discovered within a yard of me an old well, in which the hog lay very contentedly. On dismounting, we found no less

than three wells, all within fifty yards of that already noticed. An intimate friend, lately returned to India, dashing through a field of young *rhur*, came suddenly to a large well lined with brick; he had nothing to depend on but the ability of his horse, which on feeling the spur, exerted himself sufficiently to clear the well forward, but his hind legs fell rather short. From this awful state, however, he fortunately extricated himself and rider; who had sufficient presence of mind to aid the animal's efforts, by throwing his whole weight upon the horse's neck. It was, I think, the narrowest escape I ever witnessed.

It is remarkable what a change takes place in the conduct of villagers from the time they have cane or corn standing, to what occurs when they are cut. In the first instance, they are all activity, and afford every aid to facilitate the progress of the sport; but when their property is secured, they become selfish in the extreme! This is not surprising; it is natural and its parallel may be found in thousands of instances.

The dogs belonging to the villages, called *pariahs*, and which in general have no particular owner, except where they prove good in picking up hares, &c. are extremely useful in scenting hogs in the canes, and in urging them to break cover. These dogs are very sharp made, with small faces, short pricked ears, thin tails, deep chests, and small bellies, with excellently light limbs. They are very fleet and savage. Some will take a good sized hog by the ear, holding very fast; but in this many receive desperate wounds: whence they become more cautious, and confine their attacks to the hind quarters. They are of various colours, but the ordinary one is a reddish brown, which is best represented by a solution of terra sienna.

Where a person hunts singly, these dogs are of the greatest service, as they not only help to bring the hog to bay, but, in case a spear should miss, or be thrown out, they announce by their barking which way the animal is proceeding. This in covers higher than the hog's back, is of great utility; as the horseman being compelled to dismount to regain his spear, would afford the hog an opportunity to escape. In company, their aid is by no means desirable; as they often tease the hog, and make him so unsteady, that it is difficult to throw a spear correctly, and with safety to the dogs themselves. Two *pariah* dogs are represented in the Plate following the hog, as is also one of the horsemen, who has quitted his post at a corner of the cane to close in, and cut off his return to the cover.

Porcupines are often found in beating canes for hogs: they are easily speared: the flesh of the young ones is very good, and somewhat similar to pork or veal. With respect to shooting their quills, it is merely fabulous: dogs are apt to run upon them, and the quills, being sharp, penetrate so deeply, and hold so fast, as to occasion them to quit their matrices or insertions in the porcupine's skin. The wounds are not dangerous, except from their depth. Many horses will not approach porcupines when running, by reason of a peculiar rattling their quills make against each other. The horseman should stab his spear into porcupines, as also into small pigs; there being no danger in approaching them.

## THE HANDBOOK OF THE CHASE.

BY THE EDITOR.

## THE CREAM OF FOXHUNTING.

The crisis of the chase is past, and the most truly English of all our national sports—or, if you will, the most truly old-English, is “itself again.” In the spring of 1840 I had a letter from poor Apperley, then residing at his little *château* in the environs of Calais, which thus commenced—“I wish I could feel quite free from the reflection that fox-hunting is on the wane. Why such foreboding? Alas, it is founded on some awkward facts. There are at this moment no less than *ten* hunting countries vacant, or with a prospect of becoming so; and among those, seven I never expected to see deserted. For example: Northamptonshire—generally allowed to be the second-best country for hounds in England, and pronounced by Mr. Osbaldeston, the late Jack Steven, his whipper-in, and Will Derry, huntsman to Lord Chesterfield, to be the very best of all—is absolutely going begging. Lord Cardigan will come forward handsomely; will give a thousand a year, indeed if Osbaldeston will take it with the condition that he himself shall have it at the expiration of three years: but there is a hitch somewhere amongst the gentlemen of the country, who were to have made up the rest of the sum required, and it is no go. Then I heard Lord Cardigan ask Lord Rosslyn to take it, but he at once declined. This is one of the many omens that haunt me. Here is the second-best, if not the very best country in the world, without any sportsman to come forward to take it; although I have reason to believe full £2,000 a year would be subscribed towards hunting it, were a proper person to occupy it.”

This was doleful enough for an exordium, but in keeping, both with the facts of the case and the real anxiety with which the writer looked upon them. An opinion has lately become somewhat general among the young England school of Woodcraft that Nimrod was no sportsman. *Dum vitant, &c. &c.* . . . . In his best day he was certainly not good across a country, with men who rode to hounds and not against the field; the former being the system in fashion when Jack Musters was king. From this it will be deduced that he never was a forward rider, not to say a bruising one; but he was that which was then known as “a good man with hounds.” You never looked long for him without seeing him there or thereabouts; and that he knew what he was doing, as well as what they were at, admitted of one question. He had a quick eye and a quick perception—the keen spirit of a fox-hunter within him; and if he was never brilliant in a run, he did more to assist in bringing it to a brilliant finish than many a better man. . . . I return to the letter from which my extract is made, as it places in a striking point of view the sport these articles relate to

in its decline and fall, described by the most experienced hand that has ever treated of the British chase.

"There are," it goes on to say, "objections to Northamptonshire as a hunting country—to modern Northamptonshire, if I may be allowed so to express myself. In the first place I was given to understand, and on good authority, that a great part of the covers are in an unsatisfactory state; in other words, they have been neglected. Again, after the very splendid style in which the country has lately (this is written, it will be had in mind, in 1840) been hunted by Lord Chesterfield, it is not every man who would like to take it, and thus, as it were, play a second fiddle. Lastly, the crowds of *riders*, not sportsmen, whom the convenience of the rail will inevitably induce to prefer the large and grass fields of Northamptonshire to the in-and-out and other disagreeable features of the metropolitan countries" (I am giving Ninrod's opinions as well as his facts, but without by any means subscribing to the former), "form another no slight objection to the far-famed Pytchley country, in which in the days of John Ward, Musters, and others, about sixty horsemen, of which at least fifty were sportsmen, were about the average number in the field. And a word touching Lord Chesterfield. Here I stumble again upon an omen of the decline—I hope, not the fall—of the noble science. It was generally said that his lordship would have liked Leicestershire *for one year* subsequently to his quitting Northamptonshire; this is one of the worst signs of the times. Modern masters of hounds do not stick to their countries as they used to do; within my time the Quorn country has had twelve occupants, with nine of whom I have been in the field. I am not going to retract one word of what I have on a former occasion said of Lord Chesterfield as a master of hounds. I still maintain that, could he, to use a foxhunting term, be stopped out of London, Brighton, and other seductive places from October to May-day, he would continue to shine in that station. He has done everything connected with the *materiel* of the kennel and stables in a style of great munificence, and has an excellent pack of hounds; but I fear his heart and soul are not sufficiently in the sport, and all that appertains to it, to make the picture complete. Ascending in the scale, I naturally recur to the Duke of Cleveland and the kennels at Raby, empty for the first time during the last fifty years. The duke was, I believe, the oldest master of foxhounds of the present day; and, had I been the Duke of Cleveland, I would have been master of them until the last hour of my life. Like another Nestor, I should have considered myself "great in the art," and should have been unwilling to have thrown a damp over a sport in my old age in which I bore so conspicuous a part in my youth and throughout a long course of years. Let us next turn to the Sedgefield country—the country hunted for nearly fifty years by the ever-to-be-lamented Ralph Lambton, 'the epitome of a sportsman and a gentleman,' as he has been justly styled by a brother master. This country is now vacant, and, as I was given to understand, from two causes; partly from its being so much cut up by railroads, but chiefly from a falling off in the subscription which enabled Mr. Williamson to hunt it. Here is another portentous cloud, not only threatening foxhunting, but indicative of what beautiful England is soon about to be; not a



scene of pastoral beauty and simplicity, but one great furnace of smoke and steam, enriching hundreds to the ruin of thousands. To this may be added, that Mr. Coombe has given up the old Berkeley country, and that Mr. Musters was obliged to finish his last season sooner than usual, from a deficiency of foxes. Look at Cheshire, and how stand matters there? When I was the other day in Leicestershire it was vacant: Mr. Dixton had married a wife, and therefore could not come; and there was no successor in view, but Mr. Smith Barry kindly consented to take it *pro tem.*, as a stop gap. Then Mr. Leche, the son of an out-and-out old foxhunter who hunted part of Cheshire for at least fifty years, he, I find, has grown tired; and kennels to let will be the order of the day at Carden, whose oaks will no longer respond to the accustomed cry. In this part of the world two other hiatuses are to be found. The kennels of Emral are empty; and whether or not the present Sir Watkin Wynn will keep up the cry at Wynstay is not within my power to say: I wish I could have stopped with Cheshire; but going further north, matters are no better, if not much worse. Holderness—hunted fifteen seasons by Mr. Hodgson, and who, if things had gone on smoothly amongst owners of covers, subscribers, and other influential persons, might have hunted it fifteen more—is now vacant. This is to be lamented; because it is not only an excellent country for hounds, but a more sporting breed of yeomen and farmers Great Britain cannot show. Then there are the great Sandbeck and Rufford countries—both, I believe, unoccupied; although part of the latter is hunted on sufferance by Mr. Musters. The first was hunted by Mr. Lumley Saville after the decease of the late Lord Scarborough; it is, I understand, a good country, holding good foxes; and if Lord Scarborough would take a sportsman by the hand, much sport might be found in it. The last, the Sandbeck, is, I believe, chiefly dependent on Mr. Foljambe; but there is no doubt but that he would put out his hand to support a good sportsman, and assist him in continuing it as a hunting country. To these must be added the Albrighton country, lately resigned by Sir Thomas Boughiey. The Atherstone, and many others, have been very short of foxes."

There, if that don't read very like woo-whoop, or going to earth, what is there in symptoms? But experience has proved Nimrod to be a bad philosopher of woodcraft. He joined in the cry which denounced the doom of the chase as consequent upon the change in the system of travelling from highways to ironways. He was wrong. He anticipated mischief from the facilities afforded by steam-roads for invading the privacy of masters of hounds, at the time that exclusiveness was draining their exchequers of the last sixpence. Surely he was wrong. To occupy the fitting station of a great national sport, the chase stands in need of two supporters—cash and countenance; these two being combined in one, under the denomination of popularity. Give it popularity, and you give it friends—which are *funds*; give it popularity, and you put to flight its foes—which are *factions* when public opinions sets against them. Let us have free trade in woodcraft as well as in everything else; and if it don't prosper, my word for it, there will be an exception to the rule. It may be, indeed, that the cream of foxhunting is not destined to afford a meal

for the million; and that the first flightmen over Leicestershire will still be chosen from the first flightmen of St. James's and May Fair. But such as do not belong to "the twice two thousand that the world was made for," and yet would fain make essay of the Quorn or the Vale of Belvoir, it is right, I say, and convenient that such as these, having the will, should have the way also. A vast deal of fiction has found its way into print about the fashion of the chase in Leicestershire. True, it is a high aristocratic rendezvous, and some of the best men in the world are there to be seen, with some of the best studs and most perfect appliances and means; but it is not the raw-head and b'oody-bones place that people describe it, nor anything like it. I have seen some of the most brilliant runs over the most trying portions of Leicestershire—chases "*quorum pars fui*" (my modesty sinks the adjective)—with less wear and tear of nerve and horse-flesh than I have expended on many a blank day in a provincial country.

And then how many clipping runs does the best of seasons allow one to reckon on? There's the rub. I presume people who got out to see a fox drawn for, desire to see a fox found and handsomely settled with. To accomplish this latter, where should he turn him but to those spots most fitted by nature and art to help him to that which he seeks? It has been truly said that the kennels of the Belvoir and the Quorn—of Sir Richard Sutton and Lord Yarborough, together with many others that will find notice in these papers—stand, with reference to capabilities and advantages of country, in the position which Newmarket occupies in the racing world. The temptations which such countries offer to the enterprise of a master of hounds—the support which is naturally afforded to hunting where men most do congregate together for this especial purpose—leave no room to question that these things are as they should be. It is taken for granted that in those districts nothing is wanting that judgment or liberality can supply; and the supposition generally is warranted by the experience of those who have had opportunity of obtaining evidence of the fact. The celebrated Charles Fox used to say that the next thing to a good hand at hazard was a bad one; but there are few enthusiasts in fox-hunting who will contend that next in delight to a good run is drawing from morning to night—blank. The sages of "the noble science," who were wont to deal with the *arcana* of scent and such like subtleties as abstract studies, would, indeed, declare that a day devoted to fox-hunting, whatever its results, was better disposed of than it could be in any other way; but this was most probably the view of philosophers who had passed their grand climacteric.

Action is the motto of modern philosophy, for which the device might be, Bacon handing Plato into an express train on the Great Western Railway. "Go on," cried one Melton man to another, who was stuck in the only negotiable part of a bull-finch he was about to charge; "why don't you get out of the way?" "I can't," answered the other. "Don't you see I'm fast in the thorns? *Why the devil don't you charge me, and clear the gap for yourself!*" That's the spirit of the time. Make the best of your way through the world; into your neighbour or over him, if he obstructs your passage. As we have got beyond

the days of the slows, so also is the hunting-field subject to fewer breezes than formerly; when "blowing-up" to any amount was at the discretion or indiscretion of the master. The language that many a master of fox-hounds of the olden time used to rejoice in would have put Billingsgate to the blush. Sometimes foul words begat retort in kind—sometimes retorts courteous; of which one of the neatest is told of a nobleman who was a conuscation of his species. Once upon a time Tom Smith was blazing away at a select party, who, in a difficulty, at a critical point in a burst, were pressing upon his hounds. Some of the lot looked venomous. "Never mind him," said Lord Alvanley; "a damn or two among a dozen won't hurt us much."

The cream of fox-hunting has probably been already skimmed by the Melton and Belvoir packs. The great father of the chase, Hugo Meynell, the "hunting Jupiter," as the classics of his field surnamed him, had his throne at Quorndon—he was the founder of the Quorn hunt. In his day Leicestershire was a perfect *prairie*: all grass—*apropos* of the cream as aforesaid. Mr. Delmé Radcliffe says that although he received all the information the family could furnish, he found the early career of Hugo Meynell involved in much obscurity. "At no time," he says, "had he more than three or four subscribers to his hounds: at first but only two—Lord R. Cavendish and Mr. Boothby; for with the latter gentleman he lived for some time at Langton Hall, and kept his hounds at Great Bowden Inn: a convenient place for the Langton and Harborough countries. Meynell was one of the 'noble science' school. He looked upon horses as merely machines which enabled him to keep company with his hounds; in which," says his biographer, "his heart and soul were centred." Still he did not overlook the necessity that these vehicles should be first-rate, and so gave slashing prices for good materials. He gave three hundred for South—we are told a little horse, barely fifteen hands high—and sold him subsequently to Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh for *five hundred*. Even then the pace occasionally told its catastrophe; for among his minutes of his hunters is written the following *mem.*:—"Harry Punt died after a hard day at Widmerpool, March 21, 1795." Among this celebrated sportsman's cavalry was a hack mare, that the late Marchioness of Salisbury used to ride, of which the following anecdote is related. In returning from cover on one occasion she threw the groom who rode her; and his feet being in the stirrup leathers, he was dragged and killed. Mr. Meynell's *maitre d'hôtel*, Debrew, an ingenious fellow, thereupon set his wits to work to provide against a repetition of so grievous an accident. The result was the invention of the spring-bar, now used in the furniture of saddles generally. Mr. Meynell was, it should seem, eccentric in the matter of esculents. He would breakfast on a teacup-full of the essence of veal, and take for *chasse* a drain of tincture of rhubarb: what followed I should say is easier imagined than described.

Mr. Meynell having thus led the way, in 1800 sold his hounds and horses to the late Lord Sefton; who though he might not have been so ultra a fox-hunter as his predecessor, but certainly was a far more orthodox feeder. The peer nobly upheld the glories of Melton with the libera-

lity conventionally attributed to a prince, and then retired in favour of Thomas Assheton Smith—a fox-hunter to the back-bone, and no mistake. It is proper to state, however, before parting with Lord Sefton as a master of hounds, that in this capacity he put things on the scene quite as magnificently as on the board in the relation of a host. Nimrod says of him, that Leicestershire never witnessed more splendour than during the time he hunted it. The price of horses was never higher, and probably will never be so high again. From five to eight hundred guineas was a common figure for a hunter that could go forty minutes best pace—and even more was asked—and had. Mr. Loraine Smith had a magnificent animal, called “Hyacinth,” for which he asked a thousand; and Lord Sefton offered nearly all the money; his weight being of the order known as welter, he of course could only ride first-class horses; for he would be there or thereabouts in the field.

Returning to Mr. Assheton Smith—and his claims as an out-and-outer—I may start with observing that he was one of the pair in the Melton difficulty previously alluded to; and Mr. White—Jack White—the other gentleman in the “*fx*.” But Tom Smith was, and I daresay is, an awful fellow in the saddle. In one of Apperley’s anecdotes of him he says:—“He was galloping at three-parts speed down one of those large fields in the Harborough country, without bringing his hounds to a scent, and was looking back to see if they were coming. In the middle of this field, and exactly in the course in which his horse was going, was a pond of water, into which he leaped; thinking it useless to refuse, and of course, not knowing that he was not intended to do so. This horse would, no doubt, have jumped into the Thames or the Severn.” This is queerly put as regards the logic, but is characteristic both of the original and his biographer. While hunting the Quorn hounds, Mr. Smith has been described as a man of adamantine nerves, who would go at anything; although he himself, when now alluding to his career in Leicestershire, declares that he has “had a fall in every field of it.” His practice as a huntsman was that of leaving hounds very much to themselves; although he always tried to assist them if he saw occasion.

Lord Foley succeeded him, and then came George Osbaldeston. Of this gentleman’s sporting it may faithfully be recorded:—

“Mullum fere genus non tetigit: nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.”

It is, indeed, “a work of supererogation,” as George Robins might say, to speak in these pages of what he has done in every variety of woodcraft, in all descriptions of manly games and exercises. What he has not done would be the puzzle. It has been my fortune to hear him recount not a few extraordinary anecdotes, and to see him achieve not a few extraordinary feats, and a time and place shall be found for bequeathing them to the sporting annals of the nineteenth century; here space forbids their mention, even were it a fitting occasion for relating them. When he was skimming the cream of the chase he lived at Quorndon Hall, the kennels being in the village, where the Quorn hounds have since made headquarters. Nimrod speaks of Quorndon as an ill-selected position, because it is so wide of the best portion of the county, which necessarily caused

much road-work for the establishment. In future time, when the glories of fox-hunting shall be a subject for discussion, the occupancy of the Quorn country by George Osbaldeston will be spoken of as the "golden age" of the chase. He first entered into possession in September 1817, and occupied it till the middle of the season 1821, when Sir Billingham Graham became the tenant, and staid in till the close of the following season. In 1823 the "Squire" returned, and continued to hunt it till succeeded by Lord Southampton. Were I even to select one item of his career for especial report, it would supply matter for one of these chapters. The mere knocking about he has had would make a respectable volume. "It may easily be imagined," said Apperley, speaking of him while in Leicestershire in 1825, "that the very severe fall" (one in which he broke his leg so effectually that the bone came through his boot!) "and its consequences could not fail to have its impression, and Mr. Osbaldeston does not ride quite so hard as he did before the accident. It is not that he is afraid of fences, but he seems in constant dread of being ridden over, which is indeed the most dangerous part of the business in this fast country." This is very true; and once speaking with him on the matter, he told me the most awful capsize he ever had met with in the field was from being ridden against by a fellow on a stark mad thorough-bred in a gateway, which sent him, after a score of summersaults, into the middle of the next field, his horse landing *a plomb* on the top of him. At this period Tom Sebright was his huntsman, and the foundation was laid of the most renowned pack of foxhounds that the world has ever seen. I don't here mean to support my assertion by quoting their achievements; but as the worth of a thing is said to be "so much as it will bring," to show the truth of my position by giving the prices "fetched" by the lots into which it was divided when sold at Tattersall's in the summer of 1840. Five and a-half couples to Mr. Allen, for £720; ditto to ditto, £1,020; five couples to ditto, £720; five couples to ditto, £1,360; five couples, Lord Cardigan, £31; five and a-half couples, ditto, £170; five couples, Mr. Barclay, £930; five couples, Mr. Allen, £840; five and a-half couples, ditto, £370; five and a-half couples, unentered hounds, ditto, £105; five and a-half couples, ditto, £59; and ditto to ditto, £115; whelps, £10. Total, *six thousand four hundred and forty pounds*! This is a wonderful sum, apparently; but when it is had in mind that the best authorities on breeding-hounds have declared that a pack cannot be formed of drafts in a less period than eight years, what will not an enthusiast in fox-hunting give for the *materiel*, having the where-with-all to pay for it? Would you have a man with fifty thousand a year wait a quarter of his hunting life for "his whistle," when it might be had at once for a paltry six thousand? In 1830, I think it was, twenty-five couples of the worst of Mr. Osbaldeston's kennel sold for twenty-five guineas a couple. £625 for the weeds of a pack! won't blood tell? But I must beware not

"Ultra

Legem tendere opus."

To the Squire, as I have aforesaid, succeeded Lord Southampton—a

nobleman who filled the office as well became his order : his stud and appointments were perfect : he entered into all he did *con amore*.

“ *Gaudet equis, canibusque, et aprici gramine campi.* ”

Sir Harry Goodricke came next, with Lord Tavistock's hounds, purchased from the Oakley county, and set up his staff at Thrussington. The melancholy death of this most popular gentleman is but too well known. At his demise Mr. Rowland Errington purchased the whole establishment from his heir, Sir Francis Holyoake (the Frank Holyoake of first flight notability, who, they say, found £60,000 a year too precious a sum to carry best pace over Leicestershire) for a large sum, paid down “on the nail,” and soon acquired a reputation for hospitality certainly exceeded by none of his predecessors, if equalled. Boon days were those at Melton in the reign of the young Cheshire squire ; and bootless would have been the cry “ On, Stanley, on ! ” He went as fast as the good things of this life could go : would you have had him overrun them ? On Mr. Errington's retirement Lord Suffield became master, with Mr. Ralph Lambton's crack pack, had at a very large figure. This nobleman only hunted the Quorn for one season : unfortunately, neither the hounds nor the huntsman Treadwell were in good odour. The sport was very indifferent, though the same hounds and men had a brilliant turn after leaving Leicestershire, when hunting Mr. Robertson's county in the north. Mr. Hedgson, better known as Tommy Hedgson, the popular master of the Holderness for so many years, followed Lord Suffield—again a strange master and strange men among the clippers. This state of things was not crowned with *éclat*, though no one could be more generally liked than Mr. Hedgson. Still, in Leicestershire above all places, you want in the field “one having authority” from some cause or other, conventional or the result of fame or fortune. So presently a resident landowner, and an acknowledged sound and enthusiastic sportsman, succeeded ; and Mr. Green, of Rolleston, became master of the Melton Hunt. That gentleman has filled this distinguished office for several years with universal approval, showing sport in the proper meaning of the term, and placing the Melton Hunt where it long was, and where may it long continue, at the head of British fox-hunting. We will next proceed to the details of that celebrated country, and to lay before the ambitious for a local habitation of the first class in woodcraft how to enjoy Leicestershire.

Melton is the acknowledged capital of fox-hunting—the high place wherein the virgin goddess is worshipped with an idolatry of which her disciples at Ephesus had no idea, and with an orthodoxy that will hardly be understood by after-ages. The progress of that elixir of all sports was indeed but slow at first ; but, of a verity, it was sure. In the reign of the mighty Meynell it was thought good work to take the field three times a week ; while in the autocracy of his great successor, Osbaldeston, what with the contrivance of a second pack of hounds for afternoon foxes, and other devices of a similar character, distilled from the imaginations of the “fast,” it may be set down that, on occasion, the Quorn country was hunted at the rate of twelve days a week. To be sure, Meynell had but

a couple of subscribers to his hounds; while, of those that came after him, some have had a couple of thousand followers of them—though, perhaps, they might have overlooked the precaution of subscribing. According to modern authorities, the crack countries consist of the Melton, the Belvoir, the Cottesmore, and the Pytchley. We will deal with the former of these in the present chapter.

Leicestershire is the metropolitan country; I don't mean in the Cockney interpretation of the term, but as the rendezvous of the *élite* of hunting men. Northamptonshire has been declared, by the best judges that ever adjudicated in the chase, the most perfect in the world for hounds; it is, moreover, especially remarkable, for the provincial characteristics of its fields. The Quorn and the Pytchley hunts, then, may be regarded as the Lords and Commons of the Parliament of Diana; they are the two chief public countries, and we will so deal with them. The local revolution brought about by the institution of railways as modes of transit has of course materially affected the economy of the chase, as well as everything else. Now-a-days people of all tastes and pursuits make London their head quarters during the winter months, to the threatened annihilation of the race of squires. Your lord of the manor now sets up some preterfect lord mayor in his stead, and himself in Hyde Park Gardens. Should he desire a day's shooting, he's in the heart of his Norfolk preserves a couple of hours after his breakfast in St. James's; or if he would hunt, the space of time necessary for conning over his morning paper carries him from May Fair to Melton Spinny. No doubt the epicurean epoch at Melton has passed away; the days in which open house was declared by every man with a roof over his head (having first collapsed into a short era of exclusive hospitality and aristocratic cotericism) are no more. The chase is not the rosy-gilded, beon companion he was wont, when the set that shall go down to posterity as the worthies of the fox-hunting age reigned and revelled with the Quorn. Ah! that was indeed the saturnalia of woodcraft. Pardon if, in the grateful gratefulity of the heart, one who partook the triumph, essays to sketch the glories of Meltonia some dozen years ago.

“Hoc est

Vivere bis.”

It is something to have ridden to cover in Leicestershire with one who remembered it when there was hardly a fence or a drain in its whole extent. Such has been my chance. 'Twas something to ride a burst with one who commenced his career with Meynell, and continued it, without interruption, through the successive reigns of Lords Sefton and Foley, Assheton Smith and George Osbaldeston, and so forth, down to the day in which it occurred with the hounds of that true sportsman, the ever-to-be-lamented Sir Henry Goodricke. Such was my fortune. It was a thing to make you stare, having learned much of the “slows” of your grandsire's time, to hear him describe a run in the last century, which was so awful that seven horses in the field stopped stone blind! Yet such a story would old Ella of Wymeswold love to recount; and his record was true. Peradventure it was not all pace that did it, for foxes

were stout in those days, and would stand before hounds for periods not known to modern history. It is related in "Jones's Diary of the Quorn Hunt," that in the year 1795 there was a run from Costock that lasted five hours and a quarter, in which only three lived to see the finish—a fast hunting-rate all through.

Without running the risk of being called an unjust *laudator temporis acti*, perhaps a dozen years ago Melton was as near the zenith of its glory as ever it was, or ever it will be. There the Old Club still mustered its Nestors of the chase, and the New its phalanx of woodland heroes. Some few members of each of these celebrated societies claim especial mention, and I cannot more characteristically present them than as they were drawn in a lyrical sketch which appeared at the time, from the pen of an accomplished scholar—himself not the least honoured of the company his muse has immortalized. The exordium of this modern Pindaric is singularly euphonious and characteristic. The author thus apostrophizes his muse :

"Glorious Diana ! guide thy poet's strain :  
I sing thy votaries, but I sing in vain  
If thou refuse the feeling and the re  
To wake the numbers whilst I strike the lyre ;  
I sing thy sons, Queen of the silver Bow—  
Guide thou the pen, while I their virtues show.  
Love's mother loved her Samos ; but her court  
Was kept at Cyprus—ever-loved resort.  
Thy court, fair queen, is Melton ! There are found  
Thy temple, shrine, and throne—thy holy ground !"

Among the oldest and most popular of the Old Club was John Moore—a gentleman who commenced his career in Leicestershire in the season of 1811, and closed it, full of honour, in that of 1845. Though still comparatively in the prime of life, he was considered the patriarch of the Quorn Hunt. Though never one of the very first flight, he always went like a sportsman, whose head as well as heart was in the issue before him. In the poem alluded to his Paeons are thus sung :

"The glorious Nestor of our 'Pylian' fields—  
And few such chiefs our modern Pylos yields :  
Oh ! this right hand its cunning shall forget ;  
Meltonia's sun in endless night shall set ;  
Diana's glories at one burst be o'er,  
Ere we forget thee, good and generous Moore !"

Next, and not less in fame, as a staunch fox-hunter and a thorough hack-bone sportsman, was that Nimrod of the Emerald isle, Valentine Maher. But ere tribute is offered to that boon spirit, shall we not bring grateful incense to his altar who was the Magnus Apollo of the fane ? Hark ! how sings the Pindar of Melton the glories of its master of the revels !

"Who are the votaries that haunt thy shrine ?  
First, of the throng, see gallant Goodricke shine !



First, for on him Elijah's mantle fell ;  
 Long may it grace him, for he wears it well.

\* \* \* \* \*

" Next comes an annual pilgrim, Father Maher—  
 A steady, shining silvery western star.  
 First at the covert side, and first to see  
 Sir Reynard's likeliest course ; each morn is he,  
 First at the bounteous board, and first to rise,—  
 Wine is a mocker, and Val. Maher's wise."

Another worthy of the Old Club—still left to show how fields were won—was Sir James Musgrave :

" Musgrave ! of open heart and generous hand,  
 Long as Meltonia lasts thy name shall stand—  
 Stand in the sportsman's annal, and in Fame's,  
 The mighty hunter, and "*the good Sir James !*"

And here, while venturing to speak of the " lights of other days," there is a name that I should deserve the bastinado did I leave out . . . .

" Has Alvanley, the sire of many a joke,  
 Cross'd the dark ferry of which Virgil spoke ?  
 Gone, and not left a hearty wight behind  
 To match himself in body or in mind ?  
 Gone, and not left a punster or a wit  
 To keep the light at which his genius lit ?"

The New Club counted among its members some of the fastest of the fast. But before touching on them, there remains one noble disciple of the Vestal Queen, whose memory will ever be green and grateful with his followers, that must have a niche among his brother worthies :

" Raneliffe, shall thou unnamed, unnoticed be ?  
 I name not hunting if I name not thee ;  
 Pride of our ' country !'—thine the lib'ral board.  
 And lib'ral heart, with man's best feeling stored ;  
 What hungry hunter ever pass'd thy hall,  
 And found no warder answer to his call ?  
 Nor was it all, that heart and cheer were good—  
 Foxes ne'er failed us in thy Bunny Wood."

First, for many a reason, I would class Lord Kinnaird among the best of the New Club, as well as among the most deservedly popular ; no man ever lived with Meltonians in more esteem and good regard ; no master ever left the Royal Hounds more sincerely regretted or more justly. He was a sportsman and a gentleman every inch of him. . . . .

" Scotia ! I love thy sons in court or field ;  
 In arts and armed they cannot spell ' to yield ;'  
 But ne'er hast thou for Southron pastime spared  
 A better, braver Nimrod than Kinnaird !"

Again, another chieftain of the company :

“ Gilmour, forgettest thou that luckless day  
When from Seg’s hill old reynard broke away ?  
When in the torrent of the Vale, capsized,  
Thou and thy steed were beauteously *baptized* ?  
Where, like Achilles from his ocean dip,  
Thy *heel* gained vigour, and fresh force thy whip ?”

At the period I write of, there was another club—so to call it—opposite the George, where a series of sets used to chum together. There was one radiant trio, consisting of the present Sir William Massey Stanley ; his brother, Mr. Rowland Errington, who succeeded Sir Harry Goodricke as master ; and Mr. Lyne Stephens.

“ Lyne Stephens, hail ! From Thames to coaly Tyne,  
Our land can boast no better soul than thine.”

Then, too, did the eccentric Lord of Curraghmore occupy Lowesby Hall, and the courteous chieftain of the isles—some less baronial hall than that of his forefathers in the “ land of the mountain and the flood.” . . .

“ And find . . . I hear the music of the crew !  
List ! . . . ’tis the bugle Mountford shrilly blew.  
‘ He’s off !’ and ‘ forward, forward !’ is the cry,  
And strained is every ear and every eye.  
And hearts beat high, and coursers snuff the wind ;  
Foul fall the laggard but that holls behind.  
But not behind will Robin’s rider be,  
In race or chace brave Waterford with thee.  
And if Macdonald let the squadron pass,  
And stop to watch ‘ the growing of the grass,’  
Why, ’tis the world’s eighth wonder ! Come and peep :  
Macdonald always flies, and scorns to creep.  
No son of hers more shares fair Dian’s smiles  
Than that young chief, Macdonald of the Isles.”

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Francis Grant, in his admirable picture of “ The Melton Breakfast,” has ensured posterity for the New Club. Beside the members portrayed in it already specified, there are living likenesses of Lord Wilton, Sir W. M. Stanley, and Mr. Rowland Errington. . . .

“ Wilton ! our Croxton champion, proudest thou,  
To ride a race and win the laurel bough.

\*   •   \*   \*

But Stanley flitteth by, ‘ On Stanley, on !’  
Stanley who reads and rides his ‘ Marmion.’

\*   •   \*   \*

What ever-smiling face now meets my view !  
Sure Errington ! ’tis Chesterfield ! or you !”

Lord Forester, the bright particular star of the Belvoir, also forms one of the worthies in Mr. Grant's bevy; and the poet has given to the future, here and there, an Olympic champion, of which the painters has left no sign. For instance, who that knew Melton a dozen years ago but will bear witness to the truth and worth of this record of one who was the philosopher and friend of the hunting field; who, when symptoms of "pounding" manifested themselves, pointed how best the bullfinch might be charged---and led the way.

" Shall Joe be all forgot ? Diana ! No !  
 I lose thy favour if I name not Joe.  
 I ne'er saw rasping fence or hedgestake bare,  
 That balk'd Joe Craddock, or his good grey mare.  
 I ne'er saw bosky brook or steeply linn,  
 But Joe would *at it, over it, or in.*"

The lyrist's tribute, too, to Captain Ross is admirable, both in the spirit and the letter :

" Another ' highland laddie ' comes across  
 The spirit of my dream—the gallant Ross !  
 Not he whom Pope belauded, liberal soul !  
 Nor he whose country house was at the Polc ;  
 But one yclept Horatio—one whose style  
 Is at the Smite, like Nelson at the Nile.  
 Then why should lords and dukes all praise engross,  
 And none be given to thee, thou ' Man of Ross ? ' "

\* \* \* \* \*

Such was the metropolis of the chase when Harry Goodricke was king : not without its crosses, indeed—but peopled with such a colony as rarely has been founded by the disciples of woodcraft. It has already become more cosmopolite, and the frequent stranger may now be seen in its streets, and eke its fields. The government is lapsing into a 'social democracy. After various phases—and, it must be admitted, "*various casus*," in the sense Virgil applies the expression—during the vice-royalties that intervened from the death of the sporting baronet to the accession of the present sporting master, Melton is again the cream of English fox-hunting. The direction of such a country could not have fallen into better hands than those of Mr. Green, of Rolleston. He is a gentleman of very general, popular, and considerable local influence. Moreover, he has his heart in his work, and is a thorough practical man, both in the kennel, in the cover, and in the chase. His position as a landowner and a neighbour ensures him a certain *prestige* among the farmers ; and his management evinces a prudence that always begets respect. In the Quorn country, at this instant crisis of the chase, may be seen the admirable adaptation of "The Hour and the Man." Mr. Green is only a subscriber to the Melton Hunt, I believe, to the amount of £100 per annum ; the rate of subscription varying from £300 to £25—the latter being the lowest sum accepted. When he is out of pocket, it is only to call a meeting of the *habitués* of the hunt to secure the necessary supplies. Still, notwithstanding those affect Liecestershires who never did so before, Mel-

ton is an epitome of May Fair. To give a list of those who live in it, and visit it for the one grand purpose, would be but to recapitulate the catalogue of chivalry given in the fashionable returns of Almack's and the Opera. Of the Old Club, however, all had departed to the bourne which returns no travellers, so far back as 1844. The last of all the Romans was Sir James Musgrave; as choice a spirit, and as gracious, as ever shed life and light upon a boon company.

But, peradventure, our affair is not with by-gones. The fiery aspirant for a first-flight day, or month or season, among first-flight men would first know how stands the economy of Melton; how he is to win that *El Dorado* of the sportsman; and, having made the desired port, how he is to "live, and move, and have his being." "Melton Mowbray," says Mr. Brooks, in his gazetteer, "is seated on the river Eyre: and is the best place in the country next to Leicestershire." But Mr. Brooks has never a word about its vicinity to the Midland Counties Railway; just now a much more interesting feature in its geography than its contiguity to the river Eyre. This line passes through the county town! in itself far from bad head-quarters for the sons of Diana. Indeed, everything had in account, for the miscellaneous visitor it offers the best abiding place of any. It is almost central for the best country, and abounds in accommodation. Its inns are many and excellent, and the reckoning is as well as can be expected, under all the circumstances. Melton is, indeed, as Nimrod well observed, "an earthly paradise to a man fond of hunting, and with a good account at his banker's;" but its an inflammatory place for weekly bills—that's the truth. Besides its public accommodations, Leicester is famous for its private hospitality, some of the snugest of our insular provincials dwelling in it, and in some of the completest epitomes of comfort to be found under the sun or moon. There is also a village about four miles from Leicester, on the Market Harborough road, high Qadly, where good quarters are to be met with. People also are said to live at a place called Houghton-on-the-Hill; but this wants confirmation. Scaptoft is negotiable enough; and so also is the New Inn (I think they call it) hard by Squire Greene's, at Rolleston.

If you must, bivouac, however, at Melton, the George, for a modern rural hostel, is as near perfect as anything to be expected from a publican—and sinner. There are also plenty of private lodgings in the town, from five guineas a week to one, according as you descend the scale of cheap and nasty. With respect to the department of the horse, should you purpose any prolonged sojourn, the best way is to hire a range of stabling, large or small, according to your necessities, and supply yourself with provender. You can get them of all dimensions, or at so much a stall. It is not very common for hunters to stand at livery; but it may be done tolerably well at London prices. When I speak of the possibility of a gentleman living "all over the country," of course I set him down as a bachelor. For such an unfortunate there are cribs of indifferent solace; such as Lutterworth—from which the Pytchley may be reached—and Armsby; but, single or double, Melton's the place. Here you are continually within easy distance of the Belvoir, seldom out of hail of the Cottesmore; and, with Northampton to fall back upon, you can call the

Pitchley your own. It must be had in mind that the Quorn country is not all a Tempe: Tuesday given to forest hunting is not the occasion I should counsel a young beginner to cultivate; and the Six Hills and Widmerpool country is rather too rife with plough and unnegotiable fences for the sport that carries body and soul with it.

And then suppose you are not fond of hunting every day, or, as Byron the heathen ventured to suggest about matrimony, suppose you "get a little tired" of all the spots on the globe, Melton's the best sportsman's lounge. Its full of fellows who think nothing of giving—and promising to give—five hundred for a horse; and populous with stables furnished with such like costly cavalry. Lord Wilton's groom can show you the style of nag that Phœbus loves to drive in his team; or suppose you were to throw your eye over Lord Cardigan's string, or Lord Gardner's, or Mr. Gilmour's, or any lot to which you can gain access, it will considerably assist your taste as well as exercise your bile, let me tell you, unless Providence has hardened your heart against coveting your neighbour's goods. Yes; shutting your eyes to consequences, and ana-thematizing the tin, go to Melton, if it's only for once in your life: should the worst come of it, be a philosopher, and thus reason with yourself:

'Twas all too bright, too fair to last;  
But come what may, I have been *fast*!

There is altogether a false idea abroad about the formidable difficulties of Leicestershire as a hunting country. So far from being fortified with fences, as it would seem from all that has been said and sung of its impenetrable bullfinches and navigable streams, which Alken and other artists used to set forth, were half the hunters and their coursers "apparent *rari nantes*"—that is, being interpreted, are seen swimming like good un's—instead of all this raw-head and bloody-bones work, when anything like difficult riding occurs, it is the exception rather than the rule in this paradise of foxhunting. There is hardly more than one thing needful for him who desires to see a run, and to account for it satisfactorily, and that is that he be on the *qui vive*, and when he *has* got away, that he keep up his pace—in plain language, he must not be afraid to *go*. Let no one suppose the assertion paradoxical that out of fifty men that will jump over anything there are rarely five that will gallop over everything. "In my experience of men riding to hounds," says Nynrod, "I have made the following remark: That it is not because a man is a good horseman, that he puts his horse well at his fences and is not afraid of them, that he can live with hounds; on the contrary, I have seen numbers answering this description that never could see a run when the pace was quick. The reason of this was *they were not quick*; they lost time at their fences, and *they would not gallop*. I am willing to admit that the act of *extending* a horse over rough ground and among grips, particularly if that horse has a long stride and does not pull together, is a greater trial to nerves than the generality of fences, and is attended with more danger. The worst falls or those which happen in the open field when horses are going at the top of their speed; and it requires a finer finger to put a horse along his best pace

over rough ground than to ride him, if he knows his business, over the stiffest and most difficult fences. In the one case he sees his own danger, in the other his rider must see for him, and, by the finger, caution him against it. It is in this way that I can account for so many persons that I have known and met with who, with all the necessary qualifications for riding to hounds, as far as fencing and horsemanship are concerned, yet never see a run at the best pace—because they will not gallop.”

No one of course will dream of going into Leicestershire without an adequate stud. I don't speak of the amount of horse-flesh, for that may be regulated by the calls upon it—a man who hunts three days a week don't want a dozen nags to deal with—but of the quality. It is a country that cannot be relied upon unless you have a *hunter* under you. The Quorn abounds in brooks; and when you meet one, which you do probably every day on an average, it's a rasper: moreover you must have a *temperate* horse. Without occasional screwing, nothing could cross some portions of it where the bullock fences are as compact as stone walls, and too high to be jumped. Indeed I have always been of opinion—as some one is said to have been of going to sea—that the man who goes a hunting on a *hot* horse for pleasure may go to ——— purgatory for pastime.

The aspirant for Melton enjoyment will mount himself well; he will, peradventure, adopt some one of the suggestions for his abode and economy that I have offered for his solution. He will secure some introduction, if a stranger, to the authorities, that will entitle him to a good general reception. I do not intend to convey that it is necessary he should be received into the very exclusive coteries, but it will be uphill work at the best, unless he can negotiate the average society. His appointments should be all intrinsically excellent, without a spice of gaud or glitter about them; in all things—manner, personal appearances, equipage, servants, economy—let him adopt for his maxim Horace's specification of the true gentleman, *simplex munditiis*. Then let him essay his *début* with the Quorn, not as if he dropped from the clouds, but with enough of his pretension known to put him on the scene like a graceful actor. Prepared in such sort, when the hour of trial comes, he shall seek the place of meeting attired as becomes—

“ The perfect foxhunter, from top to toe.”

Let his eye be as keen as his ardour for a start; and when fox and pack are decently clear of the cover, let him send his heart before him and follow it, and, my life for it, he neither finds Leicestershire fields nor Leicestershire fences the impregnable things he has been taught to expect them.

*Sporting Magazine for Aug. & Sept.*

## HUNTING THE CAMELEOPARD, OR GIRAFFE.

To the sportsman, the most thrilling passage in my adventures, is now to be recounted. In my own breast, it awakens a renewal of past impressions, more lively than any written description can render intelligible; and far abler pens than mine, dipped in more glowing tints, would still fall short of the reality, and leave much to be supplied by the imagination. Three hundred gigantic Elephants, browsing in majestic tranquillity amidst the wild magnificence of an African landscape, and a wide stretching plain, darkened far as the eye can reach, with a moving phalanx of Gnoos and Quaggas, whose numbers literally baffle computation, are sights but rarely to be witnessed; but who amongst our brother Nimrods shall hear of riding familiarly by the side of a troop of colossal Giraffes, and not feel his spirit stirred within him? He that would behold so marvellous a sight must leave the haunts of man, and dive, as we did, into pathless wilds, traversed only by the brute creation—into wide wastes, where the grim Lion prowls, monarch of all he surveys, and where the gaunt Hyæna and Wild Dog fearlessly pursue their prey.

Many days had now elapsed since we had even seen the Cameleopard—and then only in small numbers, and under the most unfavorable circumstances. The blood coursed through my veins like quicksilver, therefore, as on the morning of the 19th, from the back of *Breslar* my most trusty steed, with a firm wooded plain before me, I counted thirty-two of these animals, industriously stretching<sup>d</sup> their peacock necks to crop the tiny leaves which fluttered above their heads, in a animosa grove that beautified the scenery. They were within a hundred yards of me, but having previously determined to try the *boarding* system, I reserved my fire. Although I had taken the field expressly to look for Giraffes; and had put four of the Hottentots on horseback, all excepting Piet had as usual slipped off unperceived in pursuit of a troop of Koodoos. Our stealthy approach was soon opposed by an ill tempered Rhinoceros, which with her ugly calf, stood directly in the path; and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her intention to charge, I directed Piet to salute her with a broadside, at the same moment putting spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun, and the sudden clattering of hoofs, away bounded the Giraffes in grotesque confusion—clearing the ground by a succession of frog-like hops, and soon leaving me far in the rear. Twice were their towering forms concealed from view by a park of trees, which were entered almost at the same instant; and twice on emerging from the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over an eminence immeasurably in advance. A white turban, that I wore round my hunting cap, being dragged off by a projecting bough, was instantly charged by three Rhinoceroses; and looking over my shoulder, I could see them long afterwards, fagging themselves to overtake me. In the course of five minutes, the fugitives arrived at a small river, the treacherous sands of which receiving their

long legs; their flight was greatly retarded; and after floundering to the opposite side, and scrambling to the top of the bank, I perceived that their race was run. Patting the steaming neck of my good steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd. The stately bull, being readily distinguishable from the rest by his dark chesnut robe, and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled shoulder, with the right hand, and drew both triggers; but he still continued to shuffle along, and being afraid of losing him, should I dismount, among the extensive mimosa groves, with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow, and then placing myself across his path, until, the tears trickling from his full brilliant eye, his lofty frame began to totter, and at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly grooved bore, bowing his graceful head from the skies his proud form was prostrate in the dust. Never shall I forget the tingling excitement of that moment! Alone, in the wild wood, I hurried with bursting exultation, and unsaddling my steed, sank exhausted beside the noble prize I had won.

When I leisurely contemplated the massive frame before me, seeming as though it had been cast in a mould of brass, and protected by a hide of an inch and a half in thickness, it was no longer matter of astonishment that a bullet discharged from a distance of eighty or ninety yards should have been attended with little effect upon such amazing strength. The extreme height from the crown of the elegantly moulded head to the hoof of this magnificent animal, was eighteen feet; the whole being equally divided into neck, body, and leg. Two hours were passed in completing a drawing; and Piet still not making his appearance, I cut off the tail, which exceeded five feet in length, and was measurelessly the most estimable trophy I had gained; but proceeding to saddle my horse, which I had left quietly grazing by the side of a running brook, my chagrin may be conceived, when I discovered that he had taken advantage of my occupation to free himself from his halter, and abscond. Being ten miles from the waggon, and in a perfectly strange country, I felt convinced that the only chance of recovering my pet, was by following the trail, whilst doing which with infinite difficulty, the ground scarcely deigning to receive a foot-print, I had the satisfaction of meeting Piet and Mohanycom, who had fortunately seen and recaptured the truant. Returning to the Giraffe, we all feasted heartily upon the flesh, which although highly scented at this season, with the rank Mokaala blossoms, was far from despicable; and after losing our way in consequence of the twin-like resemblance of two scarped hills, we regained the waggon after sunset.

The spell was now broken, and the secret of Cameleopard hunting discovered. The next day Richardson and myself killed three; one, a female, sleeping upon muddy ground, and falling with great violence, before she had been wounded, a shot in the head despatching her as she lay. From this time we could reckon confidently upon two out of each troop that we were fortunate enough to find, always approaching as near as possible, in order to ensure a good start, galloping into the middle of them, *boarding* the largest, and riding with him until he fell. The



rapidity with which these awkwardly formed animals can move, is beyond all things surprising, our best horses being unable to close with them under two miles. Their gallop is a succession of jumping strides, the fore and hind leg on the same side moving together instead of diagonally, as in most other quadrupeds, the former being kept close together, and the latter so wide apart, that in riding by the animals side the hoof may be seen striking on the outside of the horse, momentarily threatening to overthrow him. Its motion altogether, reminded me rather of the pitching of a ship, or rolling of a rocking horse, than of any thing living; and the remarkable gait is rendered still more automaton-like, by the switching, at regular intervals, of the long black tail, which is invariably curled above the back, and by the corresponding action of the neck, swinging as it does like a pendulum, and literally imparting to the animal the appearance of a piece of machinery in motion. Naturally gentle, timid, and peaceable, the unfortunate Giraffe has no means of protecting itself but with its heels; but even when hemmed into a corner, it seldom resorted to this mode of defence. I have before noticed the courage evinced by our horses, in the pursuit of game. Even when brought into actual contact with these almost unearthly quadrupeds, they evinced no symptom of alarm, a circumstance which may possibly be traced to their meagre diet.

The colossal height, and apparent disproportions of this extraordinary animal, long classed it with the Unicorn, and the Sphinx of the ancients, and induced a belief that it belonged rather to the group of Chimeras with which the regions of imagination are tenanted, than existed amongst the actual works of nature. Of its form and habits, no very precise notions were obtained, until within the last forty years; and even now, the extant delineations are far from the truth, having been taken from crippled prisoners instead of from specimens free in their native deserts. The Giraffe is by no means a common animal, even at his head quarters. We seldom found them without having followed the trail, and never saw more than five and thirty in a day.\* The senses of sight, hearing, and smell, are acute and delicate; the eyes, which are soft and gentle, eclipsing those of the oft sung gazelle of the East, and being so constructed that without turning the head, the animal can see both before and behind it at the same time. On the forehead, there is a remarkable prominence; and the tongue has the power of mobility increased to an extraordinary degree, accompanied with the faculty of extension, which enables it, in miniature, to perform the office of the Elephant's proboscis. The lofty maned neck, possessing only seven joints, appears to move on a pivot, instead of being flexible like that of the Swan or Peacock, to which, from its length, it has been likened.

\* A traveller whom I met in the Cape Colony, assured me before I visited the interior, that he had himself counted eight hundred Giraffes in a single day; and during his travels, had ridden down *hundreds*. On my return, however after a little cross examination, the number destroyed dwindled gradually down into *one*; which solitary individual appeared, upon further investigation, to have been taken in a pit-fall!

The Giraffe utters no cry whatever. Both sexes have horns, covered with hair, and are similarly marked with an angular and somewhat symmetrical pattern. The male increases in depth of color, according to the age, and in some specimens is nearly black; but the female is smaller in stature, and of a lighter color, approaching to yellow. Although very extensive, the range of its *habitat* is exclusively confined to those regions in which the species of mimosa termed *mokaala*, or *Kameel-doorn* is abundant, the leaves, shoots, and blossoms, of that tree being its ordinary food.

On the 22d, being encamped on the banks of a small stream, a Cameleopard was killed by a Lion, whilst in the act of drinking at no great distance from the waggons. It was a noisy affair, but an inspection of the scene on which it occurred, proved that the giant strength of the victim had been paralysed in an instant. Authors have asserted that the king of beasts is sometimes carried fifteen or twenty miles, "riding proudly" on the back of the Giraffe; but notwithstanding the amazing power of this superb animal, I am disposed to question his ability to maintain a race under such merciless jockeyship!

*Harri's Narrative of an Expedition into Southern Africa.*

## SELECTIONS FROM UNCLE BARNABY'S BIG BOOK.

"The dangers he had met by flood and field."

On his departure for England, my excellent uncle, as in his opinion, the most valuable gift he could bestow on an affectionate nephew, placed in my hands a ponderous folio, bound in buckskin, (the residue of a superseded neither garment,) and clasped with a spring lock of Bramah's make. "Take this, my boy," said the old gentleman, "it contains some account of my life and adventures during a residence of forty years in various parts of India. If not for the contents, you will, I know, value it for the sake of the writer; and if you value an old man's advice, follow my example, and as I have done, write down in the evening aught amusing or instructive which may have fallen within your observation during the past day." This was my last interview with the excellent old man; but though years have past since then, the many excellent qualities of his heart dwell more pleasantly on my memory than even the peculiarities of his costume and manners. Methinks I see him now sitting in his favorite ton-jon, his old Joe Manton by his side, a Manilla cheroot in his cheek, a few silver white hairs stealing from under his red night cap, surmounted by a leghorn flapper hat, the spencer of indescribable hue which cover his upper man, and the old brown cord breeches and leather gaiters which protected his lower limbs from cold and thorns during the

winter, and as he used to say, "served equally to keep out the heat during the summer." Uncle Barnaby is, (or I should rather say was, as there is no saying if he has withstood the assaults of the fair forms and bright eyes of England,) a bachelor, and *old* bachelor! And that must be a wonderful occurrence indeed which could induce him to endure on his person any other than his regular dress. He was not a man to have one suit for Saturday and another for Sunday, though he has occasionally been known to (as he testily said) cripple his limbs in a fashionable suit of Gibson's make, and exchange his old cashmere neckcloth for a black stock when his solitude has been intruded on by the fair, an occurrence which he said "fortunately seldom happen'd." But even on these occasions he would always solicit, and as certainly obtain permission, to wear the red woollen cap either in or out of the house. Such was the costume of my uncle; the peculiarities of his character will appear in the selections from his "big book," which, Mr. Editor, I propose with your permission to place before your readers. Since his departure, uncle Barnaby's voluminous volume lies ever on my table, often read, seldom written in; though occasionally when with a party in the jungles, or on a march, if we have a good day's sport or anything amusing occurs, some one may be induced to insert an account thereof,—the "big book" lying ever open to the visitors of my house or tent, since that pickle Reuben Hunter broke the Bramah's patent with which Uncle Barnaby used to keep it so carefully secured.

"SAUMER" HUNTING IN THE RHOTAS HILLS.

"*Jaques*.—Which is he that killed the deer?

*1st Lord*.—Sir, it was I.

*Jaques*.—Let's present him to the Duke like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory."

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

The encampment of a shooting party which I joined in February 182—was in one of those favorite spots, of nature, the beauties of which are sure to attract the notice and admiration eyen of the most insensible. In a wild valley breaking far in a westerly direction into the Rhotas range of hills, the tents had been pitched near the summit of a gentle slope which formed the base of a spur projecting from the hills. North, forming the back ground of our encampment, rose rocky hills cover'd with bamboos about half way up, while above the foliage of these rose abrupt broken cliffs of every color and form which can be imagined, many bearing the appearance of ruined castles and towers. Eastward was a fine view of the river Soane, winding its shrunken way through a wide plain of burning sand, like a silver serpent creeping along a bed of gold. On either side were patches of cultivated land, much of it at the time cover'd with luxuriant crops of wheat, barley, or "rahur." All else was jungle, with here and there on the opposite side of the river were seen isolated hills covered to their very summits with foliage. To the west, the view was along a valley (called by the natives "Koreearree koh") narrowing in the distance till the rocky summits of the hills seemed to

meet and unite, while all below was thick jungle of bamboos and different sorts of timber. Just under the tents stood the little village of Sardor, consisting of a few mud huts erected in a cultivated plain of about two hundred biggahs' extent. All beyond this was jungle, the resort alike of tiger, bear, deer, with many other species of forest beast, not to mention the wild fowl, partridge, and peafowl, which shewed themselves in such numbers as to be treated only with contempt by the Sportsman who knows no pleasure in sport which is unattended either with danger or difficulty. Beyond the village to the south the view is bounded by hills, on which stand the ruins of the famous Rhotas fortress. The embrasures remain, crowning every point which can command the three different paths by which the hill is accessible. And even in the present dilapidated state of the fortifications, the fort seems capable of setting at defiance any assailant from below, if only garrisoned with a few brave hearts and ready hands, and a tolerable supply of ordnance and ammunition. History tells us of its having been taken by the famous Pytan Emperor Shér Shah. But whether before or after he had fought his way to the throne of Delhi, I cannot remember, nor have I in my tent any book to which I can refer to refresh my memory. Certain it is, he gained it not by assault, neither by siege. In fact, he knew, to attempt either would be but to spend blood, time, and treasure, uselessly. The only ghauts or passes by which the fortress can be entered are steep, rugged, and narrow. Shér knew that brave as his troops were, their courage must prove useless in such an attempt: it would be to fight not only against man, but against nature in her fullest strength. Above each ghaut, (there are but three), piles of immense stones were placed, with levers ready for casting them down upon an approaching enemy. Batteries were also erected at every point which could command either of the three passes, and many a mighty gun pointed down towards each narrow pathway. Still fearing to leave so strong a place in his rear in the hands of one likely on occasion to prove his enemy, Shér determined, ere he marched eastward for the rich provinces of Bengal, on making one attempt to gain this formidable fortress. Knowing the avaricious disposition of the Hindoo Raja by whom it was held, and also hoping something from the lawless unbridled passions of his mercenary followers, he determined to try stratagem where force must prove unavailing. Calling for a favorite officer, whom he privately instructed in his real intentions, he bade him proceed with attendants and demand an interview with the Raja; to request of him that as Shér was about to enter on a dangerous enterprise the result of which time only could determine, the Raja, in consideration of the friendship which had so long existed between them, would receive into his fortress and protection the treasures and "haram" of Shér. The messenger proceeded with a flag of truce, and was received with every external mark of friendship. The Raja who expected a summons from the invincible Shér to surrender his fort, was delighted, when informed, of the wishes of that warrior. If the thoughts of securing for himself the immense treasures of Shér were not sufficient temptation, he was doubly tried by the prospect of having so many beautiful women within his power, as report said, adorned the "haram" of the young warrior. Had he experienced any doubts as to the resolution to be adopted, the glances of his

attendants plainly speaking their hopes of sharing the booty, would have confirmed his determination of acceding to Shér's request. This he readily promised to do; and the messenger with his attenders returned to the camp of their Lord; it having been fixed that the treasure and train of beauties composing the Pytan's "haram" should be brought into the fort by the Raj-ghaut early on the morrow, by which time the Raja promised to have a separate Palace prepared for their reception. While one prince past the night in thinking of the additional strength and security he should gain by the success of his plans, the other was occupied with his favorite followers, anticipating the arrival of the promised wealth and beauty: all considering how much of either might come to the separate share of each. Scarcely had the sun risen when a long train was seen issuing from the camp of Shér. On came "doolies," or litters, each with four extra bearers, mingled with men bearing covered trays on their heads filled with precious stones, pearls, gold and silver vessels, and other valuable articles. At the other side of each "doolie" were attendants, bearing chattahs and golden or silver maces to protect the fair ones within as well from the rays of the sun as from the insolence of a licentious soldiery. When the procession reached the gateway, it was met by the Rajah's keeper of the "haram," a hoary-headed eunuch, most magnificently attired and attended by many of his fellows and many a female slave. As the first "doolie" arrived, this old creature insisted on opening the curtain sufficiently for himself to see the inmate, saying he had been commanded to do so by the Raja. It was done, though apparently much against the will of the lady's attendants. Beneath the curtains he discovered one of the most beautiful young females he had ever seen, habited in cloth of gold and kincob, and covered with jewels from her beautiful nose to the very point of her toe in a style of elegance and splendour beyond the highest flight of his imagination. Seeing by this being's dress and ornaments that she was not intruded on by a man, the bright inmate of the "doolie," in a soft but commanding voice, bade the eunuch accompany her to her apartments and bring some female attendants. Supposing her to be the favorite wife of Shér, bowing to the ground, and placing dust on his forehead, he obeyed. The mace bearers attendant on the lady smiled at seeing Beeja Bye, the nautch girl, treated with such respect, by one holding so high a station in the Raja's household. Several more "doolies" were opened, and the occupants examined by the attendant female slaves. But ere twenty had past, as each lady requested some of the female slaves to accompany her, seconding request by little presents of jewels, there were soon scarcely any left to look into the coming "doolies." Of the few timid girls who remained, if one approached a passing "doolie," she was as though unintentionally pushed aside by the mace or chattah bearer at its side. The Raja's soldiers at first had looked into the covered trays, but finding them all filled with precious stones or vessels of gold and silver, they at length ceased to give themselves further trouble: while the tray bearers, as though inadvertently, allowed some of the valuables they were carrying to fall to the ground as they past along. Seeing this, many of the Raja's people, whether male or female, were induced to follow the train to pick up and appropriate some of the valuable jewels which they saw falling. Thus ere

half the procession had past, excepting the guard actually on duty at the gate, nearly all had gone towards the palace in attendance on the ladies or in search of plunder. The Raja with many of his favorite officers was seated in the gateway tower, looking from a window into an inner court through which the procession past. At first he was delighted with the immense wealth and the many beautiful women which he already considered in his possession. Reports had been brought to him of the contents of the passing doolies and trays. Nor is it probable the beauty or value of those lost any thing by report. At length, surprised to observe that many of the extra palanqueen and mace bearers instead of accompanying the train to the palace remained loitering about the gateway, while many of the doolies also were placed on the ground; suspicions arose in his mind, and he ordered that every "doolie" ere allowing it to be carried past the gate, should be carefully scrutinized by the attendant slave girls. This caution came too late; nearly all the female slaves had followed the ladies who past first. Others had been tempted away by the falling jewels; but the Raja's command was peremptory and must be obeyed. One of the guard commanded the bearers of a "doolie" entering the gateway to stop, and as they failed to obey, lowering the point of his spear he bade them halt or die. This roused the ire of a mace bearer, raising his massive weapon, he exclaimed "Unbelieving dog! dare you insult the lady of our Prince;" and at the same time struck the obedient guard lifeless to the earth. Instead of a lady, a young warrior sprung from the "doolie" a naked scimitar in his hand, a strong shield on his left arm, calling "Allah, il Ullah! God is just! down with the unbelieving slaves." Every word was accompanied with a blow which proved fatal to some unsuspecting enemy. All was noise and confusion; the guards completely taken by surprise fell almost ere they knew they were attacked. The loitering bearers upsetting the "doolies" displayed the contents to the alarmed Raja, who was watching their proceedings from the gateway tower. Instead of ladies, bundles of glittering swords fell from the "doolies;" these the supposed bearers seized, and instead of naked slaves, they immediately rushed to the gateway, daring soldiers, the very choice of Shér's brave army. As they came up, the "doolies," emptied of their contents whether officers or arms, were cast in the gateway, which rendered it impossible to close the gates. The Raja's guard, attacked both in front and rear, were soon cut to pieces. Several hundred warriors, who, during the night had formed an ambush in the thick jungle near the pass, now prest forward to the assistance of their brave comrades; and in less than half an hour, ere any adequate force of the Raja's could be brought together to repel the attacking party, the gateway, palaces, and treasures were in the possession of Shér's brave troops, and the Raja a prisoner. Such was this fort in former times. Now the battlements though beautiful to look on from this valley, are crumbling to ruin. Yonder elegant pavilion crowning the summit of that peak, though it now serves but as a shelter for bats or daws, was once the favorite resort of Eastern Princes. Still it looks beautiful from hence, and doubtless from its great elevation, must command a magnificent view of the champaign country.

Our party consisted of four; Charles Mordaunt, Reuben Hunter, Benedict Beagle, and myself, whom most of my acquaintance know by the cognomen of Uncle Barnaby; wherefore to remove the appearance of egotism, I have found it convenient occasionally to drop the Ego, and adopt the name or soubriquet. Two were Indigo Planters, one a Civilian, and one a Soldier of Fortune, that is, one who had nothing in the world beyond his commission, sword, (the latter bought on credit and still unpaid for,) a brave heart, ready hand, and to crown all, a reasonable stock of impudence.

Report said, the Tardee villagers possessed some dogs with which they frequently killed the "Saumer," (a large species of stag, the male when full grown standing above fourteen hands high,)—the dogs driving the stag from the hills to take the soil in one of the many pools of water formed in the bottom of the valley by a beautiful little stream, which meanders through its centre till lost in the river Soane. When driven to the water, it was easy to dispatch the stag, the villagers affirming they did it with arrows, spears, or even with their little axes which they always carried for cutting wood and bamboos. This sport it was determined to try. Some villagers had been induced to lead their pack, consisting of seven village dogs, alias "pariahs," up the side of the hills to try for a "Saumer." The sun's rays as he rose had just touched upon the broken craggy points of the hill tops, bringing forward in their brightest lights and deepest shades the many colors and forms imprest on them by time and the elements. Reuben Hunter and Uncle Barnaby were enjoying their cheroots and admiring either the beautiful view, or the fragrant smoke which they were creating. Their two companions were sipping coffee in front of one of the tents, when a villager appeared running towards them almost breathless with haste. "Sahib, sahib!" he called, "the dogs have roused a 'Saumer,' hark! one of them is now giving tongue." The squeaking yelp of a pariah was now heard as issuing from a distant gorge in the face of the hills. The villagers said only one of their dogs gave tongue on the scent, but he never told lies, so the Sportsmen had better look sharp. Reuben, calling for his gun, dashed his half burnt cheroot, to the ground, the coffee drinkers resigned their cups, and taking their guns, all three guided by villagers, started off for some pathway in the thicket where it was thought by the guides the "Saumer" might pass in making for the water. Uncle B., saying his running days were over, coolly stepped into his ton-jon, and left the running entirely to his bearers and those who liked it. Guided by a shrewd, active little fellow, Reuben Hunter was led at a rapid pace through the jungle—partly up the face of the hill-side, then stopping where two paths or cattle tracks branched off in a downward direction, the guide signed to stop, and, enshrouding himself behind the foliage of some thick underwood, bade the Sahib follow his example. The voice of the dog was heard at intervals and seemed approaching though still distant—again it ceased for some time and then was heard deeper in the valley. Away ran the guide at his hardest pace beckoning his companion to follow. Being a good runner, Reuben managed in spite of bushes and all impediments to keep him in sight. They ran down the hill-side, then through some thick bush jungle in the low lands across a small cultivated

plain, and again entering the jungle, after a long run, stopt by the side of a large pool of water, where the guide said the stag when hard prest was likely to come. Numbers of others were amusing themselves and frightening the fish by their playful gambols in the clear sheet of water, regardless of the intruders. The squeaking of the favorite "pariahs" now approached nearer and nearer. It became evident the stag had been driven from his strong hold, the hills, and was now on the level lands. With eyes steadily directed along the narrow path by which the chase was apparently coming, with gun held ready to bring to the shoulder, Reuben anxiously waited for the approaching game. The guide touching his elbow looked significantly up the pathway, where though still at some distance the clattering hooves of some large animal sounded as descending the rocky path. Every nerve was strung, the gun cocked and brought to the shoulder. At this moment a shot was fired about one hundred yards above the place where the sportsman and his guide were standing. The animal turning from the path was heard crashing through the thick bamboos, downwards he came till within a few yards of Reuben, though the jungle was so thick he remained unseen—then, as though aware of the presence of a foe, he again turned and ascended the hill. Some other had anticipated him, and Reuben lost his chance just when he thought himself most secure of getting the first shot. Benedict Beagle running from the place whence he had fired, cried "where is he? what a tremendous beast, big as a buffalo! I'm sure I hit him!" But to the last conclusion his guide would not agree, and to settle all dispute leading us to a tree pointed out where the bullet had struck into it. Benedict blushed till his face was even redder than the hair which seemed ever burning over it; but soon recovering his accustomed *moderate assurance*, said "depend on it, the ball past through him and then stuck in the tree. Oh such a monster! such horns!" "Call the dogs and lay them on the fresh scent" said Reuben, interrupting his rhapsody—"if your ball went through the stag, it is strange no blood has fallen from the wound." "Not at all," replied Benedict, "mayn't he bleed inwardly." The dogs on being called by the guides came down and struck off the fresh scent with apparent delight; a single red ugly beast, with long erect ears, giving tongue, if his yelping might be called so. Again they ascended the hill-side, and in the meantime the sportsmen sent for their tattoos, wishing to spare their own legs wherever it might be possible to ride. Leaving the jungle, they mounted, and were led by the guides to points past which it was thought the "Saumer" might be driven. The day became warm, the scent consequently less, and all began to fear it would prove a case of *no venison*; while in their hearts all abused poor Benedict Beagle for having missed such "a tremendous monster." After waiting, till all, thinking the chance of sport lost, began to wish for breakfast,—now standing by a jungle pathway,—now led by the guides a run of one or two miles for a better situation as they were guided by the dog's voice,—at last our sportsmen again had the satisfaction of finding the hunt descending towards the level ground. Again all was silence; not a yelp to be heard. When suddenly a little below the place where Reuben was standing with his guide, the whole pack burst out barking and yelping at a furious rate. Off started the guide in



the direction whence the noise proceeded. "Now, run Sahib! run! reach the water first, take a good aim and you are sure of him!" Away both dashed and the excited sportsman was soon by the side of his guide. "Run," said he in his turn, "run your hardest, or some of my companions may get the start of us." They soon gained the side of the pool, but though the dogs were, some in the water, some barking by the side—no stag was to be seen. Presently some air bubbles rose on the surface "there, there, Sahib!" said the guide, pointing to the spot as he rushed into the water encouraging his dogs—"there he is." His approach drove the affrighted beast into shallower water, a dark moving mass appeared near the surface; Reuben fired and a splendid stag raising his head and magnificent antlers above the water, dashed towards the shore with two of the dogs close on his haunches. Not properly estimating the danger to, or value of, the dogs, or perhaps, confident in himself, taking a steady aim at the fifth rib, the anxious sportsman fired his second barrel. Down fell the noble beast in the shallow water, the dogs were at his throat, but even yet, wounded, surrounded by deadly foes, the noble stag would not yield without a struggle. More than one of his canine attackers had cause to rue their temerity. At this moment Benedict Beagle and Charles Mordaunt came up. "Don't fire!" cried Reuben, "he is dying, you will hurt the dogs!" but it was too late. Melting, dissolving in perspiration, panting from the effects of a long run, Benedict no sooner saw the "tremendous beast," than his gun was at his shoulder—he fired. His ball struck one of the dogs in the leg, and away ran the poor wounded cur howling his reproaches most piteously. The poor villagers looked daggers at the unlucky Sportsman. But the Sahib's made a purse and gave the poor fellows five rupees, which restored them to tolerable humour again, though nothing could induce them to let their dogs hunt after this accident, which some of them seemed to think was done intentionally, while others, more good-natured, only said, Beagle Sahib was a very "*kucha*" Sportsman. Poor Benedict! often does he blush scarlet, as though the whole contents of a dozen-box of claret rushed to his face, when reminded of having missed the "tremendous monster," and wounded the dog. The venison of the "Saumer" did not prove good for much; it was more like bad beef than good venison, though our servants and the villagers seemed to relish it greatly. The hide and antlers were taken as a trophy, Reuben giving up his claim to the latter in favor of Benedict, who obstinately maintained that the first ball he fired past through the stag before going into the tree. Benedict being dissatisfied at not having the skin, the case was referred to Uncle Barnaby; the old gentleman taking the "bit of weed" from his cheek, solemnly decided that Benedict Beagle having fired the first shot, and saying the ball went through the stag ere striking the tree, was certainly entitled to the honor of being elected Captain for the day and night; then quoting Shakespeare, as was frequently his use, he spouted, or rather chaunted with a villanous nasal twang—

"What shall he have that killed the deer?"

His leather skin and horns to wear."

However, nothing could induce Benedict to wear the horns at this time,

so it was determined to refer the matter to the pretty Mistress Beagle, who being his lawful wife, would certainly be the proper person to decide whether he deserved them or not.

Arrived at their tents, the tired hunters made an excellent breakfast, after which, while one remained at home smoking cheroots and writing, the others went out to shoot partridges, pea-fowl and jungle-moorghes, with which the general larder was soon well supplied. In the evening, while claret and 'Hodgson' passed round, Captain Benedict in the chair, the chief topic of conversation was, how to muster a pack of hounds for hunting the "Saumer." It was determined that with four or five couple of half-bred dogs, with a cross of the stag-hound, fox-hound or harrier in them, the "Saumer" would shew excellent sport; and the party determined to muster such a pack for the next cold season, when they purposed revisiting the same country. Strange it is that we never hear of this sport having been tried with good hounds. If the natives can kill the "Saumer" with "pariahs," surely the "Sahib-log" might do it with hounds or half-bred hounds. The party, after a few days' more sport breaking up, never again met in the same country, so could not make the attempt.

*Oriental Sporting Magazine for July, 1835.*

## "SPORTING REMINISCENCES."

BY A LOVER OF THE COUNTRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Some short time after our first expedition with Ponto, and several excellent days' subsequent sport at the more distant manors of our host, the period of our visit having expired, and being desirous to meet some other friends at Stilton, where we intended to ~~try~~ our fortune in snipe shooting, should the fens be in order for that kind of sport, my friend and myself, accompanied by Ponto, commenced our homeward journey in the gig of the former, taking with us to a friend's house—where we intended to pass a day or two in our way—a hare and a brace of partridges, game being extremely scarce in that neighbourhood. Our host, who also accompanied us, preferred riding on horseback, hoping to get a day's hunting with the fox-hounds, which were to meet the next day in the neighbourhood. Thither we accordingly went, travelling over a wild open country, until we got to the neighbourhood of Driffield, famous for its trout fishing. The first day's journey was a long one for a horse and gig, with three inside passengers; for Ponto rode at the bottom, under the apron, the rain requiring us to have it up, and in company

with the hare and partridges, intended as a present to our future host. During our progress we found a very uneasy and restless spirit of mind and body appeared to have possessed our fellow-traveller Ponto. Invisible as he was under the apron, we remonstrated loudly with him upon his troublesome conduct, which, with the aid of a sharp kick every now and then, given in good earnest, seemed to have some beneficial effect in tranquillizing him; but after laying quiet a while, again Ponto roused himself into action, and appeared occupied in turning round and round, as dogs will do when making themselves a comfortable place to repose on. Upon again administering a fresh portion of scolding, with two or three hearty pokes with the butt-end of the whip and an urgent recommendation "to mind what he was about," Ponto was still again; but ever and anon he began shuffling about as before; and when this system of dog-fancies had been indulged in by him, and endured by us, for a very considerable time, my friend, whose dog it was, thinking the rain might have got down and annoyed him, stopped the gig, exclaiming, "D—I seize the restless brute; just see what is the matter with him, or he'll spoil the game." Upon getting out and letting down the apron, I found, as I had feared, that Ponto, true to his natural fondness for game had contrived to eat up both partridges, barring heads and legs, and was about finishing the last remaining part of the hare, of which the extremes only were left visible to human sight. My companion and myself looked at each other (Ponto looked also), but neither of us spoke a word, until at length my friend's feelings allowed him, in a faint voice, to say, "*Turn him out, but don't speak to me any more to-day.*" And thus we proceeded in mournful silence and unsocial mood, except the culprit Ponto, who, with a hardihood of appearance the more provoking, cheerfully jogged along in self-congratulation, and thinking, no doubt, he had performed at any rate an excellent day's work for himself. A friendly reception and a cheerful dinner (but without the game) soon, however, banished my companion's gloom, and we enjoyed a laugh at the crafty way in which Ponto contrived to rob us, and supplied himself with "creature comforts."

There was a large warren adjoining the house at which we were then staying, and while my friend and our new host went with the hounds, which met at no great distance off, I was accompanied over the warren by the warrener, who informed me that this most extensive warren furnished for the Hull and other neighbouring markets from 3,000 to 4,000 couple of rabbits a year, and that the quantity of oats and hay necessary in the winter to keep up the stock was quite enormous. The warrener kept two or three warren dogs, as he termed them—a kind of lurcher in appearance, half-bred originally, I should think, between a greyhound and a Scotch terrier, with the shape and character of the former, but wire-haired, smaller, and with rather a short tail, keen-eyed and alert, but scowling and sullen to look at. It was really curious to witness the sagacity of these animals when taken into the warren, amidst hundreds of hares sitting or running about within a few yards of the dogs; yet they never appeared to take the slightest notice of them, although I was told if a fox or a hare, which was sometimes the case, contrived to scale

the embankment and get into the warren, woe betide it, for the moment the dogs were put upon the scent, they never left it, but stayed out night and day in pursuit until they either caught the interloper and brought it home, or drove it to take refuge in some of the larger burrows at which the dogs would remain, until the arrival of the warrener, who speedily dug out the victim; and yet these dogs when on the outside of the warren, if they there chanced to discover a rabbit, they instantly started off after it, without the slightest encouragement from their master, and were sure to capture it—unless, indeed, the rabbit had the good luck to first reach its burrow, of which there were very few out of the warren; and if the rabbit did so escape, the dogs seemed greatly ashamed and chagrined at such being the case, and, with sulky looks, returned behind the warrener's heels, quite unwilling to be thought outwitted by the fortunate rabbit. Indeed, take them altogether, I never saw a more tractable and sagacious kind of dog, and I dare say they proved excellent poacher's assistants to those not unwilling so to use them for that purpose.

On the second day I went forth with Ponto in pursuit of a covey of partridges, said to have been seen about the farm, and which being eight hundred acres in itself, with a sheep-walk attached, and placed in a totally unenclosed country, appeared to extend for miles and miles on every side. However, off went Ponto and myself, when, by one of those fortunate events which in small matters in life sometimes befall individuals, at the corner of a stubble, and adjoining a field of near fifty acres of turnips, Ponto fell upon the covey of birds; for the poor dog, in his anxiety to pull up betimes, twisted over on his side, and there lay as if shot. Up got the birds, thirteen in number, and after skimming away a short distance, scattered themselves all over the adjoining field of turnips. Now it was my turn, and most gingerly I went to work; for, being October, I well knew in so open a country these birds might fly into the middle of to-morrow, if I missed a shot.

Ponto and myself looked unutterable things at one another—he to intimate he'd to his best, and I that *if he didn't*—but no words could express *what*. I soon bagged five birds, for they got up under my feet each time from Ponto's ever accurate point. At length it appeared like Major Crockett and the coons. It was a done thing, and of no use the birds trying to fly away, so they dropped whenever I fired, and finally we killed eleven, having missed but one shot; and to crown our glory, we flushed a woodcock, which the second rise fell also.

On my return I was greeted by our host and a visitor, who had come to dine with us, with congratulations at the good sport in rabbit shooting I had had; but when I undeceived them by producing, one by one, my eleven partridges and then the woodcock, their surprise was beyond bounds. This done in a country where it was supposed a man might shoot comfortably from the 1st of September to February, and never get above two brace in the whole five months; and as to my getting five and a half brace in one day, the thing was impossible!

Unavailing were my assurances that there the birds were, and I had killed them. Poor Ponto wagged his tail, and tried to say "But we two did, though!" The gentlemen would not believe their own eyes. It

was useless, however, to argue the matter, for to this day, if alive, I believe one of the party persists in thinking I went purposely to a neighbouring town, seven miles out of my way, to *purchase* the partridges; and when our host's wine had told upon our visitor's broad Yorkshire dialect, I was highly amused at his constantly saying, "Now, tell us didn't thee buy the birds? Thou couldn't kill 'em, any ways."

The following morning on we speeded towards Hull, which town we reached somewhat early in the day, and intending to dine there, and then cross the Humber in the evening, proceed further on our journey homewards. After putting up at what we were told (my mistake) was a good second-rate inn, we ordered dinner, and having seen a vast quantity of magnificent smelts, which in that place are quite extraordinary in size and flavour, being fresh caught from the Humber, as well as seeing snipes and wild fowl of every kind, for which this town is also famous, we desired to be amply provided with the two former, and then took a short stroll through the town.

On our return, eager to attack the fine fish we anticipated so much enjoyment from, we rang the bell to hurry dinner, and speedily up came one of those servant-of-all-work-looking beings, whose appearance seemed to indicate his father must have been a tallow-chandler's apprentice, and a scullery girl his mother—himself being greasy, sleepy, and stupid. Presently this substitute for activity, called "a waiter," deposited before each of us a single plate, with a tin night-cap-shaped cover over it, and under which we trusted to discover a good display of smelts, rather wondering at the style in which the good people of Hull were accustomed to serve up such things; but as we supposed, in order that they might be "hot and hot," as the London firemen say. Quickly the covers were removed, and the eye fell upon one solitary mutton-chop! My companion went off forthwith into a forty-horse-power state of excitement; but I did better, and endeavoured to console him with the recollection of the snipes yet to come. Of course, upon being questioned, the waiter answered, as usual on such occasions, "*did you order smelts, sir?*" Our mutton smelts were not so bad, and we had a second each. Up came a succession of tin-covered plates, with the snipes—our sole object of consolation for the missing smelts. Alas! it proved to be a *third mutton chop!*

Words were of *no* avail with my friend; his spirit was broken, and he merely begged of me to come along, and let us leave the accursed place, and cross the ferry at once, and before it was quite dark. Having settled our bill, we got into the gig, drove to the waterside, and there embarked, together with many other passengers, who had arrived for the same purpose in gigs and on horseback.

By the time we had embarked and disembarked on the other side the water, it had become quite dark, and there was a general scramble by the passengers to get their respective horses and gigs, so as to depart before the lateness of the hour shut out all chance of obtaining a bed at the end of the next long stage. After much trouble, we finally got the ostler to harness our horse to the gig first, and off we started, my friend's mind being still much depressed and grieved at the loss of his smelts and snipes.

Having proceeded for about a mile, and the evening every moment getting darker and darker, with a fourteen-miles' stage before us, the horse seemed to go by no means satisfactorily, and my friend's whip was of little avail, though his horse was a high-spirited eighty-guinea animal by old Sultan, and not likely to want the whip; but finding something was wrong, my companion gave me the reins, and got down to examine what was the matter, as well as the absence of light would admit him to do so, and in a short time I heard him give a heavy, long-drawn sigh, and then exclaim "*I'll be d—d if they haven't put in somebody else's horse in the gig!*"

This proved to have been the case in the hurry and darkness of the evening. We had then to go back and get our own horse, and but for the fortunate circumstance that *our* horse was worth any three of the other passengers', we should have had to explain it was really a mistake, and "*we were not horse-stealers by profession.*"

We did not reach a place to sleep at till it was so late that no supper or other refreshment could be had, and my friend and myself were obliged to separate for the night, hungry and dejected at the loss of our much-prized dinner and with no substitute. In this state he went to his room, where I could hear him for a considerable time muttering something which sounded to me not at all like his prayers.

A quiet night's rest, aided by a good breakfast the next morning, brought about a more cheerful feeling, and dispelled the gloom arising from our previous day's various disappointments, and my companion and myself journeyed onwards until we finally arrived at Stilton, where we were to meet two other friends, and after trying what sport we could obtain in the fens—snipe-shooting, as we had previously agreed—we were then to proceed a short day's journey further to where we knew we should get some excellent rabbit shooting. It is unnecessary to describe the Lincolnshire fens and those in the neighbourhood of Whittlesey Meer, farth~~er~~ than saying, a more desolate and wretched-looking country cannot be imagined than these fens present in the winter season. Miles and miles of wet, boggy land, though in some parts dry enough for cattle in the summer months, extend down to the sea coast, intersected by dykes full of water, and which from their width and the bad taking off on the sides are very difficult to jump. Not a human being, except now and then a solitary fenman, carrying reeds in his frail boat, and looking over his dyke-nets, set for pike, or a plover-catcher, is to be seen as far as the eye can reach, and no sound breaks upon the ear but the occasional cry of the plover or the distant booming of the bittern in its concealment, sounding close though really at a distance. Now and then a couple or perhaps a team of ducks, or other water-fowl, might be seen high up, and a far off in the air, hurrying onward; and the heavy flapping of a heron's wing, as it slowly soared away, gave a little change to the dead monotony of all around.

The cold north-east wind in these fens, there being no shelter of any kind to protect the body, cuts through the shooter's clothes keen as any knife; and but for frequent applications to the cherry-brandy flask, and a vigorous determination not to be idle and stand still, no one could bear it

for many hours together. I have frequently been in these fens with good hardy sportsmen, and with dogs said to be able to endure any degree of cold, but I never yet saw either that were not speedily beat, excepting those long accustomed to this kind of sport, and particularly the dogs, who, having crossed a dyke or two, and felt the sharp wind driving the cold into their very vitals as it were, would sit down and howl in the most piteous manner possible, and it required the greatest difficulty often to get the poor things home again; neither are they of any, or very little, use in this kind of shooting.

The best dress for this work, where you have constantly to cross dykes, the leaping-pole often being totally useless, and you are obliged to protect your ammunition by placing your powder-flask in your hat, holding your gun over your head, and wading through the water, which often reaches above the shoulders and to within a few inches of your chin, and then having to stand exposed to the razor-like cutting of the wind—is a pair of sailor's strong cloth trowsers, well lined round the waist and down to the knees with rough flannel or blanketing, worsted stockings, and strong shooting shoes, in preference to any boots, which only fill with water, and holds the sportsman down when jumping. A man with a leaping-pole should always attend to carrying spare shot and powder, &c., and you *yourself* taking care of a liberal supply of cherry-brandy, never to be trusted in any other hands with impunity; for in these scenes of desolation you may walk fifteen or twenty miles, and never see a single cottage or other place to get anything at whatever.

In this way my three companions and myself, with a guide carrying a leaping-pole, set forth snipe shooting, intending to cross these wild regions, and proceed to a small distant village to sleep, and then shoot our way back the next day. We found the waters rather too much out and flashy at first, which made the birds lie light, and difficult to get near; but we trusted as we proceeded further into the heart of the fens to find less water. To throw a gun over these dykes, some fifteen or eighteen feet wide, and catch it without any boggling, requires a quick eye and steady nerve, which can only be acquired by practice. However, this was performed pretty well at first, but shortly I saw one gun twirling round in its transit, and slash into the water it went. Next came its master with the leaping-pole; but being little and round in stature, and unable to give that particular swirl of the body which long experience in leaping alone will afford, and which carries the jumper just skimming over the water sufficiently high to enable him to reach the opposite side with his feet, my companion, placing the pole too far away from him—a very usual error—took a nimble spring, as he thought, and succeeded in forcing the end of the pole deep into the mud in the very centre of the dyke, where, sticking upright, he found himself at the top of the pole balancing like a rope-dancer. Unwillingly hesitating and fluctuating to discover which way his weight would eventually make the pole yield to, but perfectly assured it would not be towards either of the banks of the dyke, there he remained temporizing with a ducking which was inevitable, but not quite certain when it would arrive. At last the pole gradually inclined along the dyke, and in went my friend like an otter, souse

over head, down to the very bottom into the mud amongst the eels, and, like the otter, leaving a chain of bubbles to mark his way.

We fished him up after a time, brandied him, and persuaded him to return back to the inn, as we had not then proceeded far from it. However, he surprised us by reappearing afterwards. We pursued our sport, and where the water was less out, we got some excellent shooting. We had frequently to load our guns under our arms, there being no sound ground to rest the butt of the gun on, as we were ourselves standing nearly knee-deep in mud and wet. This rendered our walking, besides the getting over or through the dykes, very fatiguing; and most happy were we whenever we could avail ourselves of any firm standing place, which sometimes occurred, particularly when we arrived at any old plover mill, a place where the plover catchers had trampled round and round to set their nets for the large flocks of plovers which are 'ticed to alight on these spots by means of stuffed plovers or stale birds, when, having done so, the plover-man, who is concealed under a couple of reed hurdles at a distance, pulls a rope and then claps his nets together, covering all the plovers that happen to be within the sweep of the net, and as these flocks consist of many hundreds, I have been informed sometimes as many are taken as five or six dozen at one pull.

Having reached one of these places, I stood with one of my companions, back to back, driving the snipes up out of the surrounding reeds, by gently calling "sheck—sheck," from time to time, as we continued to shoot and load. He killed eight in one direction, and I killed seven in the other, without even moving a yard. After obtaining as many of our birds as we could find, we again took to the fen, and proceeded onwards, sparing the jack snipes for the sake of saving our ammunition and ourselves the trouble of loading. It so happened, however, that in our progress we frequently found snipes caught in the hair-springs set for them by the fen-men; these we, and especially our guide, who was a rival snipe-catcher, deemed it a point of duty to release and kick up the springes—if, when the bird was unloosed, it could get away, so much the better for it; but if not, so much the better for us; and whether we missed or killed it, at any rate the snipe had a chance for its life. We met with from fifteen to twenty birds caught in this way, to all of whom we gave the chance above alluded to, such as it was; amongst others, I once met with a Daniel Lambert; it was not one of the large solitary snipes, but solitary only in the enormous size—larger than a ruff or reeve, and weighing eight or nine ounces.

My friend, who had in the morning amused himself with diving for eels, either from having gone too frequently to the brandy flask, to keep out the cold, or from some other cause, had become very wilful in his shooting, and not only kept frequently missing, but doing so at jack snipes, who, flying unscathed a few yards further off, dropped again, and teased him out of many charges, far too precious to be then wasted upon such miserable objects.

Seeing this with regret, our guide having found another full snipe caught in a springe, brought it for the gentleman to shoot at, "to get his hand in again." The guide went about twenty paces off, and was then



to throw up the bird for the other to shoot at. All was ready, and up went the snipe, but the guide turning his face the other way, cried out, "Now, sir, *shoot—shoot!*" holding on to the end of the stick all the time, to which the horse-hair snare, about a yard in length, was fastened; and nothing could persuade him to let go the snipe entirely, "No, sir," said he, "*the gentleman 'ill miss him if I do; I don't mind a few shot if he he'll only shoot!*" I was obliged at last to turn out the bird myself, which the gentleman, however, did kill, and got his hand in again, without killing the man as well.

After proceeding some miles further, we arrived at the village we intended to sleep at for the night, and though a most miserable place in itself, and surrounded with fen, we were very glad to find rest and refreshment any where. We had, however, sent on what was necessary, or we should have been badly off indeed; but as it was, we did well enough, and the next morning, after breakfast, turned into the fen again. We found the snipes were less plentiful, and getting much wilder; we therefore toiled through the heavy bog and wet for some time longer, and then turned round and took our beat homewards towards Stilton, which we reached late at night, cold, wet, and weary. Upon our arrival there, we found at the most excellent inn everything we could require—Stilton being situate on the great northern road, then in its glory, and before railroads were thought of. A constant bustle was going on—coaches and private carriages were frequently passing, and the postboys, all alive, some coming home, others going off, with fresh arrivals, and from the number of "boys," as these stunted little old men are always called, of which there appeared to be seven or eight running about, and the constant change which was taking place, things must doubtless have been going on well at this most excellent inn. Everything was of the best quality, and the utmost civility and attention shown from the then well known "landlord, Mr Scarbro, down to the boots."

On our arrival, we found a capital fire in each of our bedrooms—a blanket spread over two chairs before the fire, hot water in plenty for the feet, a glass of sherry ready, the better to enable us to enjoy the above arrangements preparatory to dinner; and never was anything more enjoyable than both the first and the last. After the long, toilsome, and benumbing fatigue we had gone through, ensconced in the warm blankets, we slept till dinner forced us down stairs, and amongst the fare we had ordered a liberal supply of snipes. The next day we determined to send off per coach the remainder of our snipes to our distant friends. When we returned the preceding evening, we had handed over for safe custody exactly eighty-four couple of snipes, some teal, a bittern, a couple of ducks, and a water-rail or two, the produce of our two days' shooting, and I am quite within compass when I state that from the keen wind filling the eye with tears and the flickering motion of the cowgrass, we lost constantly one out of almost every couple of snipes that fell to a double shot, sometimes both, and at least twenty couple were never bagged.

On counting over the birds produced the next morning, in order to pack them up and send them off as presents, we found that, including what we had had for dinner (some three or four couple), there was still a

deficiency of twenty-five couple. Wrath and vengeance again broke out in my companion, as it did on discovering the loss of our anticipated smelts and snipes at Hull. The landlord was called in, cook, scullery girl, postilions, and "boots" included; and after a vigorous examination, threats by us of sending for a magistrate's assistance—threats of dismissal by the landlord—intimations whether this might not be considered a government business, or at least an Old Bailey affair—"robbing gentlemen at the inn situate upon the king's high road." At last, first one and then another confessed there were so many birds that they *had taken a few* to roast, and eventually it came to light the "lads" had had three couple each for supper—delicate fare for Mr Scarbro's postboys, after returning from their "last turn out" for the night.

Our shooting in the fens now terminated, and we proceeded the next day twenty miles further to an estate belonging to the family of two of our companions. This property, besides a fair proportion of hares and partridges, literally swarmed with rabbits. There was very little woodlands, but every field was surrounded with strong, impenetrable black-thorn hedges, some ten or twelve yards through. There were not many burrows, for the land was heavy and wet, and the rabbits chiefly kept above ground; though not of the kind called stub-rabbits, which I have described in a former number of your magazine as being frequently found and hunted in Sussex and Kent with rabbit-beagles little larger in size than the rabbits themselves, and which when hunted with a pack of those little hounds, will stand before them for hours together without even going to their burrows for safety. These were the common rabbit, the usual colour of which was now and then varied by the appearance of a straw-coloured or black one—the latter of which, denominated "the parson," always created an additional excitement with the dogs in pursuit. We remained shooting rabbits for two days; but we were constantly foiled in our sport by the dogs following the rabbit so close out of the hedges and along the sides, until they popped in again, that it was quite impossible to shoot at one half that were within shot, without killing a dog; and as it was, we had frequently to shoot with scarcely six inches to spare over the dog's head, and now and then an over-wilful dog found he and the rabbit shared a few of the shot between them.

On counting up our rabbits at the end of the second day, we found eighty-two couple. A vast number got away, which we could see lying quite dead under the thick black thorns, which we could not get at, and we had no dog that would bring them to us.

The two days in the fens and the two next spent in rabbit shooting, the wet and the dry shooting, were nearly equal in amount—84 in the former, 82 in the latter.

*Sporting Review, for August.*

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## MENDICANT,

WINNER OF THE OAKS, 1846.

When the gentleman-farmer of old, as tradition avouches, received, in return for certain slight services, this little kingdom of Great Britain, as a decent sized farm, he was prompted, it is said, in pure greediness of heart, to ask them to add on the Isle of Man as a pig-stye. For this give-him-an-ell-and-he'll-take-an-inch disposition, the unhappy petitioner has long and severely suffered; and yet, when we come to look round, there seems more of a common or fellow-feeling about us than any very obvious hostility either to the precept or the practice. "The more we have, the more we want," is a maxim tolerably well supported through every class of society; and perhaps with none in greater or more continual request than the gentlemen of the Turf. Here it is *vires acquirit eundo* with a vengeance, without law or limit to the end to be attained, but the rather indeed progressively increased "by that it feeds upon:" let the first step of our last venture be the *sumum bonum* of some remote two-year-old stake, and, as a matter of course, our whole heart is at once set on the subjection of the Criterion and the Clearwell. Let the Craven at Coventry or Trial at Pytchley but come off as was counted on, and straightway the two Riddlesworths open our hopes for the Two Thousands—the Thousands for the Derby—the Derby for the Leger—the Leger for "the Coop"—and so on *ad infinitum*. Lord Foley, we have heard, pinpacted his pleasure on the glorious association of winning the Derby and walking Bond-street; but then, as his lordship never had the ell measured out to him, we can give no guarantee as to the moderation he might have evinced as regarded the inch. While the Epsom honours were airing on one side of Piccadilly, surely the Doncaster laurels might bloom upon the other, and St. Leger and St. James make an acquaintance, through his lordship's good graces, as gratifying as profitable. Who, that has lived thus far into 'forty-six, shall say it would not have been so? Who, that has lately witnessed the measure for measure asked and obtained, will dare to put a stopper to human wishes? The Derby's done quite, as well as could have been expected, and all, forsooth, is happiness and hurrah; and yet still there's a manifest craving for the pig-stye: to make our comfort complete we want the Oaks as well. Granted, again; one good turn (of luck) deserves another, and here you have it; satisfied now we should hope, and no mistake. Sam Day rides back to scale, with his hand on his heart, and certainly looks his content; Will Sadler helps him home in an ecstasy of excitement never yet equalled; while honest John whimpers out an acknowledgment of finished felicity that the Archbishopric of Canterbury, the Lord High Chancellorship of England, or the Premiership of Downing-street would have essayed in vain to wring from him. Mark, however; these same sons of fortune but a few hours afterwards: they have counted their thousands and tens of thousands, scratched our names from their books, taken all they could

take, and then, opening on a new page and another desire, demand the odds "you'll lay agen' Pyrrhus for the Leger?"

John Gully, Esq., the owner of Pyrrhus, Mendicant, and Margrave, is a clever man and a lucky one; he has done what was never yet done, and chiefly through the agency of those who could never before accomplish, perhaps, the greatest feature in this united performance. The carrying off Derby and Oaks in the same year is of itself a fact by no means without precedent, as the following list will sufficiently prove:—

In 1791, Duke of Bedford won the Derby with Eager, and the Oaks with Portia.

In 1796, Sir F. Standish won the Derby with Didelot, and the Oaks with Parisot.

In 1801, Sir C. Bunbury won both races with Eleanor.

In 1815, Duke of Grafton won the Derby with Whisker, and the Oaks with Minuet.

The power, however, of adding, either before or after, the St. Leger to these companion victories has hitherto been allowed to Mr. Gully alone, and even with him the "great fact" of having lived to win Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger can scarcely as yet be applied in its full force. In 1832, when Margrave, under his name and colours, ran first home at Doncaster, he was generally known to be the property of a joint concern, who, as the firm of Ridsdale and Gully, had a long string of horses with the Scotts, and who had opened that season quite as well as they finished it, by winning the Derby with St. Giles. Five years, though, before this, Mr. Gully, when entirely on his own account, was just within an ace of doing the trick; his horse Mameluke, for which he had given Lord Jersey the large price of four thousand, being only beaten by a head, and that head far more the man's than the mare's. Beyond these, his trump cards have been but few, the following about the best, in a somewhat off-and-on kind of career:—Dictator, Cardenio, Rigmarol, Tyke, Tranby, Florestine, Lady Fly, Hokee Pokee, The Era, Maid of Orleans, Old England, Weatherbit, and The Ugly Buck. These include the brightest ornaments since their owner's accession to John Day's stable, at whose hands Mr. Gully has certainly found no falling off in his turf fortunes. That he will continue where he has hitherto been treated so well, is now pretty well settled; though, in consequence of the father retiring from public life, his horses will, for the future, be under the sole management of John Day, junior—a good general, who has, in fact, a fair claim to any attendant honours the late Derby and Oaks may carry with them.

#### PEDIGREE.

Mendicant, a dark-brown filly, was bred by Mr. Whitworth in 1843, and is by Touchstone out of Lady Moore Carew, by Tramp, her dam Kite (Vulture's dam) by Bustard—Olympia, by Sir Oliver.

Lady Moore Carew, bred by Mr. Allanson in 1830, was a very fair provincial performer in her time, and has also given a tolerable return during the few years she has figured in the stud—Lady Sarah, by Velocipede, for one worthy of place in the same page as the winner of the Oaks, continuing to run on and well.

On behalf of Touchstone, Mendicant appears as the first Oaks winner that celebrated stallion has produced, and, at the same time, as something like a contradiction to an opinion which was fast gaining ground, viz., that the Touchstone mares couldn't run.

From the above pedigree it will be seen that the Derby and Oaks winners of this season are connected in more ways than one, not only coming from the same stable and running in the same colours, but tracing back, and that in a very recent degree, to the same family; as, in evidence thereof, Pyrrhus the First by Epirus, Epirus by Langar, out of Olympia by Sir Oliver; Mendicant, out of Lady Moore Carew, by Tramp, her dam Kite by Bustard, out of Olympia by Sir Oliver.

#### PERFORMANCES.

In 1845, Mendicant, then two years old, the property of Mr. Gully, and ridden by J. Howlett, ran second to Mr. Forth's Sting for the Lavant Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., at Goodwood; Lord G. Bentinck's Cherokee, Mr. Pyne's Collingwood, and Mr. J. Day's Cambaules also started, but were not placed: 5 to 1 agst. Mendicant: won by a length.

In 1846, at Newmarket First Spring Meeting Mendicant, ridden by S. Day, won the Thousand Guineas Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. (twenty-six subscribers), beating Mr. Bowes's Mowerina (2), Lord Orford's Prussic Acid (3), Duke of Bedford's Taurina, Lord G. Bentinck's Ennui, Mr. Osbaldeston's Gazelle, and Mr. Wredford's Wilderness: even on Mendicant: won by half a length. At Epsom, ridden by S. Day, she won on the Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs., h. ft. (one hundred and forty subscribers), beating Mr. Wyatt's Laundry Maid (2), Lord Glasgow's filly by Retriever out of Emilia (3), and the following not placed:—Mr. Preston's Osprey, Mr. Bowes's Mowerina, Mr. Bowes's Ukraine, Mr. Littledale's Fantastic, Sir C. Monck's Vanish, Mr. Death's Camelia, Mr. Drinkald's Ohio, Mr. Johnstone's Fair Helen, Lord Orford's Prussic Acid, Lord Chesterfield's f. by Emilius out of Morella, Mr. Coombe's sister to The Nob, Lord G. Bentinck's Princess Alice, Mr. Gratwicke's The Flitch, Mr. Osborne's Hopeful, Mr. Bristow's Marietta, Duke of Richmond's Cuckoo, Mr. Burke's Astonishment, Mr. Mathew's Chammois, Lord Albemarle's Nell Cook, Mr. J. H. Whitfield's Miss Verb, and Mr. J. Day's Miss Slick: 9 to 4 agst. Mendicant: won easy by two lengths. At Liverpool, ridden by A. Day, and carrying 7st., she was not placed for the Liverpool Cup; won by Mr. Meiklam's Lightning, five years old, 8st. 6lb.; Lord Eglinton's Plaudit, 4 yrs., 6st. 6lb., second; and Lord Warwick's Yardley, six years old, 7st. 10lb., third: 6 to 4 agst. Mendicant.

#### SUMMARY OF MENDICANT'S PERFORMANCES.

In 1845, she started once without winning.

In 1846, she has started three times and won twice.

The 1,000 Guineas Stakes, at Newmarket, value clear	£ 1550
The Oaks at Epsom.....	3850

Mendicant is not in the St. Leger, nor, indeed, anything at present, beyond a small produce stake at Oswestry; and even for that we should consider her as a very doubtful starter, from the fact of her having paid forfeit for everything, good and bad, since her defeat at Liverpool.

*Sporting Magazine for September.*

## THE REGATTA WEEK AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

BY THE EDITOR.

Whatever may be said of the decline and fall of certain of our sports that once were popular, no one can deny that yachting goes on and prospers. It could scarce, indeed, be otherwise with a pursuit so eminently adapted to the national character; especially at a time when the amateur sailor has all the world of waters before him for his place of cruise. A noble, manly means of enjoyment is it certainly, and free from all the objections to which too many sources of excitement are exposed. Gambling is no ingredient in this elixir of the spirit: neither is it, of necessity, an expensive amusement; reference being had to the class that adopt it. It is a goodly, healthful, and appropriate sport. Let that suffice for its claims on our patronage, without going into the question of its use in a social or political point of view. Let us hold our peace about it as a training school for the navy, should any unluckily chance ever call for an immediate supply of able seamen. There is no need that utilitarianism should be at the bottom of everything. If there was, it is to be feared your yacht sailor would not be found very effective for the service. People talk nonsense when they bring forward the national good that the sport of yachting does in the capacity of a marine school. Its system is far too Sybarite for the course of life and duty required of your regular hard-weather Jack. One thing is it to skim the Solent in white trousers and a cap full of wind, and another to round the Horn with a frost-bitten nose and a hurricane at work blowing the marlin-spikes into shaving-brushes. Melodramatic mariners are all very well in their way; but when it comes to fighting a gun on the stump of the leg that is left, or reefing topsails when "hold on by your eyelids" is the word, give us sterner stuff.

During the last two or three years yacht-clubs have been springing up all round the coast (royal yacht-clubs for the most part), for these societies have very fitly been held worthy of the sovereign's countenance. Foremost among them is the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, to which I had in some wise the honour of being sponsor. When first the idea was entertained of establishing an amateur sailing society at Ryde, it was

proposed that it should be called the Osborne Yacht Club, in honour of her Majesty's residence in the Isle of Wight. I suggested that the name of the queen would be a far more euphonious title, and one more likely to reflect dignity upon such a club: and thence the designation under which it has at present the high honour to hail. Last year the club had its opening regatta—a very spirited beginning. In the present season, as will be seen anon, the regatta at Ryde was one of the best, both as regard sport and support, that has ever been celebrated in the kingdom. We will, however, come to it under easier sail. First it shall be told, that after a most pleasant summer in its native waters, the Royal Thames Yacht Club ported its helm for the westward, having fresh fields of glory open almost from Beachy Head to the Land's End. The Mersey sent forth its fleet for the Needles; Erin, her best barks across the Channel towards another tight little island; and early in the autumn a brilliant pleasure squadron had brought up inside the Wight: Cowes Roads and Southampton Water being literally white with the canvas that crowded them. Till very late years these noble estuaries were, so far as relates to a pleasure marine, solely tenanted by the vessels of the Royal Yacht Squadron. It was but three seasons ago that the Royal Thames Yacht Club established for itself a local habitation at East Cowes. The Royal Southern Yacht Club only opened its club-house at Southampton last month; and that intended for the head-quarters of the Royal Victoria Club is at present in process of building at Ryde—to be opened, according to the contract, early in the ensuing summer.

All this looks *couleur de rose*; but should it be asked "*Surgit amari aliquid?*" alas! that truth compels the reply to be an affirmative. In the squadron things are still "aristocratic" enough; but they are far from "gentle." A feud is brewing, which threatens to "draw blood another day." Some time since, a gallant earl, who has attracted a great deal of notice in his military capacity, was proposed for ballot as a member, and, in due course, duly black-balled. His proposers and friends took fierce umbrage at this, and threatened to black-ball every one that should in future go to election, no matter who it might be. Now, as one black-ball in ten, I believe, does the business, a score or so could hold the electoral Thermopylæ against the whole force of the society, brought together at the quarterly meetings. Moreover—"pity 'tis, 'tis true"—a bitter spirit is in existence against this society in other quarters besides at home. It enjoys certain privileges likely to create jealous feelings; and enforces them, it is said, in a fashion not calculated to soothe. I believe I am not alone in anticipating a heavy blow for it when the day shall arrive—may it be long averted—that shall deprive it of its present truly noble, truly amiable commodore. Lord Yarborough has, indeed, been the star of its fortunes; steering by which it so long avoided the waters of strife; his banner of peace ever streaming in the van. The Royal Southern Club had not yet set its house in order when discord crossed the threshold. A more suitable rendezvous cannot be conceived than it has erected, facing the Royal Pier at Southampton. The architecture is in the best taste; so are all the appointments; the accommodation is as complete as the situation is admirable. 'Woe' is me, that with such social

appliances and means to boot, its members should have gone to logger-heads; but such is the sad fact. It seems to be a very pretty quarrel as it stands; but not a very comprehensible. As, however, the *casus belli* is actually coming before the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey, we are likely to hear more about it, though we should not understand it any the better. As I have only heard one side of the question, and not approving of King James's practice in such a case, I think it better not to give any opinion. In the Victoria Club all, however, is "harmony and joy." Excellent practical rules have been enacted for its regulation, and proper practical men see that they are carried out. *Ni fallor*, the day is coming in which it will rank A 1 in the pleasure navy of Great Britain. In my regret for the belligerent attitude assumed by the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, I forgot to add the pain with which I learnt that their secretary had found occasion to ruffle his feathers also. Let him be assured "he never did what did become him less:" there is something grand, if not grateful, when the tempest is on the face of the waters; but a puddle in a storm is, indeed, "a sorry sight."

The first week in August gave to the sailing world the regatta in Southampton Water; at the termination of which the Isle of Wight became the yachting cynosure. To the professed amateur of aquatic pursuits it has many more attractions than those held out by its sailing matches merely. For the most chaste models of naval architecture, for the most finished specimens of nautical taste and handicraft it is the museum of the seas. If the Board of Admiralty have eyes, with what sort of feelings must they look upon the piece of amphibious Tunbridge ware in which the Queen of the Isles is turned adrift, and upon the style of craft which Joseph White provides for one of her subjects, the peerless schooner of a hundred tons, looming less than the Victoria and Albert's barge—the clipper, that in the true spirit of the image,

"Walks the waters like a thing of life!"

I went to the yard of that great artist to inspect the noble schooner-yacht he has built for the Emperor of Russia, the day before she was launched. She is about 260 tons, old measurement, and such a vessel as probably never yet floated on blue water. She is fore and aft rigged; with an extraordinary breadth of beam, and a sheer that is the very poetry of grace. Then her cabins! The main saloon would have sent Cleopatra off in hysterics. It is spacious enough for holding *levées*, and gorgeous enough too. Such rosewood and satin ottomans! Such *or molu* and bird's-eye maple furniture! To say nothing of a series of marine medallions from the pencil of Mr Condy. Such an *ensemble* never entered into the dreams of Thetis. Her crew consisted of 30 Welshmen, not one under five feet ten, with muzzles like Triton's—hirsute Apollos—with pig-tails as long as a cloth-yard, and ten times as thick. Her skipper! what would Cooper give for such a "perfect marine monster" for a hero! I tell you that the arrival of the Queen Victoria schooner in the realms of the Czar will create a thousand times more sensation than did the anchoring of the *Argo* before Colchis. The inspection of this and other yachts upon the stocks in Mr White's yard,



at East Cowes, occupied my leisure while the first race of the regatta was in progress. This I proceed to put upon the scene as a prologue to the pageant that forms the subject of this article.

The Royal Regatta of 1846 commenced at Cowes on Monday, the 10th ult. On the forenoon the Court made an excursion to the back of the island, launching at picturesque Ventnor; and Neptune knows they had no loss in not witnessing the first act of the festival. For this a cup was provided by the R. Y. S. of the value of 100 guineas, for cutters of the Club, not less than 30 tons, and not over 50. The conditions heretofore, I believe, were, that vessels intended for it should be entered the day previous; but on the occasion in question the time for entering was limited to twelve at noon of that day, so that many who intended running their craft were shut out. From all this it came to pass that but a brace of cutters of small renown started for this handsome prize, on a voyage round the island, which might have been round the world for anything anybody seemed to care. The wager-boats were—

Vessels.	Tons.	Owners.
The Frisk.....	47	R. Frankland, Esq.
The Medina.....	44	Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart.*

The former is an English bottom of recent construction. The latter a modern antique, built at Cork a pretty considerable long time ago. I conclude the log of the voyage would be a document of little interest to any but the owner of the winning boat, and therefore sum up by stating that at the end of some eight or nine hours the pair returned to the Solent, the young one beating the old one by a long quarter of an hour, and gloriously. No doubt but they had a flirty day of it, for about noon it came on to blow, and they had the comfort of an iron shore under their lee till they were inside the Needles.

Tuesday dawned gloriously on the silver waters of the fairest of estuaries. At a very early hour the fleet moored in Cowes Roads and harbour was all life and bustle, and presently one after another the yachts were seen dropping down to the eastward for Ryde. Soon after ten A. M. the royal yacht Victoria and Albert arrived off the river from Portsmouth, and it was thought the Queen intended to honour the sport with her presence, but it was not so. The preparations were well fitted for such an anticipation. A committee of management for carrying into effect the arrangements agreed upon, was formed, consisting of the following noblemen and gentlemen:—

Commodore : T. W. Fleming, Esq.—Vice-Commodore : A. J. Hambrough, Esq.

His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, K. G.

Captain T. W. Carter, R.N.

Captain T. R. Brigstocke, R.N.

Captain W. Green, Q.S.

Captain Campbell Lock, R.N.

Andrew Fountaine, Esq.

Edward Vernon Utterson, Esq.

James Player Lind, Esq., M.D.

The Marquis of Anglesey, K.G.

Of the nature and prospects of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club slight mention has already been made, and the present is not the moment for treating of its details, whatever future occasion may produce. That its

regatta was not more distinguished by the personal attendance of the Sovereign was I believe mainly owing to the Fairy being rendered un-serviceable in consequence of her piston having broken, and the Victoria and Albert being in no wise calculated to play the part of a pleasure-boat—at least so said rumour; and for the crippling of the Fairy I can vouch. On reaching Ryde-bay—on board the cutter of a most hospitable and kind-hearted son of “ould Ireland”—I found three-quarters of a mile of pier as full as it could cram of excellent good company, poured in by the steamers from every adjacent port, and collected from every quarter of the island. The bay itself was positively a dazzling *coup d’œil*; every fathom of water had its yacht, each with its streamers floating in the wind: for, thanks to Zephyr, there was a brisk breeze in commission. And then the lovely town itself, with its fair sweep of sea-board, its diadem of bright woodlands, and its nestled look of refined comfort! Reader, when next you are in need of a bathing-place on the score of health or enjoyment, or both, you may go further and speed a great deal worse than by selecting Ryde for your head-quarters. It was somewhat after ten when the gun was fired to give note of preparation for the first race.

PRIZE CUP, value £50; time race, half minute per ton; for yachts above 50 and not more than 105 tons; open to any vessel belonging to any royal yacht club; entrance £1 10s. Course, round the island.

Yacht.	Tons.	Rig.	Owners.	h.	m.	s.
Gauntlet ....	66 ...	cutter ....	A. Fountaine, Esq. ....	6	43	0 .... 1
Gondola ....	76½...	cutter ....	W. H. Woodhouse, Esq..	6	51	30 .... 2
Wave .....	54 ...	cutter .P..	Viscount Seaham.....	0	0	0 .... 0

The idea of making the course for a sailing match precisely that of which the spectators cannot command a view, seems far from a happy one; but such is that round the Wight, now become quite the fashion. On getting under way they had the wind fresh from the westward, and in consequence steered for the Nab light. How they fared thence to the Needles is best known to themselves; but as the Gondola sprang her mast all to shivers, things obviously were not upon velvet. The Gauntlet won any distance, for I never saw any more of the Wave that day. The second match was that for—

THE ROYAL VICTORIA PURSE, of the value of 100gs.; second prize £20; for R.V.Y.C. yachts above 31 and not more than 50 tons; entrance £2 10s. Course, round the island.

Yacht.	Tons.	Rig.	Owners.	h.	m.	s.
Heroine ....	35 ....	cutter	Sir J. R. Carnac, Bart ..	7	18	0 .... 1
Alarm .....	41 ....	cutter	Edward Jekyl, Esq. ....	7	20	0 .... 2
Cygnet.....	35 ....	cutter	Hedworth Lambton, Esq..	disabled		.... 3

Here was another division in difficulties. Following their leaders, and, with like fortune, first the Alarm carried her bob-stay; then the Cygnet her main halliards, so that down came her mainsail “with a run;”

and the Heroine was once more triumphant—never was craft more prophetically named. Still, considering the Alarm was built originally for a pilot-boat, it is singular to see how closely she always contrives to stick to the Heroine's skirts. The third, however, was the crack affair of the day. It was for—

A PIECE OF PLATE, of the value of £50, the gift of the members of the R.V.Y.C., for schooners belonging to any Royal Yacht Club; time race, entrance £1 10s. Course, from Ryde round a flag-boat moored off Yarmouth, back round the Calshot Light-ship, from thence to the Nab Light, leaving each on the starboard hand, and back to the starting vessel off Ryde, which is to be passed on the port hand by vessels in this race.

Yacht.	Tons.	Owner.
Anaconda.....	101 ....	Sir C. Ibbotson, Bart.
Gem.....	125 ....	T. W. Fleming, Esq.
Maud.....	119 ....	Thomas Legh, Esq.
Magic.....	86 ....	Viscount Chetwyn.
Benita.....	65 ....	Col. Freestun.
Esmeralda ....	126 ....	J. E. W. Rolls, Esq.

The Magic was a post entry. Now here was as interesting a match, and as perfect a marine spectacle as could be seen. Giving its endless moves and manœuvres, of course, is out of the question; it must be enough to say that after running their course with a gallant wholesale breeze, the Anaconda was the winner—absolutely the first to pass the goal: winning, consequently, without the necessity of claiming her allowance of time for tonnage. The Gem was second. O, Sir Charles, Sir Charles! where were your bowels in commenting on your victory after dinner? Who shall commend your modesty for that you declared your orders to your crew were that they should take care the Gem did not run down your little pet serpent? Why spake ye of the Gem's twenty feet of boom over her taffrail? What about the Russia duck? it was twice slaying the slain. There was other sailing, together with much emphatic rowing; and in the evening a great pyrotechnic display. There was also a ball; whereat the partners in a polka were like partners for life, by reason of the crowd which squeezed the two into one.

Wednesday was as splendid a type of summer by the sea as ever poet sang or painter fancied; but the early day was not made for sailing. About nine A. M. her Majesty and Prince Albert embarked in the royal steam yacht for the purpose of escorting the King and Queen of the Belgians to Portsmouth, *en route* for the continent. Having landed the royal visitors at Gosport, her Majesty caused the yacht to cross over to Ryde, where the appearance of the royal standard of England was the signal for the unanimous expression of a loyal and hearty satisfaction. Salutes were fired from the Club battery ashore, and from many a yacht afloat; while here and there vessels in full dress, all bunting from stem to topmast, and from masthead to jib-boom end, added gorgeous colouring to

the scene. At the desire of the Queen, the start for the first race immediately took place. It was for—

THE TRADESMEN'S GRAND NATIONAL REGATTA PRIZE of £50 value ; a piece of plate subscribed for by the tradesmen of Ryde, for yachts above 31, and not more than 50 tons, belonging to any royal yacht club ; entrance £1 10s. Course, from Ryde round a flag-boat moored off Yarmouth, back round the Calshot Light-ship, from thence to the Nab Light, leaving each on the starboard hand, and back to the starting vessel off Ryde, which is to be passed on the port hand.

Yacht.	Tons.	Rig.	Owner.
Heroine .....	35	Cutter	Sir J. R. Carnac, Bart.
Alarm .....	41	Cutter	Edward Jekyl, Esq.
Cygnets.....	35	Cutter	Hedworth Lambton, Esq.

With little or no wind the yachts drifted towards Cowes, followed by the royal yacht at quarter speed, her huge wheels revolving with most somniferous motion. There was nothing inspiring in it, so one turned naturally towards the pier to see what that might produce. There the attendance was considerably below that of the day before ; and, sooth to say, pleasure had evidently done a good deal of its work, for the folks seemed jaded, and seats were at a premium. What the wager boats were about all this time I shall not presume to guess, and I have no other means to come at the facts. The Heroine won, as a matter of course ; the Alarm for once in a way being second to her. The second match was to have been the Grand National Regatta Prize, of £50 value, for yachts of not more than 75 tons. It did not come off, however, from lack of vessels fitted to start for it ; and therefore the third took its place. This was for—

A PRIZE OF PLATE, of the value of £50, the gift of the members of the R.V.Y.C. ; for yachts under 15 tons, belonging to any royal yacht club ; entrance £1 10s. The course was from off Ryde, round Calshot Light-vessel, thence to the southward, inside the Peel Buoy and Motherbank, round the starting vessel ; twice round.

Yacht.	Tons.	Rig.	Owner.
Ranger ....	12	Cutter	E. W. Roberts, Esq.
Mazeppa ..	14½	Cutter	Charles Bromley, Esq.
Sea Nymph	12	Cutter	Charles Wheeler, Esq.
Termagant..	15	Cutter	R. Wright, Esq.
Gleam.....	14½	Cutter	P. Roberts, Esq.

After a due taste of the chances to which all sublunary things are subject, particularly those that take the sea in ships, this little race issue thus terminated—

Ranger.	Sea Nymph.
Mazeppa.	Termagant.

The Gleam was dismantled off Calshot in the last round, and the Mazeppa came in minus her topmast.

And now came the match of all observance. The course being, in the first instance, considerably reduced in consequence of the stark calm which had set in; but subsequently the breeze again sprung up, and the yachts performed a fair trial distance. It was for—

A PIECE OF PLATE, value £50, the gift of members of the R.V.Y.C., for yachts not less than 15 tons and not more than 31 tons, belonging to any royal yacht club; entrance £1 10s.

Yacht.	Tons.	Rig.	Owner.
Belvedere.....	25 ...	Cutter	Lord A. Paget.
Ino .....	25 ...	Cutter	Henry Gibson, Esq.
Secret .....	25 ...	Cutter	J. W. Smith, Esq.
Wave .....	20 ....	Yacht	E. Dawes, Esq.
Zuleika .....	20 ....	Cutter	Morris King, Esq.
Champion ....	25 ....	Cutter	T. P. Wickham.

Passing the early part of this contest, we will at once jump to the last sketch for the conclusion, where one of the most breathlessly exciting races ensued between the Ino and Belvedere it has ever been my luck to witness. Together they laid out, beam and beam, their bowsprit ends making a dead heat of it for the last couple of miles: Lord Alfred's boat winning at last only by a short length. Something, I believe, was wrong with the Secret's trim; a delicate lady that you must not put out if you want her to do her *devoir*.

Thursday.—The *venue* was once again laid at Cowes; while a dark and flying scud alow and aloft “heavily with clouds brought on the day.” The list contained but a solitary event; a race for the second plate of 100 sovs., given by the R.Y.S., for first-class schooners of the squadron (under 140 tons). Course, round the island. For this there went, precisely at ten A.M., the subjoined fleet—

Yacht.	Tons.	Owner.
1 Flirt .....	132 .	Sir B. R. Graham, Bart.
2 Fair Rosamond	120 .	Marquis of Blanford.
3 Maud .....	119 .	T. Legh, Esq.
4 Gem .....	125 ....	T. W. Fleming, Esq.

The numbers refer to their stations. The Flirt looked gallantly at starting, being the first to wear and “up stick” for the eastward. It was blowing a very handsome imitation of a gale of wind, which, joined with the drift and rain that flew about, very soon shut them from sight. At this time a gig, rowed by four stalwart fellows, who pulled both with a will and a way, was seen nearing the landing slip at East Cowes, steered by one who was clearly no novice at the business. The Countess of Wilton was the coxswain; and laying her boat artistically alongside, and crying “way enough,” she leaped ashore, followed by two of her daughters, and entering a pony phaeton, dashed off for Ventnor to see what sort of weather the yachts were making of it at the back of the island. Before they had made it, however, their disasters had set in. Hard by the Nab the Maud carried away her foremost by the board, and of course was *hors*

*de combat*. Later in the day the Gem was disabled; of the four, only two finding their way home again: the Fair Rosamond, by grace of no head-gear, winning, after a fierce fight with old Boreas, by upwards of twenty minutes. In the evening Mr. Bell, of Norris Castle, gave a sumptuous banquet to the members of the Royal Thames Yacht Club; and there was an exhibition of fireworks given by the R.Y.S. to the public in general. The courteous hospitality exercised by the proprietor of that princely marine residence towards the members of the metropolitan club is had in such memory as it well merits. It stood on the present occasion in special stead, for neither the commodores nor vice-commodores of the R.Y.S. or R.S.Y.C. were present at their respective regattas.

Saturday.—The race for the day was for—

A SUBSCRIPTION CUP, value £50, given by the members of the squadron, to be sailed for yachts under 30 tons belonging to any royal club having the foreign privileges and Admiralty warrant. The course was from Cowes Roads, round the west buoy of the Middle, thence round to the northward of the buoys of the Brambles, proceeding to the westward round the Lepe Buoy, leaving the buoys on the port hand, to Cowes Roads, thrice round the buoys. The following yachts of the Royal Thames entered:—

Yacht.	Tons.	Yacht.	Tons.
1 Belvedere....	25	3 Secret .....	25
2 Ino .....	25	4 Champion ..	25

The “skiey influences,” unfortunately, were not propitious; and from the fickle state of the wind no interest, or very little, attached to the match. Early in the race the Secret got the lead, kept it, and in the end won cleverly. On the subsequent Monday and Tuesday there was wager-sailing at Cowes; but our affair being only with the royal week *par excellence*, we leave it unsung. As a pleasure tryst, there is nothing in England more characteristic or admirable than the Regatta in the Isle of Wight, as at present constituted. ESTO PERPETUA.

*Sporting Review, for August.*

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## EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF DISEASE IN THE HEART OF A HORSE.

*(Condylomatous Sarcoma of the Valves.)*

*By WILLIAM PERCIVAL, M.R.C.S., Veterinary Surgeon, First Life Guards.*

The subject of this extraordinary—if not unique—case in veterinary medicine, was a black mare, three years old, purchased of Mr. Dyson, for the service of the First Life Guards, on the 20th of April of the present year, and immediately after purchase, on account of her age, turned, along with others of her own class, into straw-yard, from which, on the 17th of May, she was taken into the stable for shewing symptoms of the influenza at that time prevalent among the young horses of the regiment. Her influenza, however, took a favourable turn, and terminated in strangles, during her convalescence from which, being a remarkably high-spirited mare, and shy about her head, it was with some difficulty that her throat could be got to be dressed. On the 28th of May she was again turned into straw-yard, quite well, and there remained, for aught any body knew or saw to the contrary, in good health up to the time she was removed into her own stable for the purpose of being broke in for the ranks. This was on the 18th of August, and she then had a four-year-old mouth. In the beginning of September she commenced her longeing lessons. In the very first one she took, however, on the 4th of the month, it was evident to the riding-master while she was running in the longe, that, seemingly from “weakness” in her hocks, she could not go through her school-work without giving way; it was therefore deemed prudent to still defer her breaking in, and, that she might gain strength in her hocks, to turn her once more into straw-yard. It may be remarked here, that her hocks were found fault with on account of their form at the time she was purchased; but no disease was detectible in them, neither did she then in her action evince any, “weakness” in them, or, at least, any more than might be expected from their faulty conformation, and from her tender age.

On the 9th of October my attention was drawn to her in the straw-yard, as looking dull and tucked up, rough in her coat, and not “doing well;” and on these accounts I had her immediately removed from the yard into a loose box, in order that attention might be paid to her, and proper care taken of her. For the first few days I was quite unable to say what her complaint might be. She was dull and dispirited, looked altogether far from well, and yet that there were to be discovered no symptoms of a character to indicate any particular disease. The most remarkable symptom at this period was a crouching in her gait, as though she felt soreness or pain in moving her hind parts: she walked with slow, cautious, and measured step, and rather “dragged her hind quarters after

her" than moved them in harmony with the fore parts. Notwithstanding her spirits were low, her appetite was good, at least so far good that she ate pretty well all that was put before her, though not with any avidity, or indeed with any great deal of seeming relish: still, slow as she ate, she consumed her ration of provender. She had aperient medicine given her, and afterwards a blister was applied along the lumber region of the spine, from a notion that there might exist some affection of the spinal marrow; for, independently of her peculiar gait, she stood in the box with her back arched and her hocks flexed, and fore feet thrown back underneath her body as far as possible, as though she had pain in her back or loins. Beside this, the only other symptom worthy of remark was a particularly free-beating distinct pulse, about 60; but, as there was no disturbance of her respiration at this time, not much notice was taken of this circumstance. She was bled on account of it, but the abstraction occasioned little or no abatement of the pulsation, and was attended with no benefit, save affording this additional information, that the coagulum of her blood was large in proportionate quantity, and appeared at the same time the most complete solid of the kind, the firmest and toughest crassamentum, I had ever felt or handled.

Looking to-day—the 12th October, the third-day from her admission—over the (half) door of my patient's box, meditating on her case, I was struck with the extraordinary pulsations I saw in the jugular vein in the side of the neck opposed to me. They were not the undulations usually perceptible in the jugulars,—they were more like, in fact they were, the vibrations of an elastic tube which by some internal force had become suddenly filled to distention, even to coiling and actual saltation out of its place, and as suddenly emptied again. At this moment the thought entered my mind that I had a case of disease of the heart; and in this opinion I was confirmed when I applied my ear to the left side of the thorax and found the heart thumping the ribs in a manner I had no recollection of having heard before. The impulse was both forcible and distinct, could be heard on the right as well as on the left side, indeed through almost any part of the parietes of the thorax, and in the intervals when it was not heard there was a tumultuous sort of sound, destroying the rythm of the heart's actions, very different from the double beat and interval of silence conveyed to the ear in a state of health. The regurgitation of blood into the jugular veins was palpable enough; at the same time it was evident from the extraordinary sounds of commotion heard everywhere in the region of the heart, that cardiac disease of some kind or another was the nature of the mare's complaint. That it was not pulmonary was argued (setting aside the unnatural action of the heart) from the circumstance of its being only *at times* that her respiration became disturbed: on such occasions her flanks were seen heaving, her nostrils opening and closing: this, however, lasted but a short while, all again soon became tranquil, and she stood once more breathing as freely and as calmly as a horse in health.

The disease having been so far made out, it was deemed advisable to bleed her again; also to put blisters upon her sides, and to give her some febrifuge and sedative medicine. She bore the second loss of blood as



well, and the blood proved as redundant of crassamentum, and the coagulum as firm and tough as on the former occasion. She had shewn some tumefaction in the legs from the first; but at this time her oedema was becoming a more prominent symptom. Walking exercise having been of late forbidden, both on account of the presumed nature of the disease, and because the mare was now evidently falling away in flesh and losing her strength, notwithstanding her appetite held good, and that she took her rest, lying down a good deal and seeming while she was lying to be easy and comfortable. The mare, notwithstanding, now rapidly declined, daily looking more and more like a phthisical subject, drooping in her spirits and becoming fastidious in her appetite. Carrots were got for her, and these for a couple of days she ate with evident enjoyment. No fresh symptoms presented themselves until the time of her death, which happened on the 25th of October, she standing up the last day to the moment of her falling and being seized with convulsions, in which she died.

#### *Post-mortem Account.*

*October 26th.*—The lungs were unusually pale, contained very little blood, and were *in situ*, in a measure concealed from our view, as well in a degree compressed, by the extraordinary bulkiness of the pericardium and its contents. On slitting open the pericardiac cavity, the heart, which seemed quite to fill it, at once burst forth, evidently greatly augmented in volume. About a couple of ounces of fluid of the ordinary character lodged at the bottom.

THE HEART, stripped of its adherent membrane, and washed of its blood, weighed 9 lb. 11 oz.: the ordinary weight of a heart being—of a horse at her age—commonly, something less than 7lb. Red lines and spots, demonstrative of inflammation, were everywhere visible upon the heart's surface, but disappeared the moment its membranous tunic was dissected off, shewing that the substance of the heart had not partaken—or only in a slight or secondary degree—of the inflammatory action; and what rendered the existence of inflammation still more marked was the detection, in two or three places, of infiltrations of sero-albuminous effusion between the layers of this tunic. The muscular substance of the heart was quite free from any signs of inflammation. Both the right auricle and ventricle shewed increased thickness of their walls, and their cavities, that of the latter in particular, as well as the auriculo-ventricular opening, were palpably dilated. The left auricle and ventricle was also in a state of dilatation, but without any material increase of their substance.

THE VALVES were the parts especially diseased, and those most altered were the semilunar valves at the mouth of the aorta. They shewed in great perfection that kind of disease described by authors on human medicine as *condylomatus sarcoma*. The membranous substance of the valves was altogether changed into thick wart-like growths presenting cauliflower or fungus-like edges, resembling very much what one now and then sees in warts with ragged edges, growing from the penis, and occasionally from the skin. One of the three semilunar valves presented a bunch of the magnitude of a walnut; the excrescences of the other two were about as large as good-sized peas. Of these two valves the unnatu-

ral growths proceeded from the convex or ventricular sides, their concave or aortic surfaces still being at their attachments membranous; whereas, of the valve most diseased not a vestige of membrane remained. THE BICUSPID VALVES were in a similar state of disease; but in them it was in a less advanced stage. They were both more than treble their natural thickness, their under or ventricular surfaces having the tubercular condylomatous feel, their upper surfaces and their attached parts being in appearance healthy. THE TRICUSPID VALVES around their floating borders were at least four times their ordinary thickness, and from the inferior or ventricular surface of two of the valves—from one more than from the other—were growing excrescences of the same nature as those above described, of the magnitude of large peas: the superior (auricular) sides presenting, as in the former case, their natural aspects. The semilunar valves of the pulmonary artery bore no marks of disease. The endocardium exhibited the same red streaks and spots, signs of inflammation, as had been observed upon the reflex pericardium.

*28th October.*—I had had the mare's hocks cut off before she was sent away, for a purpose unconnected with her case, when, on opening them to-day, to my surprise, I discovered them both to be in a high state of disease. Their cavities were full of deep or amber-coloured synovia, the fluid from one of them, actually collected, measuring full an ounce and a half\*, and when poured into the glass was found loaded with flocculi of albumen, which, on standing, subsided to the bottom. The addition of nitric acid to the clear liquor produced a general and copious creamy white precipitate. The internal surface of the capsule of the joint presented everywhere—save where the synovial membrane is reflected upon the bones—a coating of one-fourth of an inch thick of lymph-like substance of the same amber-colour as the synovial fluid; and the sheaths of the tendons (of the hind limbs) as well as the pastern, coffin, and navicular joints—the latter in the most marked degree—presented the same amber tinge and incrassated condition of the synovia contained in them, with here and there some appearance of similar effusion. It is probable other joints may partake of this morbid action; but this we have now no means of ascertaining. In the morbid condition in which the hock-joints were found we appear to have the key to the explanation of the “crouching gait” of the mare, mentioned in the symptomatology of her case, and which in the first instance was erroneously attributed to some spinal affection. It is true that the spine was not examined after death; it is equally true, however, that the stiffness or soreness created by motion, which was referred to the spine, was of a character to indicate stiffness in all her joints, and as such of her joints as were examined presented appearances of disease, there seems every reason for believing that her complaints were not spinal at all, but *arthritic*.

#### *Rationale of the Case.*

Commencing our analysis of the case with the important fact of the mare being ascertained to be *sound*—at least free from any detectible

\* In a state of health the hock joint may contain about three drachms of synovia—certainly not more than four.

appearance of disease—in the month of April last, when she was purchased, and advertg to the next important fact, viz. that of her having been taken up from straw-yard in the following month (May) on account of having symptoms of an influenza, which, although in her case it *appeared* to terminate in strangles, in the cases of several others ended in disease of the synovial structures of the limbs; and adding to these two, the third link in the chain of her pathological history, viz. the fact of her rejection by the riding master in the month of August following on account of her manifesting “weakness” in her hocks, although at the time she exhibited no signs whatever of ill health; and, lastly, appending thereto the completing link, viz. her being taken up again from straw-yard (after having been turned out a third time) with symptoms, not of weakness in her hocks alone, but of weakness, stiffness, and soreness, in *all* her joints (thought at the time to be in her spine,) and with symptoms of constitutional disease in addition, which was at first obscure in its nature, but subsequently detected to be in the heart;—I say, connecting all these circumstances together—the *state of soundness, the influenza prone to arthritic translation, the supervention of arthritic disease itself, followed by cardiac disease and death*—have we not fair reason to come to the conclusion, that the arthritic disease, in which the influenza, as it would appear, terminated after the mare had been turned out again into straw-yard, had by metastasis (induced, perhaps, by the great quantity of wet weather she had been exposed to) struck inwardly upon her heart, produced in it sub-acute pericarditis, with endocarditis, and so *degraded* and ultimately altered the structure of the valves? It might be supposed that, from the nature of the *change* from their natural structure the valves had undergone, the cardiac disease may have been of *prior* date to the arthritic affection. In answer to this, I would say, that nobody can tell how soon the mare might have felt her arthritic disease after she had been turned out in a healthy, or at all events convalescent, state, on the 28th of May, though her general health and spirits had certainly at no time afterwards failed her, until the last time she was taken up into the stable. Any little stiffness she might have had in moving would probably, so long as she was loose in the straw-yard, have escaped notice; so that, although the first intimation we had of any disease in her joints was the “weakness” complained of by the riding master, it does not, as I said before, at all follow that she might not—in fact, in every probability she had—the disease some considerable time before this. The mare’s general health certainly did not give way until the valves of the heart had undergone such impairment as rendered them unfit any longer to serve the office of valves. The extraordinary pulsations observed in the jugular veins were the effect of the reflow of the blood into the vena cava through the right auriculo-ventricular orifice; and the same taking place with greater force till on the left side of the heart would cause a reflex current of blood upon the lungs, and give rise to disturbance in the respiration, which, however, was observed only occasionally. Moreover, the imperfection in the action of the valves appears to have given rise to dilatation of the cavities of the heart, to those on the right side more than to those on the left side, and to hypertrophy

of the former as well, of the right auricle in particular. From the highly morbid state of the semilunar valves of the aorta, that vessel in its contractions must have forced much of its blood back into the heart, that which was at the same time forced into the arterial system not only being in consequence less in quantity, but having less impetus given to it to move the general stream onward: the effect of this must have been congestion in the capillaries, from which resulted oedema of the dependent parts of the body, the breast, belly, sheath, and legs. Such is the history of a case I have never seen a parallel to in the horse, although I believe it to be one not so uncommon in the human subject. I have made a preparation of the valves of the heart, which I shall be glad to shew to any gentleman desirous of viewing it.

*The Veterinarian, for January.*

## SONG.

### SADDLES, SPUR AND SPEAR.

Let others boast and proudly toast  
     The light of ladies eyes,  
 And swear the Rose, less perfume throws  
     Than Beauty's fragrant sighs;  
 That ripe-red lips, in hue eclipse  
     The ruby's radiant gem;  
 That woman's far the brightest star  
     In nature's diadem;  
 Yet since for me, no charms I see  
     In all the sex can shew,  
 And smile and tear, alike appear,  
     And heedless flash or flow,  
 I'll change my theme and fondly deem  
     True Sportsmen pledge me here,  
 And fill my Cup and drain it up,  
     To SADDLE, SPUR and SPEAR!

When dayspring's light first crowns each height;  
     And tips the diamond dew,  
 We quick bestride our steeds of pride  
     To scour the jungle thro';

With loosened rein, the jovial train  
     Slow to the cover throng,  
 And wouldn't stir without a spur  
     To coax their nags, along  
 We high uprear the glittering spear,  
     Far flashing to the sky  
 With hope elate, anticipate  
     To see the wild boar die.  
 To such bright hopes, e'en Misanthropes  
     Would pledge a bumper here,  
 And fill their Cup and drain it up  
     To SADDLE, SPUR and SPEAR !

•  
 'Twere vain to tell, the magic spell  
     That fires the Hunter's eye,  
 When shout and roar, have reared the Boar,  
     And stirred him from his sty.  
*His rage at first, his glorious burst,*  
*Dark dashing thro' the flood,*  
*His bristly might, his meteor flight*  
*And his death of foam and blood !*  
 Oh ! who hath been in such a scene,  
     That scene can ne'er forget,  
 In sorrow's mood, in solitude,  
     Its dream will hunt him yet.  
 'Mid festal times, in other climes,  
     He'll think of days so dear,  
 And fill his Cup and drain it up  
     To SADDLE, SPUR and SPEAR !

•  
 But while I sing, Time's rapid wing  
     This lesson seems to teach,  
 The joy and bliss of Sport like this  
     Are still within our reach :  
 Then let's away at break of day,  
     Ride vale and hill-top o'er,  
 Scale mountains' side or stem the tide  
     To spear the flying Boar ;  
 And time may *then*, bring eve again,  
     When we, at Pleasure's shrine,



To check his flight, for one gay height  
 We'll wet his wing with wine.  
 And ere we part, pledge hand and heart,  
 Once more to rally here,  
 To fill the Cup and drain it up  
 To SADDLE, SPUR and SPEAR.

S. Y. S.

*Oriental Sporting Magazine for Oct. 1830.—Bombay Courier.*

## SONG. .

Give me mirth, and sparkling wine,  
 Roses o'er my temples twine ;  
 Wreaths of roses fresh and bright,  
 Softly pourtray life's shade, and light :  
 The inmost leaves of ruddier hue,  
 Depict our pleasures real but few,  
 While fading outwards they disclose  
 How soon they're followed by our woes.  
 • The thorns, that with the sweets intrude,  
 Remind us of the trials rude,  
 Which in our happiest moments here  
 Will sometimes force the unbidden tear.

The maddening pleasures of the bowl,  
 When o'er the brain its powers roll,  
 Recall the intoxicating joy,  
 Which few have felt without alloy,  
 Not even those, who bathed in bliss,  
 Deem youth a life to love and kiss ;  
 They, even they, must sometimes prove  
 The more than misery of love.  
 Then give me wine, and with the bowl,  
 Pour music's glories o'er my soul,  
 And make our pleasures (ah ! how few)  
 Never ending—ever new.

JUNGLEICUS.

*Ibid.*

# HURRAH, HURRAH, ONE BUMPER MORE.

Fill the Goblet to the brim,  
 Fill with me and drink to him,  
 Who the Mountain sport pursues,  
 Speed the boar where'er he choose ;  
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! one bumper more  
 A Bumper to the bristly Boar !

Hark, the beaters shout on high,  
 Hark, the Sportsman's shrill reply,  
 Echo leaps from hill to hill,  
 There the chase is challenged still ;  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! one bumper more,  
 A bumper to the bristly Boar !

Ride, for now the sounder breaks,  
 Ride, where'er the grey boar takes,  
 Struggle thro' the desperate chace,  
 Fearless, Death itself to face.  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! one bumper more,  
 A bumper to the bristly Boar !

See, the jungle verge is won,  
 See, the grey boar dashing on,  
 Bold and brave ones now are nigh,  
 See him stagger, charge and die.  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! one bumper more,  
 A bumper to the bristly Boar !

*Ibid.*

S. Y. S.

## VETERINARY OBSTETRICY:

### THE VARIOUS PRESENTATIONS AND METHODS OF EXTRACTING THE FŒTUS.

*By W. A. CARTWRIGHT, M.R.C.V.S., Whitchurch, Salop.*

#### LYING ON ITS BACK, WITH THE HEAD AND FORE FEET PRESENTING.

In the human subject, great stress is properly laid on having the head and other parts in a proper position, so as for the fœtus to pass through the pelvis with the greatest ease, and there is not the least doubt but that we should attend to this principle as much as possible in our patients. In most of these cases in our patients there is no difficulty whatever in extracting the fœtus in the above position, as it will come away nearly as easily as when put into a natural one; but in pulling at the legs we must, if any thing, draw them more upwards towards the tail, whereby we shall make more room for the head. I know some persons are in the habit of laying hold of the fore legs, and will writhe the whole body into its natural position; but I think it quite unnecessary to give ourselves that trouble, as I have frequently extracted them in the contrary position, without any difficulty or bad consequences. In some of these cases it will be absolutely necessary to affix cords to the legs and jaw, and especially to the latter, in consequence of the head being liable to fall against the rim of the pelvis, or not come sufficiently forward; but when the uterus acts pretty forcibly it raises the head up into the passage.

#### FORE LEGS NATURALLY PRESENTING—HEAD LYING BETWEEN THE FORE LEGS AND UNDER, THE BREAST, OR FORCED BACK TOWARDS THE WITHERS, OR AGAINST EITHER OF THE SIDES.

Cases of this description are of very frequent occurrence, and often give us a vast deal of trouble, so much so that a person has observed, "that he had never seen a case successfully treated without being obliged to dissect the fœtus away;" but with this observation I cannot at all agree, as I have frequently righted the head without performing embryotomy. Often it will be found that the head is not merely bent back towards the body, but that, in consequence of it having lain in that position for a great length of time, the muscles of the neck have become shortened, and the head almost immovably fixed; and even the ribs and other parts have been found to be altered in shape by the pressure they have received. If it is merely bent back in any of the above positions we should try to draw it into its proper situation with the hand, or by passing a cord around the jaw to pull at, by which means we shall sometimes succeed; but if from extreme pressure, caused by the contraction of the uterus on the fœtus and on the hands, which sometimes is so great that we cannot endure the benumbing pressure, we must try to introduce hooks into the orbits or



different parts of the head, whereby we shall have greater power to draw. If we do not succeed, our assistants must pull at the legs a little, so as to enable us to pass a cord around the neck, as near as possible to the head; after which the legs must be left alone, and a person must force back the front of the thorax, whilst others pull at the cord around the neck: another should try to take the pressure off the head by forcing his hand between it and the uterus, and, if possible, to lay hold of the nose with his fingers, or pull at the head by the hooks. If these plans do not answer we must remove one of the fore legs; after which we must pull at the other leg, and get the chest as near as convenient; when we must cut through the costal cartilages and remove the thoracic and abdominal viscera; or we may empty the thorax and abdomen quite as well by making an incision between the two anteriormost ribs, and then dividing the costal cartilages. After having done so, it will be found that the ribs will overlap each other, and that the foetus will be very much lessened, and that the remainder of it may sometimes be extracted by pulling at the leg and neck, even in this doubled position. Sometimes we may succeed quite as well by removing both of the fore legs, whereby we shall have more room to get at the head, so as to bring it into its proper position, after which we may remove the body by hooks and cords. We may also draw the foetus forward by one leg, the other having been removed, so as to bring the neck within reach which we must divide; after which, the body may be allowed to recede so as for us to lay hold of the neck with hooks, and so draw the head out. After having extracted the head we may remove the remainder of the body by inserting crotchets into the ribs or about the spine, or, if possible, we may get hold of the hind legs and extract the foetus, as in a breech presentation.

I can well imagine a case that might occur, where, the head may be so far bent back and the fore legs presenting, and it might be possible for us to lay hold of the hind legs; if so, I should advise them to be brought forward and the feet and fore quarters forced back, and the foetus extracted as in a breech presentation.

Several instances are on record, both in the mare and cow, where foetuses have been extracted in this position by force, without removing any part of the body; even the thoracic or abdominal viscera; and also, a few solitary instances, where it has been expelled by the sole effort of the parent, and she has survived.

Although such has been the fact, yet I hope no veterinary surgeon, in the present day, who has any character for humanity, will dare to torture an animal whilst means are in his power to avoid it.

#### FORE LEGS; ONE HIND LEG; NO HEAD.

As a matter of course, in these cases we must first get the head up into its proper place, and afterwards force the hind leg into the uterus, and, having done so, we shall have a natural presentation; but, if the head cannot conveniently be righted, we may try to get the other hind leg up, and then force the fore ones into the uterus, and extract as in a breech presentation.

### HEAD; FORE LEGS: ONE HIND LEG ACROSS THE FORE LEGS, UNDER THE BREAST.

This is rather a rare presentation. Wherever it is met with we must fasten cords to the fore legs, and afterwards get an assistant to force the fore parts of the fœtus back into the uterus, whilst we remove the hind leg from across the fore ones back into some better situation, after which we may attempt its removal; but in case we do not succeed, we must draw the hind leg out and amputate it at the hock, or as high up the limb as possible; afterwards, the remainder of the hind extremity may be pushed back out of the way, and the fœtus readily extracted.

A Mr. T. Harslot, of Cooladangan, Arklow (*THE VETERINARIAN*, vol. xiii, p. 728), met with a case of this description in a mare. He cut the hind leg off at the hock, but was afterwards unable to remove the fœtus in consequence of it being swollen; but by removing a fore extremity and the intestines, he was enabled to do so, and the mare, by very suitable treatment, was soon convalescent.

### FOUR LEGS, WITH OR WITHOUT THE HEAD.

These cases, sometimes, are not a little puzzling, in consequence of the probability of confounding the legs, from the uncertainty of their being twins. We however, must examine the limbs very carefully, and we shall generally soon discover whether there are twins, and also which legs they are by the projection of the os calcis. Having done so, we must try to find out which part of the body is most likely to come away best. If the head should be also presenting, our best procedure will be to fasten cords around the fore legs, to pull at, and to force the hind legs and quarters in, with both our hands if necessary, while our assistants are pulling at the legs and head, by these means the anterior parts will occupy the passage, and will soon exclude and keep out the hinder parts: but in case the head should not be presented, it will be far more advisable to fix the cords around the hind legs, and force the fore ones in, while assistants are pulling at the cords; when he shall find that the rump and tail will soon make their appearance, and extraction will take place as in a breech presentation.

In some few cases it will be found that four feet may have been presenting, and that only the two foremost have made their appearance, whilst the two hinder ones are out of sight within the pelvis, jutting outwards against its sides. Knowing this to be the case, we ought to be very careful not to use too great force at any time in extracting the fœtus, without having previously examined whether this cause of obstruction exists; for if it does, of course, different plans must be adopted for its extraction, in illustration of which circumstance I have related in the eighteenth volume of *THE VETERINARIAN*, page 608, a case in point, to which I refer your readers.

### TWINS, HEAD AND SIX LEGS.

We need not to be at all surprised in meeting sometimes with very difficult cases, when we consider the vast number of fœtuses animals

occasionally bring forth at one birth, when I mention that there have been instances of the sow bringing as many as twenty-three, the ewe seven, and cow four (and nine at three births); but I never heard of the mare bringing more than two. In the sow the numbers are not of much consequence, as she appears to pass them with as great ease as if they were fewer in number; but in other animals it is, frequently, when called in to attend on them in parturiency, a source of vast anxiety and labour. Of course, when there are several foetuses, they must, in most instances, be necessarily proportionately small; but this is not an invariable rule, as some are large, or almost of the usual size, whilst others prove very small. To shew the method that should be adopted where there are a multiplicity of legs appearing, I think I cannot do better than relate a case that occurred to Mr. G. Canu (*THE VETERINARIAN*, vol. xi, p. 57), as it is the plan I pursue in my own practice, and one that I should recommend. His patient was a cow, and six legs and head were presented—the head and fore extremities in one case, and the four extremities in the other. He says, “it was difficult for some time to distinguish the fore legs from the hind ones, and those of one foetus from what belonged to the other. The head had only half protruded, and the fore legs of the foetus that had the best position were not farther advanced than those of the second. The efforts of the mother operated equally on both of them, and the labour was making progress.

That I might not make any mistake afterwards, I attached threads of different colours to the legs of the one and the other. With one hand I endeavoured to force back the foetus which presented all four legs, while with the other hand I attempted to draw forward the one whose two fore legs alone were to be seen; but I was unable to accomplish my purpose. When I pushed back the foremost one, the hinder one presented itself, and *vice versa*. I thought, however, that I could take advantage of this; and placing cords around the legs of the one that was in a natural position, and giving them to two assistants, and seizing the one whose four legs presented, grasping the anterior legs in one hand and the posterior ones in the other, and pushing them back with considerable force, while my assistant endeavoured to pull the other forward, and the cow fortunately helping us at the moment with a more than usually violent effort, our object was accomplished. When the chest of the one that was drawn forward reached the brim of the pelvis, I was compelled to quit my hold of the other, and withdraw my hand; but I had forced the other sufficiently back, and there was room for the first to be expelled.

The four legs of the other immediately presented themselves again. I fixed two cords around the hind legs, and gave them to my assistants. I seized the fore legs above the knee, and bent them, and pushed them backward, while my assistants pulled at the hind legs: the croup presented itself, and the labour was presently accomplished. The first calf was the smallest, and died the same day; the second was reared. The mother was kept in the stable for a few days, and then dismissed.

I once recollect being sent for, a distance of six miles off, to assist a cow to calve. It was a breech presentation; but before I arrived a person in the neighbourhood, expert in these matters, had extracted the calf,

and was gone into the house to get some refreshment, where I also went without seeing the cow. Soon after, he left, but I was desired, ere I returned, to see the cow, and on going into the cow-house I observed that she looked very full, and strained more violently than appeared requisite for expelling the placenta. I therefore suspected that there was another calf in the uterus, and, on placing my fist to the side, I easily detected it. It was a head presentation, without the feet; but the latter I soon got into their place, and she speedily calved.

This case should be a warning to us to ascertain, ere we leave, whether there is another calf in the uterus, since we may be laughed at by others that might be called in after us, or we might be miles off in a short time, and the cow at last lost for want of assistance.

#### CROSS BIRTH; BACK PRESENTING.

What is called a "cross birth" is where the back of the foetus is presented without the head or any of the legs making their appearance. I am inclined to think that it does not often take place, as it has but rarely occurred in my practice; but whenever it does, we must ascertain whether the head and fore legs, or the hind parts and extremities can be laid hold of best, so as to extract the foetus with the greatest ease, and with the least danger to the parent. Whichever way we decide upon, we must fasten cords to the feet, &c. for our assistants to pull at, while we turn and force back the opposite extremities with one or both of our hands, and then extract as in ordinary cases.

It was stated in *Bell's Life*, April 2, 1843, that the celebrated mare, the Queen of Trumps, the property of the Hon. E. M. L. Mostyn, and winner of the Oaks and St. Leger, died at York, on the previous 28th of March, in giving birth to a filly foal, in consequence of there being a cross birth; and it was said, that no human aid could have saved her!

*The Veterinarian, for January.*

## ENGLISH SPORTS.

BY SARON.

## FISHING.

Despite of the prejudices that exist against our own climate, I am prepared, if necessary, to prove that there is no country in the world in which out-of-door amusements can be so well enjoyed as in "merrie" England. The scorching sun, the extreme coldness of the atmosphere, the rapid torrents which nearly inundate other lands, the burning volcano, the *avalanche* of snow, are all unknown in our native isle; and if occasionally the foggy air or the pelting rain confine us to the house, it is merely for a few hours, instead of for months, as is the case in foreign parts. With these preliminary remarks, I shall proceed to lay before my readers a detail of the sports that can be enjoyed during every month of the year in this our sea-girt island, giving at the same time such hints upon the subject as I trust may prove useful to the embryo sportsman, whether native or foreign, but more especially to the latter, who I find, by advices from Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Brussels, Constantinople, St. Petersburg and the Hague, study this *Sporting Magazine* as a key to all practical knowledge connected with the noble science, racing, shooting, coursing, fishing, deerstalking, otterhunting, skating, golfing, and yachting. In this series of sporting papers I purpose to introduce anecdotes of the hunting field, the turf, the gentle crafts, the ice, and the squadron; trusting that by so doing I shall be enabled to combine amusement and instruction. By the accomplished sportsman, a "wrinkle" or two may, I hope, be occasionally found; and with this flourish of trumpets, I shall at once commence with the vernal Spring, and its amusements.

"In genial Spring, beneath the quivering shade,  
When cooling vapours breathe along the mead,  
'The patient fisher takes his silent stand.'"

POPE.

So much has been already written upon the subject of flies, hooks, rods, lines, nets, and baits, that I almost despair of throwing any additional light upon the subject; still I cannot but flatter myself that a few practical remarks upon fishing may not be uninteresting. If my *pen* fail, there is one that never will, and to that *Penn* I beg to refer my readers, who in a small work entitled "*Hints and Maxims*," will find every practical information upon the subject of the gentle crafts.

After a cold, dreary winter, there are few of the "lords of the creation" who welcome the approach of the opening season with more delight than the fly-fisher. The time approaches when, with rod in hand, he will place himself behind some stunted tree, secluded from the busy haunts

of men, by the side of a rapid brook, which has so often yielded him many a speckled trout. In the mean time, as the days begin to lengthen, the anxious fisherman prepares to make ready his implements of destruction, not against fellow-man, but against the finny race. See with what care and judgment he forms the luring fly. Feathers and silks, gold and silver thread, furs and hair, are all put in requisition. The lines of the tender-hearted fabulist, Gay, himself a fly-fisher, are brought to bear :

“ To frame the fur-wrought fly, provide  
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride :  
 Let nature guide thee. Sometimes golden wire  
 The shining bellies of the fly require :  
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,  
 Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.  
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,  
 And lends the glowing insect proper wings :  
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart,  
 And every fair promote the fisher's art.”

The pliant rod, too, now attracts the fisherman's care ; the joints and rings are looked to, the lines uncoiled, the landing-net repaired, the hook replenished with the well-barbed hook, fine, round, strong catgut, whipcord, scissors, nippers, and wax. Daily, nay hourly is the barometer and weathercock consulted ; the *patient* follower of old Izaak Walton grows sadly *impatient* for “ a day with the trout.” But, as the story-books say, to begin with the beginning, I find in Pennant's work the following advice to London and suburban anglers :—“ If the air is cold and raw, the wind high, and the water rough, or if the weather is wet, it is totally useless to attempt to angle in the Thames. When the sky is serene, the air temperate, and the water smooth, you may expect success. The proper hours for angling are from the time the tide is half ebbd to within two hours of high water, provided the land-floods do not come down. Always put your boat under the wind ; that is, if the wind be in the South, keep to the Surrey shore : if North, to the London side.” He then proceeds to point out the best places for pitching a boat to angle in the Thames near London, which in these days of steam-boats, with the addition of the numerous wharfs, bridges, barges, and piers, would be rather difficult. “ The Savoy, York stairs, Somerset House, Dorset stairs, Blackfriars stairs, Water-lane, Trig and Essex stairs : on the Surrey side, Falcon stairs, Barge House, Cuper's stairs, the Windmill, and Lambeth.” Steam-boats and gas-works, the latter of which have been so fatal to the finny tribe, have driven the angler some few miles out of town, and Brentford is now the nearest spot to the modern Babylon, in which the followers of “ old Izaak” can try their skill in the piscatory line. There is very good angling for roach, dace, gudgeons, and perch, from the sides of the aits, opposite Brentford, Isleworth, and Twickenham. Teddingtonbanks are famous for good gudgeons and roach, while Kingston Wick and Kingston boast of barbel, roach, and dace. At Hampton and Stnbury there is good angling for barbel, roach, dace, chub, gudgeons, and from the aits for

trout and large perch. Walton-deeps and Shepperton-pool are, however, the best places for the angler, who, like the map of the environs of London is confined to a circle of fourteen miles round the metropolis. The rivers which empty themselves into the "fruitful Thames," and others not far from it, were, in days gone by, famed for piscatory sport; but the rapid strides of the march of improvement have converted all the green fields round London into streets and squares, and choked up the rivers with gas and garbage. The rivers south of the Thames are still well stocked, and those of Egher, Cobham, Weybridge, and Byfleet abound with perch, jack, eels, carp, tench, trout, and the minor fry—dace, chub, roach and gudgeons.

Howel, in describing the attractions of the city, says, "When the idler was tired of bowls, he had nothing to do but to step down to Queenhithe or the Temple," and have an afternoon of such recreation as now alone can be found some little distance from London. "Go to the river," he continues, "what a pleasure it is to go thereon in the summer time, in boat or barge, or to go a floundering among the fishermen." In the regulations too of the "committee of free fishermen," recorded in Stowe's interesting work on London, may be found most severe and stringent laws against eel-spears, and anglerods with more than two hooks; and there is a provision that fishermen were not to come nearer London than the Old Swan on the north bank of the river, and St. Mary Overies on the south. An especial enactment provides that it is unlawful to "bend over any net during the time of flood, whereby both *salmons* and other kinds of fish may be prevented swimming upwards." Alas for the cockneys! that king of fresh-water fish, the salmon, has taken his departure, being no longer able to live in the troubled mire of that river, described by Drayton as renowned for "ships and swans—Queen Thames."

In the reign of Charles the Second, it was the practice of the ladies about court to angle in the canal in St. James's Park. Of this fact there are many proofs, and among others the following lines by Waller, from a poem on St. James's Park.

"The ladies angling in the chrystal lake  
Feast on the waters with the prey they take;  
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,  
They make the fishes and the men their prize."

Having made these preliminary remarks, I shall now proceed to notice the "gentle crafe."

That fly-fishing is the sublimity of the sport, and the worm-fishing is the antipodes of it, few will be bold enough to deny. For what can exceed trout and salmon fishing—the wild ramble by the river and stream of merrie England, or by the "hill-girded lochs" of the land of flood and mountain? The whole scene teems with life, every spot is full of beauty, every moment is replete with interest. Compare this with the regular flat, stale and unprofitable float-and-punt work, grilling under a broiling hot sun in the dog-days, or a drizzling day in September, off Battersea-reach, Twicken-

ham-meadows, or Eel-pie island, repeating Hood's "Comic Annual" lines—

"I ground-bait my way as I go,  
And dip at each watery dimple ;  
But, however I wish  
To inveigle the fish,  
To my *gentle* they will not play *simple* ?

"At a brandling once gudgeon would gape,  
But they seem upon different terms now ;  
Have they taken advice  
From the *Council of Nice*,  
And rejected their *Diet of Worms* now ?"

But to our river sport. Dace and roach are much of the same kind, both in manner of feeding, cunning, size, and goodness. The haunts of dace are gravelly, sandy, and clayey bottoms, deep-shaded holes, water-lily leaves, and under the foam caused by an eddy. Dace spawn about the latter end of March, and are in season the last week in April. The oak-worm, red-worm, brandling, and indeed any worm bred on trees or bushes, all kind of flies and caterpillars, are the best bait for dace. For fishing for roach and dace, let your ground-bait be bread, soaked about an hour in water, and an equal quantity of bran ; knead them to a tough consistence, and make them up into balls, with a small pebble in the middle, that they may sink at once, otherwise they would float, and draw the fish beyond the reach of your line. For dace you ought to fish within three, and for roach, within six inches of the bottom. They will bite at any fly, but especially at the May-Fly. The latter end of April and most part of May, it is an excellent bait floating at the top of the water. About the latter end of July these fish swarm, and to those whose avocations compel them to remain in the murky metropolis, a day's fishing between Richmond-bridge and Hampton may, *fauté de mieux*, be not uninteresting. Sir John Hawkins gives an elaborate description of how these fish ought to be dressed ; and which, according to his account, renders them a "very pleasant and savory food." He recommends their being strewed over with flour, and fried on a gridiron, with anchovy and butter for sauce. We rather advise their being handed over to any of the feline race that may infest the premises, to dress and despatch according to their own fancy.

In Summer, the barbel frequents the strongest, swiftest currents of the water, and often stations himself among the piles, hollow places, moss or weeds of deep bridges and wears. This fish is equally strong and cunning ; if the bait is not sweet he will not bite, but when "agreeable to his palate" he will bite with great eagerness. The rod and line must have great strength, with a running plummet on the line, and a small piece of lead should be placed about a foot above the hook, to keep the bullet from falling on it, so the worm will be at the bottom, where they always bite ; and when the fish takes the bait, the plummet will lie, and not choke him. By the bending of the rod you will know when he bites, as also with your hand you will feel him make a strong snatch ; then strike, and you will rarely



fail if you play him well ; but if you do not manage him with dexterity, he will break your line. Sir John Hawkins, in his notes on the " Complete Angler," relates some good anecdotes of the patience of the barbel fisher. The best bait for this sullen fish is the spawn of salmon or trout ; and, if you wish to have good sport, bait the places where you intend to fish with it a night or two before. And the earlier in the morning or the later in the evening that you fish, the greater your sport will be. The lob-worm is also a very good bait, care being taken to cover the hook all over with the bait. Indeed there are few baits that the barbel will not eagerly devour ; green gentles, graves, and bits of hard cheese steeped in honey. The best period for fishing is the latter end of May, June, July, and the beginning of August.

Gesner informs us that the barbel is so called on account of the barb or beard which is under his nose or chaps. He is a leather-mouthed fish, and seldom breaks his hold when hooked ; yet, if he happens to be a large one, he will often break both rod and line. We strongly advise the piscator who is fortunate enough to basket one, to do with him as we recommended with the dace, give him to the cat.

*Carpe diem*, a day for the carp now ! The haunts of this fish are deep holes, nooks under roots of trees, hollow banks, and among green beds of weeds and flags. The angler for this fish must arm himself with an additional quantity of patience to that usually enjoyed by mortal man, for nothing can exceed the subtilty and caution of the carp. They will seldom bite in cold weather, and you cannot be either too early or too late at the sport in hot weather. If they bite, you need not fear their hold, for they belong to that class of the finny tribe called " leather-mouthed," who have their teeth in their throat. You must not forget, in angling for carp, to have a strong rod and line ; and, as they are extremely wary, it will be proper to entice them by baiting the ground with a coarse paste. They seldom refuse the red worm in March, the caddis in June, nor the grasshopper in June, April, and September. The carp is also fond of sweet paste made of flour, honey, and veal cut into small pieces, and well pounded up together. If you fish with gentles, rub them over with honey, and fasten them to your hook with a deep scarlet thread dipped in honey : this will prove an " artful dodge" in deceiving the fish. Ale-grains steeped in blood form an excellent bait for carp, tench, roach, dace, and bream. In angling for carp it is necessary to fish near the bottom, with a fine gut next the hook, and a goose-quill float. The carp is frequently called the queen of fresh-water fish and will live the longest of any fish (the eel excepted) out of its proper element. It has been said that they were not originally inhabitants of the ponds and rivers of this country, but that they were brought into England, and naturalized there, by a Sussex gentleman of the name of Mascall, who lived at Plumstead, in that county. Sir Richard Baker, in his " Chronicle of the Kings of England," has the following couplet :—

" Hops and turkeys, carp and beer,  
Came into England all in a year."

And a very good importation, say we. Izaak Walton, that " sentimental savage" as Byron calls him, dates the introduction of carp into this country

before the time of Mr. Mascal. The truth probably is, that this worthy squire did not bring them hither, but that he encouraged the propagation of them. Wonderful stories have been told of the size that carp will attain, and the age they will grow to ; but we must refer our readers to the works of that intelligent knight already alluded to, Sir John Hawkins, *Swammerdam on Insects* (edited, London, 1738), Gesner, and other piscatorial *literati*.

The chub affords good sport to the angler, though in an epicurean point of view, he is perfectly valueless at the table. The haunts of this fish are chiefly in large rivers having clayey or sandy bottoms, and in deep holes shaded with trees. They are in season from about the middle of May until the middle of February ; their spawning time is early in April. The chub bites best a few hours before the rising and setting of the sun. In March and April you should angle for him with worms ; in June and July with flies, snails, and cherries ; in August and September a paste made of butter and Parmesan cheese, coloured with saffron, is an excellent bait. Your line must be very strong, with quill float to it ; strong gut at the bottom. The depth in hot weather mid-water ; in cold near the bottom. In angling for chub it is necessary to place yourself behind a bush or stump of a tree, so as not to be seen ; for this fish is extremely shy, and the least shadow will make him sink to the bottom. In the Thames, above Richmond, the best sport may be had by using a fly or grasshopper, either natural or artificial : I strongly recommend the latter, having a great deal of what is called by the world " mawkish sentiment " for the insect. I am aware that in saying this I am laying myself open to a charge of inconsistency, for, as a lover of the " gentle crafte," I may be accused of cruelty. I admit the charge ; still there are gradations of every vice, and so long as artificial means will attain their end, it is to my mind, revolting to torture a wretched worm, fly, or grasshopper, by adopting the system so often recommended in what are misnamed " Complete Anglers," viz., " in using the grasshopper, the first joints of the legs must be pulled off." No wonder, with this feeling upon him, that Byron should have written the well-known condemnatory lines—

" And angling, too, that solitary vice,  
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says :  
The quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet  
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

The haunts of the perch are chiefly in the streams, not very deep, under hollow banks—a gravelly bottom, and at the turning of an eddy. If the day is cool and cloudy, and the water a little ruffled, he will bite all day long, especially early in the morning and late in the afternoon. The best baits are minnows, leaches, sticklebacks, small lob, unboiled shrimps, marsh and red worms, brandlings, and gentles. In angling for perch, be careful, when he bites, to give him ample time enough ; otherwise, as he is not a leather-mouthed fish, he will often break his hold. Though perch, like trout, delight in clear, rapid rivers with pebbly bottoms, they are often found in sandy, clayey soils. The best time for angling for them is from the be-

ginning of May until the end of June ; and, as, unlike the solitary pike, the "bright-eyed perch" swims in shoals, the patient fisherman may have a good morning's sport if he is fortunate enough to find some two or three dozen of them "at home" under a hollow bank. This fish grows slowly, generally averaging about a foot in length, and three pounds in weight, and spawns once a year, in March or April. To any lover of the "gentle crafter" who can get a day's holiday we strongly recommend the train to Oxford, and a morning's recreation in the winding river that runs near this seat of learning. Let him select a dark, breezy day, without cold ; early and late hours, say from six to twelve and from three until dusk ; and I have no doubt but, as they would say at Oxford, the *perca fluviatilis* will quite reward him for his trouble.

There is a great variety in the growth and colour of trout, as every stream and lake differs in the quality of this fish. In the clear, pure lakes in rocky and mountainous countries the trout grow very large, and sometimes weigh nearly thirty pounds ; large rapid rivers contain trout from ten to fifteen pounds weight, though the generality of them in our streams do not exceed five pounds. There is a small trout to be found in rapid brooks which, upon the fall of heavy showers, swell to a great height, but which in fair weather has but little stream. Here, amidst the eddies, deep holes, and amongst the roots of trees, may be found plenty of "swift trout" from one to three pounds weight. The rod for artificial fly-fishing should be light, so as to be easily managed with one hand ; it should taper gradually to the very point, and be so pliant that it will scarcely support its own weight, so that when you have hooked your fish it should bend and yield to every spring which it makes, but regain its straightness and elasticity immediately upon the fish being loosed. Your line should be thick next the rod, and diminish by degrees, getting "beautifully less" at the end, where it should be very fine ; and you should have at least five feet of silkworm gut next the fly. Your first care must be to keep as much out of the sight of the fish as possible, throwing your line as far and as lightly on the water as you can, so as not to make the slightest splash ; your fly must fall on the water as light as a thistle-down would settle upon it, and the "artful dodge" by which you may deceive the trout is to keep the point of your rod in a tremulous motion, thus giving apparent life to the fly. In natural fly-fishing it will only be necessary to observe that those are the best which present themselves by the waterside in the greatest numbers. The best weather for this fishing is a cloudy day, keeping the wind at your back, by which means your line will be carried fully out, and you will be enabled to keep your fly dancing upon the very surface of the stream. With a May-fly, and such a day as I have described, the fisherman may calculate upon having an excellent day's sport.

"The pike, the tyrant of the water plains," as Pope describes him, outlives all other fresh-water fish ; but space will not permit me to enter either into his longevity, or to the wonderful stories that have been told of his voracity. Fishermen, like travellers, see wonder-

ful strange sights ; and I myself have read of pikes attaining their two hundred and sixtieth year, weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, and devouring enormous carp, a gold watch, ribbon, and seals, a cub fox—an Italian one be it said—and, by a sudden jerk, pulling the clerk of Newport parish into Littleshall Pool, who, according to his account, had some difficulty in escaping the jaws of this voracious monster. Dr. Block (rather an ominous name) relates—"In 1497, at Kaisers Lautern, in the Palatinate, a pike was caught which was nineteen feet in length, and weighed three hundred and fifty pounds ; it was drawn and afterwards painted, which is preserved at the Castle of Lautern ; the skeleton may be seen at Mannheim. Emperor Barterousse had it put into a pond, in 1230, with a gilt ring attached to it, with a spring to enable it to expand according to the growth of the fish : it was caught two hundred and sixty-seven years after, and the ring is still preserved at Mannheim in memory of this celebrated fish." M. Kresy, in his treatise on angling as practised in France, suggests the following sport :—"If the angler wishes to amuse himself, let him take six or eight sheep bladders well filled and closed, then tie them to a strong cord, and fasten them to pike-hooks Nos. 1 and 2, baited with a small live fish, the cords about half the depth of the water ; when put in, let the wind drive them about ; but if the water is spacious, and no boat at hand, they must be fastened together at proper distances. Pike, when large, may be thus speared, or shot by a gun fixed under the fish !" Bravo, Kresy ! a bladder battue at pike is quite a new sporting feature.

The pike is a solitary fish, never swimming in shoals : he delights in a still, steady, unfrequented water, and usually lies amongst flags, bull-rushes, stumps of trees, or reeds. In trolling for pike your rod must be a strong one, and ringed, for the line to pass through, and about three yards and a half in length ; your line about ninety feet long, wound upon a reel. The best baits upon a dull, cloudy day are small roaches, dace, and bleak ; but when the weather is bright and the water clear, you should substitute a gudgeon. Be careful not to suffer weeds to hang on your hook, or the pike will not be tempted to touch it. September and October are the best months for trolling, because the weeds are then rotten, and the fish are become fat with their summer's feed. The pike spawns about the end of February or beginning of March. For the taste, this fish requires a first-rate culinary artist, a good pudding, and some Dutch sauce, making a dish worthy any *gourmet's* board.

The eels' haunts are chiefly amongst weeds, under roots and stumps of trees, holes and clefts in the earth, and in the "verdant mud ;" also about weirs, bridges, and floodgates, and old mills. In winter they conceal themselves in the mud, and in summer seldom rove about by daylight ; but by night you may take a great number of them by laying lines so leaded as to touch the ground, and baiting the hook with garden worms, minnows, leaches, small gudgeons, or lobs. There are two ways of taking the "silver eel" by day—snigling and lobbing. The former is thus performed—take a strong line, with the

hook baited with a lob worm, and go to such places as above mentioned, dropping the hook into the hole by the help of a cleft stick ; if the "slippery gent" is there, he will assuredly bite : it will be necessary to tire him a little before you attempt to land him, or he will break your line. In lobbing for eels you must affix some large lob worms to a strong whip-cord two yards long ; then make a knot in the line, about six or eight inches from the worms, running a hollow piece of lead of about three quarters of a pound weight down to the knot ; then fix all to a pole, and use it in muddy waters : when the fish tug, give them time to fasten ; then draw them gently up, and hoist them quick to shore. A punt is very useful in this kind of fishing.

I now come to pond fishing, and shall commence with the tench, which, by old authorities, is treated with the greatest contempt. It loves to feed in the foulest waters, and thrives but indifferently in a clearer element. It is not usual for the tench to exceed more than four or five pounds in weight, though there are instances of much larger ones. They spawn about the middle of July, and are best in season from the beginning of September until the end of May. They will bite during all hot weather ; I should recommend April and May to the tench angler. Among the most attractive baits are the lob and red worm, a gentle, or a paste made of the crumb of bread and honey.

The bream thrives better in ponds than rivers, and the baits recommended for the tench will be equally good for this fish. Gloomy and windy days are the best for this sport. As the bream is a strong and vigorous fish, it is necessary to have strong tackle ; you must also be careful not to show yourself, for your prey is both vigilant and cunning. In river fishing it will be as well to bait your ground with boiled barley malt or sweet honey paste. The best season for angling is from the first of May until the end of August. The bream is not much admired in England as a table delicacy, though our continental neighbours, the French, pronounce it to be a dish worthy the attention of the epicure.

I am now reduced to the lowest form of angling, the gudgeon ; a *sport* that must ever remind one of one's boyish days, when we were wont to fish with a crooked pin for tittlebats in a basin of water, and which fully exemplifies the trite old saying of "a fool at one end and a worm at the other : " and yet how often have I witnessed the patience and anxiety of a party of pleasure in a flat-bottomed boat off Richmond Bridge, bobbing for this lilliputian specimen of the finny race. See the resignation of the elderly gentleman, who, like patience upon a monument, or rather like endurance in a punt, sets for hours ruminating over a legendary gudgeon ; mark the excitement of the middle-aged "gent" in the fustian coat and planter's hat when he sees the cork dancing on the surface of the waters ; watch the eagerness of his better-half, when she finds the rod gently quivering in her trembling hand ; listen to the half-uttered cry of joy that escapes the lips of the urchin, speedily suppressed by the gruff tone and sullen look of the parent as the youth lands his long-sought-after, unresisting prize ; witness the care with which the young and innocent miss furnishes the hook with a living bait—the tender-hearted damsel, who would probably faint at the

sight of a spider upon her dress, feels no compunction in thus torturing the writhing worm. But it is time to take leave of these cockney punters, these gentles and simples, and proceed to the sport; for, as I write for all classes of readers, from the tyro of the Thames to the accomplished fisherman of the rapid Spey, I must enter a little more fully into gudgeon angling. Suffice it then to say that these fish are scattered up and down every river in the shallows during the heat of summer, and that in the autumn, when the weeds begin to rot and the weather becomes cold, they congregate together and get into deeper parts of the water. As this fish is leather-mouthed, when once struck he is seldom lost. The baits are usually gentles, worms, wasps, and cads; the small red worm is reckoned the best.

From the lowest form I now approach the beau ideal of the sport—trout and salmon fishing in the Highlands of Scotland; and so proverbial is the hospitality of the sons of the north, that it only requires an introduction to any proprietor of the soil to procure a good day's fishing. Picture to yourself, then, a morning at daybreak, a cloudy sky, and the wind from the south, which, according to the poet, "blows your fly into the fish's mouth;" your "gilly" and mountain pony are at the door of one of the neatest and cleanest of way-side inns. Start not, English reader; for there is cleanliness in the rural parts of Scotland. Witness the Gordon Arms at Fochabers, near the very river I am about to conduct you. Your breakfast is over, and such a meal that your regular stay-at-home Englishman has no more idea of than a Highlander has of knee buckles. What think you of kipper salmon, trout, fresh from the river, venison and mutton, hams, cold grouse and ptarmigan, oat cakes, milk porridge—none of your London sky-blue or *mi-eau*, as it is cried about the streets, and has been inaptly translated *half water*—*mar-malade*, and mountain dew. You mount your pony, and after a rough ride through the most varied and stupendous scenery of mountain, wood, lochs, and burns, you reach your destination. A gigantic craggy cliff, at least five hundred yards high, over-shadows a rapid torrent, which rages like a cataract, occasionally subsiding into deep holes, and here your "gilly" informs you are the favourite haunts of the salmon. Your tackle is speedily adjusted, and incased in a suit of Macintosh's lower habiliments, with boots to match—and here be it said, that Peal, of Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, is quite the *premier* of all England for waterproof boots—you plunge in waist-deep. After some little time, in which your patience may be put to the test, you find yourself playing a very heavy fish; your "gilly" enjoins you to "take time and be canny." Now the "fresh-water king" dashes and struggles to break your line; then is the time for the watchful eye or cautious fisherman to come into action: you must play your prey with the nicest judgment, exhausting him by hurrying him rapidly down the stream, keeping his head high up in the current, until his strength is irrecoverably expended, when you lead him gradually into still water. Then is the moment of victory; you fasten your gaff into the opening of his gills, "one struggle more" from the captured victim, and the prize, an eighteen pounder, is yours. The salmon is generally to be found in all rivers connected with the sea, passing the winter and fine weather in rapid and clear

streams; it spawns in the month of May in rivers with sandy or rocky bottoms. So many works have, however, been written upon salmon and its fishing, that I am unwilling to trespass longer upon the attention of my readers. Much practice and art is necessary in killing a fine "eighteen pounder," and no theoretical knowledge will avail the young beginner; I, therefore, recommend him to place himself under the guidance of some old fisherman, whether in England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, and he will learn more in a few days by the river side than he would in months over the library fire: with all the salmonias in the world before him. While upon the subject of the salmon, I cannot refrain from mentioning that a French author asserts that this fish was the means of discovering the passage of the Caspian Sea into the Black Sea and Gulf of Persia. It was done in the following manner:—A certain number of salmon were caught, and, after their tails were run through with silver or gold rings, they were set at liberty, and some were afterwards found in the Black Sea and Persian Gulf. When salmon is taken for profit, not pleasure, nets are used; they are of a large size, regulated by the depth and breadth of the river, with lead to sink one side and cork to support the other. One end of the net is held by men on the shore, while the other is fastened to the stern of a boat, which is rowed in a circular direction, and finally brought to the landing place; the nets are then hauled on shore, and the fish packed in ice for the London market. The Duke of Richmond has a splendid salmon fishery on the Spey, which brings into his Grace's coffers some thousands per annum; the greatest portion of the fish that are caught are sent to the London markets, while others are packed and hermetically sealed in tin cases, and despatched to every part of the globe. During a ramble through Scotland I found myself at Speymouth, where the process of catching and packing the fish was going on. Through the kindness of the spirited *entrepreneur*, Mr Hogarth, I was permitted first to catch my salmon, then to put him into a little salt water, and then to seal him down. For nearly a year it remained unopened, and when the seal was broken, as the old nursery song says,

"Was not it a dainty dish to set before a king!"

Heliogabalus or George IV. would both have relished it.

After salmon fishing in the Highland rivers, there are few amusements that can come up to "a day with the trout," either in the English or Scotch lakes. At Pooley-bridge Inn, at the foot of Uls-water, boatmen and boats are ever ready to convey the brother of the angle to the lake; and there are few sports in England in which he will procure better sport. The Tweed, Loch Awe—nay, indeed, almost all the rivers and lakes in Scotland will furnish excellent sport. In Loch Awe the salmon *ferox* or bull trout abound; they sometimes grow to the weight of thirty pounds. In trolling for this monster of the lake you must have strong tackle, with at least a hundred yards of line; the best bait is a small trout. When the fish is struck you must be careful to give him rope enough, for, as he is a most powerful specimen of the finny tribe, he will unquestionably walk off with *his* trout, leaving you without yours, and a broken line to boot. The best months for angling are from April to

October, and the finest time of the day from four till ten in the morning, and from four in the evening until sunset. A southerly wind with a gloomy lowering sky will suit the fisherman the best, next to that a westerly wind; but be careful to avoid an easterly one as you will probably catch nothing but a cold, and the rheumatism. Fish will seldom bite in a hoar frost, nor before a shower of rain.

An angler must be a paragon of patience; never dejected with bad sport or elated with good. He should hide himself as much as possible, as his aquatic prey are usually timorous and shy. There is an old saying that "a good workman is always known by his tools," and this is particularly applicable to the fisherman, for if his rod and tackle are not kept in the neatest order, if his baits are not in the greatest state of perfection, if his fly-hook is not so nicely arranged that he can select at a moment's glance the feathered hook, his exertions will be futile. The follower of old Izaak ought to avoid all bright or glaring colours in his fishing costume; a dark-tweed shooting jacket and trowsers of invisible green or stone colour, with a hat or cap to match, are the best for the sport. A leaping pole with a spike at the end of it, for the purpose of fording brooks and ditches, a forester's knife, and a well-stored basket of sandwiches and brandy, are very agreeable auxiliaries, and ought to be entrusted to the care of your piscatorial "gilly."

In conclusion, let me add that large fish are to be found in deep water, and all kinds of small fish in clear, brisk-running streams with gravelly bottoms; salmon, trout, and—oh, the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous—gudgeons in clear, rapid-running water with sandy bottom; carp and tench in still, muddy water; barbel, dace, and chub in deep, running water; pike, perch, bream, and roach in deep and lively water; eels and lamprey in quiet, deep water.

*Sporting Review for March and April.*

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## THE RACING IN SEPTEMBER.

BY CRAVEN.

The past month set in with a meeting at Warwick, and closed with one still in process of development at Newmarket; nevertheless, its racing business began, continued, and ended with Doncaster. That meeting—in relation to the turf as parcel of the system known in this country under the title of "sporting"—I consider the most remarkable occasion within my experience. The chance medley of its issue I leave altogether out of consideration: the result had nothing to do with rhyme or reason. Time was when the great northern races constituted one of the most important rural festivals in Great Britain. Time was when the noble homes



of Yorkshire were thrown open in anticipation of the Doncaster revel, and dainty dames and stalwart squires made up their minds for a round of junketting and jollity. Time is when scarce a remnant of that good old English character remains. Time is when pleasure yields place to profit—or its forlorn hope. Time will be —

Somehow or other, the turf season began to flag directly after Epsom. Ascot, from imperious circumstances, was sadly shorn of its accustomed *éclat*: as summer advanced, so did not the career of the course. Even Goodwood, with its galaxy of gorgeousness, felt the absence of one bright particular star. But hereabouts the interest, the popular concern in racing, began to revive; and you saw, by the returns from the speculative quarters, that the Leger was a source of sporting investment. It was manifest the tide of betting had set in—that tide which, to the book-maker, “taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.” The race for the Derby was understood to have been a mistake, and consequently I was going to say (but that would have been nonsense) the winner and the second were at similar odds for their north country engagement—the St. Leger quotations for July ruling Pyrrhus the First and Sir Tatton Sykes at 5 to 1 agst. either. About this time rumours were abroad concerning the latter of those horses, according to which much mystery attached as to his proprietorship. It was hinted that he was no longer under the control of the party in whose name he stood for his engagements in the Calendar—if, indeed, he had not ceased to belong to him altogether. The name of a gallant officer was amalgamated with the transaction, and, whether justly or unjustly,

“Quite athwart

Went all decorum.”

The true version of the affair I believe to have been that in the course of the summer arrangements were made, to prevent any disappointment occurring as to the horse coming to the post for the St. Leger—“equal main and chance.” It was immediately on this satisfactory settlement that commissioners were selected to back him quietly; and an admirable policy was pursued: still it was all but impossible to get the public to touch him at any price. In this straight his backers turned their hands—some of them, at least—to something else, and they contrived to get on heavily, and at a bargain, about Fancy Boy. Thus things went on—slowly enough, indeed—in the market, certain nominations in the crack stables being talked of, when Pyrrhus received *coup de grace* at York from a young turfite of great enterprise and spirit. The race for the Great Yorkshire Stakes had but little effect: no augury of account was drawn from its shadows, and people presently went their ways to Doncaster, where a *rendezvous* awaited them altogether without parallel.

Never were such multitudes before gathered together to celebrate the Hyperborean Olympics. The town could not hold the half of them; and as the weather was as hot as imagination can conceive it under any circumstances, what the pilgrims suffered, on whom Sir Tatton Sykes was blazing like the dog-star, beggars description. Nobody, of course, cared a brass farthing about what was ultimately done with him; only every-

body tore his hair, in the conviction that something *would* be done, without his having "the office." On Monday morning all the world was on the race-course to see the cracks parade. John Scott did not join the procession with his lot; and of those that did show, the talent thought small beer. In short, I don't think there was a man, woman, or child, that would not have made oath Sir Tatton Sykes couldn't lose, barring his friends interfered.

I will carry this episode through its various phases, and then return to the narrative of the meeting. At the Rooms, on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday, little else was discussed save the Sir Tatton policy. It was known that the ablest diplomatists were exhausting their skill upon it. For my part, I was all eyes and ears; for though pretty well *blazé* to turf-bedevilment, here was quite a novel passage. Probably, indeed very likely, without the pretence of a foundation public report built up such a grim catastrophe as might astonish an ogre. Every one would have it, some horrible *coup de théâtre* was at hand: all blue flames, fiends, and so forth; though no one knew wherefore such were necessary to the plot of the melodrama. You learnt that Captain Pitt had declared he would permit William Scott to ride Sir 'Tatton "if he liked;" but you couldn't find out, for the soul of you, how Captain Pitt might be in a condition to prevent a man from mounting his own horse. You heard that another gentleman—to outward seeming utterly ungermane to the matter—had vowed to his *penutés* that, sooner than Scott should bestride that nag, he would eat both the horse and his rider. You heard that all sorts of thieves were to be put up. People swore till they were black in the face that Scott's friends meant to "hocuss" him rather than that he should play his Derby pranks over again. An individual that I should have expected better things from protested, in my presence, at 11 P.M. on Tuesday, that he had just left that devoted horseman dead drunk in the streets, when I knew, of my own knowledge, that he was in his virtuous bed. About this date, too, the murder was out touching the Sykes commissioners, who had been flirting with Fancy Boy. Oh! wouldn't *they* dose Bill!—wouldn't they sluice him with brandy-grogs, compounded after the recipe of Mynheer Van Dunc!

Would it ever be Wednesday? At length we hailed the dawn, "bi-with the fate of William and of Sykes." You learnt early that the former was "sweating," a necessary though an ungraceful process: how many connected with his fortunes were doing the same thing! Soon after noon the million moved to the course. Lo! there was the Scott! . . . . .

"See where he comes, with poppy and mendragora,  
And all the drowsy syrups of the East."

watched by files of fellows, ready to pepper him with apothecaries' shops, while around a faithful band formed a *cordon sanitaire*. . . . . You think I'm making a *mauvaise plaisanterie*? As sure as you're a sinner, there were scores who would have "exhibited" a ton of arsenic to him, had they only been able to compass the opportunity. You tremble for him, naturally; but his hour was not come; so sipping half a glass of weak brandy-and-water (which he spat out again, with a natural con-

tempt), this jockey, "like scorpion girt by fire," was tossed into his saddle—from which he descended the winner of the Great St. Leger!

The taste for horse-racing has increased in popularity within the last dozen years almost beyond belief; not, perhaps, to the advantage of the turf, as a useful rural agent; but a class now take especial interest in its concerns that before cared little, if at all, about it. In the great mercantile districts, thousands of men of substance have become smitten with the ambition of speculating in the odds. Almost in every town in the kingdom there are sweeps and lotteries drawn, having reference to the principal events of the season; and a vast amount of money is, through their means, thrown into circulation for sporting purposes. One licensed victualler alone drew £3,914 odd in prizes for the races at this meeting. How many hundreds of his craft did the same thing? No wonder, therefore, that hundreds now flock to the great courses, which in former time would not have had a solitary representative from them. Commerce has shaken hands with sporting enterprise; and in such phalanxes do the new friends seek the old familiars, that this year, at Doncaster, one body of London tradesmen publicly announced that their especial 'Change would be at a particular hostel of the town. No wonder, then, that the last meeting at the head-quarters of the Northern Turf was without precedent in the matter of attendance.

Since those that always went, then went the more;  
And thousands went that never went before.

This leviathan tryst commenced on the 15th ult., and lasted for four days of the most broiling weather ever known to a western autumn. I cannot, perhaps, more truthfully set forth its chief passages than by giving such notes as I took of them at the time, together with such reflections and observations as after-experience assisted me to. We will, to this intent, imagine it the first day of the four, and that we are strolling together on the exercise-ground, strewn by the dew as it were with "diamond dust."

Long before eight A.M., there were as many gentlemen of enterprise and spirit on the race-course as would have made a respectable meeting at another place. The turn affairs had taken a few hours before at the rooms was quite enough to whet the public appetite for a taste of the quality of the Leger horses. On the faith of a trial with the Hero, Sting, from an extreme outsider, sprang to fourth in the odds. The aspect of the market on Monday night augured ill for the character of the great event under negotiation, and some of its principal agents. At midnight the Rooms were crowded, and I never saw a more anxious assembly, or one more absolutely delivered over to its own conceits. Betting was not languid—because all were on the *qui vive* the instant a mouth was opened to ask the price of anything. But betting there was not, save in a few solitary cases where men had commissions to execute. Any one, I believe in my conscience, could have driven any horse to any odds he pleased. An offer to lay 8 to 1 against Fancy Boy paralyzed his backers, and you heard people, with fathoms of faces, declare he was gone—flummoxed—dead, and hung up to dry. Mr O'Brien laid Mr Mytton £4,000 to £1,000 against Sir Tatton Sykes. I have no doubt a *bond fide* bet; and now

What do I think of the investment? That brings us to the head and front of our inquiry. I have seen this great public "pot" and, so far as the eye goes, he is in good form. Beyond this, all is mystery. Scott is walking, and at the weight to ride; but otherwise, they say, very unfit. If he persists in his present purpose of being his own jockey, there is but one opinion, and that is that the race will probably be thrown away. John Scott's horses had not arrived this morning, so that Brocardo of course was not seen. His team are in force—but as yet *the* horse is dark. Dawson had his lot out—"a house divided against itself." There were some twelve or fourteen of them—but everybody ran after Fancy Boy. They only walked, however, so that slight lines were left for the curious. Poynton was certainly not *very* lame. Free Lance is a nice goer, and so is not Romance—one can't conceive the policy of running this gaunt mare, except for the purpose of losing £25. Cranebrook is a strong sort: which Sting is not.

Having in this wise gossiped, and subsequently broken fast, somewhat late in the afternoon we betook ourself to the course. Its condition was perfect; so was most of its arrangements—always excepting the weighing-house, which was a little closet like a lady's dressing-room. The little men, in motley, all overlaid in the crush like the colours in a kaleidoscope, had the oddest effect in the world. The attendance was very considerable; and hard upon three o'clock the racing began with the Fitzwilliam Stakes, won by Red Robin—a very close shave with Wit's-End. The Cleveland Handicap Lady Wildair won, as she could ill avoid with Nat and 7st. 12lbs. on her. To this succeeded the Champagne, with seven starters, all placed. They took even money Planet won; but he did not, for Van Tromp beat him easily; at all events, his sides were untouched. The winner is almost too fine an animal for his year. *Quod* Planet, a friend of mine had an idea, a little while since, of buying him; and, with that view, took Mavor, the well-known veterinarian of Bond-street, down to Goodwood—but returned without his errand or his horse. I understand his legs were not quite so flat as might have been desirable. This—at what it is worth—for the blabbers in next year's Derby. The Hero having vanquished an unworthy foe for the Queen's Guineas, the day's list was told out.

Wednesday, the anniversary of the St. Leger, and such an anniversary! Such a popular demonstration was never seen in these parts. Long before noon the town was inconveniently thronged; the thoroughfares, in fact, were all but impassable. And then the excitement, under a roasting temperature! It was an especial Providence that the whole multitude did not part with their senses simultaneously! In the rooms there was warm work too. It will be seen from the quotations how horses went up and down—nobody knew, or seemed to care why or wherefore. Thus they made Sting a great feature. I wonder did John Day give the Hero his breakfast before he brought the lawyer's nag to trial? So soon as it was known that Scott would ride, everybody declared nothing short of a miracle could save him from being hounded before he got up. His friends, however, formed a *chevaux-de-frize* round him from the moment he set foot on the lawn till he left it in the saddle; and thus, most probably, the fate of the day was turned. Of the dozen that

started, nothing was really in the race except the winner and Iago—a horse that fully justified the opinion I have always expressed of him.

Now that all is over, mention must be made of the course adopted towards the public by Captain Pitt—the owner, for the nonce, at all events, of Sir Tatton. It was all that became a gentleman. He was fully aware of the schemes at work to make the horse and his rider—whoever that might be—safe, if the thing was to be done by human ingenuity or inhuman rascality. Had Scott not gidden, William Oates, his trainer, would have been put up—a young man whose conduct throughout the whole business was beyond all praise. He wrought as became one who serves his master—his domestic governor—and the public.

At starting they took 3 to 1 about Brocardo; the same about Sir Tatton: 11 to 2 about Sting; 7 to 1 about the Traverser; 8 to 1 about Fancy Boy; 10 to 1 about Iago; and nothing else under 20 to 1. It was a tremendously true-run race, from the desperate speed at which Tom Tulloch made play for his confederates. No doubt Scott rode his horse like a master of his art. He was all patience, so long as that virtue might serve him: and his finish, when Iago rushed up to his quarters, was perfect. That he should ever put a thief into his mouth to steal away his brains! Sir Tatton Sykes beat Iago by half a length for this, one of the fastest Legers on record: the time being, I believe, accurately kept—three minutes sixteen seconds. The Selling Stakes was won by Lord Chesterfield's colt by Don John out of Gamelass, and the 300 sovereigns match by Gabbler, beating Chainbearer by half a length. The Corporation Plate Godfrey won; and Tom Tulloch walked over for the Foal Stakes.

Thursday gave to those who sought it another brilliant day's sport: for myself I was dead beat by the excitement of the preceding afternoon, and cultivated quiet among the partridges in the neighbourhood of Brodsworth. The racing everybody assured me was first-rate, the North of England Produce Stakes being walked over for by Kismet. Philip carried off the Innkeeper's Plate in a field of a baker's dozen; and Bingham the Municipal Stakes, being Crossier by a neck, and two others. Now came the Great Yorkshire Handicap, with fourteen runners: won by Cranebrook (they do say 'by dint of good riding'); but I think also by a good animal. Iago, another good animal, secured the Three-Year-Old Stakes for his gallant owner—a snug little £1100. What useful things useful horses are!

Friday, how the Cup day, of course held the company till the finale. It was a goodly wind-up. The great event, indeed, was a small matter; for the Hero won the Cup as he might a saddle at a fair. Lord Strathmore bought Brocardo at a stiff figure to show for it; but a decent donkey would have looked as well in the race. Is this Hero another Eclipse, or what sort of a set were the five he beat into fits? The sport opened with 'the squire,' on his filly, Giselle, beating Blind Hookey and his master in a canter. Ennui, one of Mr Mostyn's Bentinck bargains, won the Park Hill, beating seven fair competitors by a neck. For the Two-Year-Old Stakes they did not start Van Tromp; and Slander succumbed to Foreclosure; but Slander was hardly in her form. The Town Plate, in two

heats, the Duke of Richmond (the quadruped) won; and Hesselstine receiving forfeit in a 500*l.* match from Mr O'Brien, the meeting terminated. Lord Strathmore and Sir John Gerrard are the stewards for 1847—two progressive patrons of the noble art—as horse-racing may be called, just as they designate fox-hunting the noble science.

*Sporting Review, for Oct.*

## THE MODERN RULE OF DRINKING.

A man of sense may take three glasses :  
 The first for self ; the next the lasses ;  
 The third to finish. But *no* fourth—  
*Unless* to friends, east, west, south, north.  
 A fifth—if one is given to rhyme,  
 Wine wings him to the true sublime ;  
 A sixth, 'tis scarcely worth the mention,  
 A bard *must* sharpen his invention.  
 And if your muse is at a stand,  
 A seventh is like a magic wand ;  
 It sweeps you o'er Parnassus' top ;  
 An eighth—*perhaps* 'tis time to stop ;  
 And yet, by Helicon divine,  
 What bard would libel number nine ?  
 A tenth, with joy in every pore,  
 Pray, why not finish the half score ?  
 There stands the mighty Magnum sparkling,  
 While all the world is round us darkling.  
 Eleven—*one must* stop at length—  
 Pooh ! wine is spirit, wit and strength.  
 Twelve—better still—no man can cozen  
 Life's troubles under the round dozen.  
 Hang counting, when one's health's in question,  
 Good wine is good for the digestion.  
 Here, bumpers ! None but men of Gotham  
 Would stop before they reach'd the bottom.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## HIGHLAND SPORTS, AND SPORTING QUARTERS.

BY LINTON.

## MEGGERNIE CASTLE, INVERMORISTON, ETC.

The castle of Meggernie is situated in Glen Lyon, Perthshire, a small, narrow and secluded valley, which reaches almost to the confines of Argyleshire, and is in truth one of the most romantic and beautiful to be found throughout the Scottish dominions. The house—or, more properly speaking, the castle, for it bears in parts much the resemblance of an ancient French chateau—is placed almost in the centre of the above-named valley or glen, in a singularly sequestered part of the country, being actually some fourteen or fifteen miles from the residence of any but one other laird or proprietor, and about the same distance from a medical man or post-office—two most essential neighbours in so remote a locality. A noble avenue, principally of lime-trees, running parallel with the river Lyon for the best part of a mile—and which avenue, were it within twenty miles of the metropolis, from its natural beauties would attract thousands—forms the approach of Meggernie from the east. The castle itself stands clear on a beautiful lawn (which it might be), and grassy park (which it really is); on which are scattered some of the finest trees to be found in the Highlands. The place, in fact, is one of peculiar beauty and interest, not only from the position, which appears as if isolated from the rest of the world, but also from its great antiquity and neighbourhood to the scenes of many a bloody Highland conflict.

The house is one of those ancient piles, constructed in times of danger, where strength was the first and greatest object; the walls are accordingly of immense thickness, and the doors defended by iron gratings of prodigious size and weight. A donjon excavated from the foundations, is even to the present day adorned with hooks, on which the finishing stroke of the law, or rather the will of barbarous and despotic chiefs, has, we are told, been frequently executed. Alas! would the ghosts of some of these departed victims but deign to make their appearance in this said donjon during the shooting season, we question whether they would not be somewhat “mazed” as the Scotch term it, and instead of resuming their places as “damp, moist bodies” on the hooks, they would, probably, hang a cauldron thereon in which to make a stew of the abundant game they there would find, or mull a few bottles of good port or claret, with which the bins that now adorn its sides are well filled. In all other respects it remains as in the time of Robert the Second.

There is much accommodation and all required comfort to be found in the interior of Meggernie castle, both as regards the more modern portion of the building, as also in the fine old tower, which forms one of its extremities, and is divided into many good sleeping apartments, to which the turrets form admirable dressing-rooms; none of them are, however, large, which is not surprising when we consider the remote age in which they

were built, and the great object of safety which the founders must have kept in view. Some old portraits, both of the Menzies branch, as also of the Stewarts of Cardnay, adorn the walls ; likewise those of the late Mr. and Mrs Menzies. The proprietor is descended in the male line from Sir John Stewart of Cardney, son of King Robert the Second, from whose eldest son he is the fifteenth in descent. From the second son of Sir John the family of Stewart of Dalgarne, in Athol, is descended. By the female line Mr Menzies possesses the estates of Meggernie and Culdres, and is a branch of the family of Menzies, of Castle Menzies, chief of the same. The present owner of Meggernie has very recently attained his majority, and he wisely prefers following the example of numerous other Highland lairds, of letting his ancient chateau, and its glorious shooting manors, to a noble and generous English sportsman, who keeps the one from falling to decay, and preserves the other with the greatest care, to residing in a place which, notwithstanding its many beauties, save in the sunny months of summer or autumn, would be a sort of living grave. But we must dwell as briefly as possible on family history or historical facts, and lend on, as quickly as may be, to those details more congenial to our sporting readers, or say, doubtless in the feelings, if not in the words, of many a Highland chieftain who formerly lived on his own domain, consisting of some leagues of heathered hills, watered by many a trout-stream and salmon-river, killing his own game and eating his own venison, surrounded and beloved by his clansmen—

“ My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall.  
I wish I were as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forest-green,  
With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
For that’s the life is meet for me.”

Indeed, scarcely a quarter of a century has elapsed since the possession of a Highland shooting quarter—a source of such great annual enjoyment—was heard of, and frequently spoken of with delight and longing by the genuine sportsman. At that period, however, it was a gratification only practically known to, and participated in by, the affluent or aristocratic members of society ; in fact, the possession of a Highland shooting quarter inferred also a place in the highest ranks of society, with the frequent addition of a stud at Melton, and a house in the lordly west of the metropolis. The question, “ Do you go to the Moors this season ? ” was uttered by the same voice which questioned your attendance at Almack’s or the Opera. And few such true high-born cavaliers, of England at least, could practically speak in truth of the blackcock and ptarmigan ; and even among these, how few have pulled a trigger at the noble red deer, the fleet and bounding roe ! Whilst to those of a humbler class, or more humble means, although their sporting qualities might be of the highest order and their aim unerring, let them talk of



thirty brace of partridges, twenty brace of pheasants, five couple of woodcocks, nineteen hares, eleven rabbits, &c., as having fallen to their redoubtable Mantons between an early breakfast and late dinner, yet grouse, ptarmigan, and blackcock were never entered on their game-books. They heard of such birds in Leadenhall market, and might, perchance, have seen them on the table of a friend, or read of them on heathered mountains afar off. They imagined the delight of shooting them; and they might, occasionally, perchance to fall on a paragraph in the daily journals which informed them that the Right Honourable —— had, since the close of the session, enjoyed sixteen days of splendid sport in the Highlands, having bagged, with his own gun, two hundred and forty-three brace of grouse, eighty-four blackcocks, seventy-three white mountain-hares, a roe deer, seven brace of ptarmigan, and three golden plovers; that his health and appetite had been greatly renovated thereby; and that he had proceeded southwards to Doncaster previous to returning to Castle Arden for the pheasant shooting, where he proposed receiving a select party of sportsmen, and thence to Melton for the hunting season; and if such was true, though it be a vice, “we envy him.” They heard also that the Duke of Blair had killed nine stags, and missed five on account of the dreadful state of the weather—no fault of his surely; and that the chief of Glen Selfishstream, Sir Murray McPherson McGregor, Clan Alpine Macthousand—we trust he may pardon us—had surpassed all his former prowess in shooting of former years at his splendid moors near Creiff, in the county of Perth.

But the grouse shooting of other days is o’er; that is to say, the monopoly of this most charming sporting privilege is no longer confined to high blood or the millionaires of England, though the best of it, doubtless, will ever remain for the rich. For the Highland lairds have, with much truth, discovered the value of such property, and consequently a good price is demanded and readily paid for the exclusive enjoyment of this delightful sport. Yet are the shootings to be obtained far more numerous than heretofore, and consequently they may be secured at from fifty pottids to fifteen hundred per annum. Thus the true sportsman, though his means be confined, may still comparatively partake of all the numerous *agrimens* enjoyed by the more wealthy, while treading the sweet-scented heather in search of game. Some particulars of these shootings, both large and small however, good, bad, and indifferent, we shall hereafter endeavour to detail, for the information of all true sportsmen who desire to enjoy even one season of such glorious sport. And with all humility we undertake this pleasing task; yet practically and fearlessly, inasmuch as we scarcely know the hill-side or mountain-top, road, or beaten track, from rapid Tay to Pentland Frith, German Ocean to Irish Channel, that we have not seen or walked over; though we confess to be no lover of the “banks and braes of bonny Scotland,” save as a fishing and grouse-shooting country, and this alone from June to September; indeed it is the most unpleasing portion of her Majesty’s dominions we have ever cast our eyes on, or spent a summer’s, far more a winter’s, day in. That it contains many a kind and hospitable heart we most fully admit, but they are in a pitiful minority; and as for Scottish hospitality, so much vaunted, Scottish breakfasts, and Scotch abundance—believe us, they exist only in the anxious hopes of the

tourist, or in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, who deserves all, and far more than he has ever received at the hands of his countrymen. But the romance which has found place in English minds, pictured by his glorious imagination, in stern reality is as great a fallacy as the news now crying through the streets of London, which means that the insolent vaunting of President Polk may be bought for sixpence but is not worth a farthing. We speak not of the natural beauties of the country, though they also will be found few and far apart. Indeed, West Scotland of its romance and lakes, including of course Lochs Lomond, Katarine, Earn, Tay and Loch Ness—in fact, that portion principally visited by our Sovereign during her recent tour—and no more desolate, bleak, and treeless portion of the wide world exists.

In days lang syne, we read and heard of the beauties of the Rhine; nature in its loveliness has to us charms and enjoyments which we should vainly endeavour to describe, and, like others, we made the Grand Tour; and we freely own to the gratification we experienced. Yet we love nature in the truthfulness of its delineation, and not exactly as it is pictured in the lively imagination of the enthusiast, and we therefore own that having also seen the river Thames from source to mouth, we feel satisfied that there are few rivers which can surpass it in beauty—none to exceed it. We had read Sir Walter Scott again and again: we heard of the Highlands: we had even listened to the song, “My heart’s in the Highlands,” from as pretty a pair of lips as are seen but once in a life; but more, we heard of salmon taken with the fly, of 20lbs. in weight, and trout of half that size; we heard of a hundred brace of grouse, and we were told of red deer, and roe deer and of rough deer-dogs—noble animals; even such sport as a chase of the deer, by these splendid brutes. Could we then refuse, when pressed repeatedly by a kind friend to visit his sporting quarters in the Highlands? No, the temptation was far too great to be resisted; and the manner in which we broke through all the barriers and difficulties which surrounded us, decided our fate in obtaining this great source of delight to a sportsman.

- “‘Times are changed,’ said this friendly man;  
 ‘There’s a steamer from the docks, so no word of can;  
 There’s a railway from E.-square on the narrow gauge plan,  
 There’s a boat from Liverpool,’ said this true gentleman. •  
 ‘You may be in the Highlands in the pacing of a span;’  
 Such inducements were held out by this gallant sportsman.  
 So warmly we replied, ‘We’ll come, be it in a van;  
 But the money is the rub for a poor gentleman;  
 Yet we’ll borrow or steal a few pounds if we can,  
 Of our banker in the city, who’s a canny Scotsman;  
 We can pay them to his uncle, the chief of his clan,  
 When we meet in the bothy of that proud Highland man.’”

This latter determination we, of course, at once proceeded to put in force; and having been successful, with a purse tolerably well filled—anticipations of sport, dogs, grouse, romantic scenery, marmalade from

Keillor's short-bread, salmon and whiskey for the asking, we jumped into a cab, drove as directed to Euston-square, deposited ourselves in a comfortable first-class carriage, and went off with a whistle and a puff for Liverpool. The scent was good, and we ran into the tunnel of this celebrated sporting place with only one slight check at Birmingham, owing to the odours which arose and fumigated the air from the kitchen of the Queen's Hotel. During this check, however, we had ample time to decide on the merits of this celebrated railway *restaurant*—at least, as far as we were individually concerned; and we did justice to the landlord when we declare that it has rarely been our good fortune to obtain such excellent cookery and such ample fare for the trifling demand of two shillings as we did on that occasion, when, seated at the board with some threescore or more of as hungry and determined eaters as could easily be found on a keen autumnal morning. *Mange qui peut*, and as much as you can for your money, appears to be the decision come to by general acclamation at such gastronomic halting-places on such occasions; and we may fairly and truly add, that if all the party there assembled ate as we did—and, in good faith, most of the company there, according to sporting phraseology, were tolerably good feeders—why, then they had the worth of their silver, and no mistake. Yet they tell us the concern is a most profitable one; and we sincerely trust it may long continue so to be, if things are kept up in the same style of plenty and comfort. *Ad interim*, we shall be glad to acknowledge one of the landlord's celebrated potted tongues, whenever time and inclination may suit him to offer one to our taste and approval. The Editor of Mag., however, like ourselves, doubtless prefers a short and quick run, with blood at the end of it. At all events, he may be assured we shall never have any objection to bleed him; although, whenever we have the pleasure of hunting on his property, if there be more than one "cheque" during the chase, we will endeavour to put the ill luck in our pockets. So, forward, gentlemen!—We stood on the deck of the "Princess Royal," a celebrated steamer from Liverpool to Glasgow, and *vice versa* in twenty hours, weather permitting—seldom the case. We had a tolerable Havannah in our mouth, and a warm coat on our back. The weather was fine, the wind was fair, and a grouse-hill was in our imagination. What could we desire more?—"A glass of hot brandy-and-water, steward!" "Hot brandy-and-water?—Yes, sir!" And it quickly arrived: thus we sipped and puffed, puffed and sipped, and looked upon the rippling waters, and thought—what? why simply that we felt very jolly, when lo! a lanky, red-haired, male individual stood beside us, and also smoked and looked, not upon the briny deep, but very dirty, and somewhat merry withal or with whiskey, with which he was mightily perfumed; and he said in a language, a few words of which we shall only endeavour to repeat—

"Ye'r ganging to bonny Scotland, I ken?"

This was sufficiently explicit; and we courteously replied—

"We hope to visit the Highlands."

"Ah! you're on a shooting excursion, doubtless?"

"We hope to have some sport."

"And you're a first-rate shot, we prestime?"

"A tolerable hand at partridges; but we never shot a grouse—no never."

"Then you will soon have another tale to tell. You should ken the Isle of Skye. I have been out in the morning before breakfast, and killed four stags on Macdonald's ground; and after breakfast I have had a bang at the grouse and bagged my fifty brace. Then I've dined, you see; and in the evening had a cast for a salmon, and killed some 20lbs. before nightfall."

We had heard of Lord Macdonald's splendid deer forest in the Isle of Skye, and of the grouse-hills, and of the fishery: and we declare to have seen there as fine a sight as sportsman need cast his eye on one brilliant evening in July, viz.—a herd of some fourscore red-deer. But the assertions of our red-haired friend we could not swallow, as we had the brandy-and-water. Will it be believed, sporting readers, that the relater of such exploits was none other than an exciseman, who never had pulled a trigger, save at a gull! and yet such sport as he thus named in Skye is by no means actually impossible for a first-rate sportsman. Having satisfied ourselves, however, that his rhodomontade, if not exactly to be credited, was amusing—so amusing that we regret the space allowed us does not admit of our giving many of his wonderful exploits to your notice—we submitted, till another and another glass of Whiskey laid him snoring on the deck, and a few short hours saw the moon sink, and the sun rise in brilliancy on the heathered hills of Scotland as we entered the Clyde, of which river we will leave tourists to write, though we fear we shall never agree in their praises of it—save in a commercial point of view. The Isle of Arran was, however, in sight: and to us this had far greater charms, and those of another nature; for there the noble red-deer ranges in pride and freedom, there the beautiful and glossy feathered blackcock and the heather feeding grouse are abundantly to be found. This glorious shooting quarter is the property of the Duke of Hamilton, and is generally shot over during the season by his son, the Marquis of Douglas, and his friends. The game is abundant and well preserved; and there are few spots in Scotland more desirable as a shooting quarter, being easy of access, beautiful by nature, plentiful in game of all kinds, not difficult to preserve, and easily walked over. But we must steam on to Glasgow, and thence to the fair city of Perth. We have little inclination, however, to give our readers an account of the one city or the other, as many have done so before us, and doubtless more ably, and our pen is that of a sportsman—not of a tourist; yet we could tell a tale or two of both: we shall content ourselves, however, by the simple observation that the citizens of the former are mercantile and proud, and those of the latter equally proud and somewhat less mercantile. But there are sportsmen, and good ones in both, and some kind, good, and hospitable fellows—gentlemen with whom we ate grouse and salmon, and trout, and tasted whiskey-toddy cold with, and hot without, as also in its nature unadorned. But strange to say, that we never could abide it, and from the hour we first entered the Tron-gate of Glasgow to that of our embarking from the Bromielaw on our return to England, the smell, always disagreeable to us, never fairly quitted our nasal organs.

We stood upon the bridge of Perth, kind reader, and not on that of "Sighs;" and, in good faith and truth, 'tis a pleasant spot to stand on, if the heavens be but clear, and the sun be shining a good shine.

The sparkling and rapid Tay—we beg pardon of the Romans—is as superior to the Tiber, in spite of all their "ecce's," as is the Thames to a muddy ditch. We speak from personal knowledge; and we perfectly agree with the salmon in their selection. The distant Grampian mountains form a most agreeable back ground to the bright and beautiful picture seen from this spot. Scone palace, on your right hand, the coverts of which are full of game, with a fox or two in the bargain; a salmon river flows before and under you; a race-course skirts this rapid stream, and no end to grouse hills rise, on your left, almost agreeable sights to a sportsman, who having stood long enough, throws his legs comfortably over the parapet, and thinks of the coming slaughter of the morrow.

Our companion on this bridge, or "brig," as the Scotch call it—we presume because it bears people over the water—was a breechless loon of a Lowlander, and a most civil and intelligent companion he was. We commenced our acquaintance with this individual by tipping him the value of a glass of whiskey or two—well knowing how pleasing is the touch of siller to palms which itch, beyond the Border. Our donation being conveyed in the most delicate terms, surmising he must be cold, had the desired effect, and we forthwith questioned him as to the salmon fishing, in which, though on the top of the bridge parapet, he evidently had a personal interest. He then informed us he "was speering" for the fish (Anglicè, looking out), on which we requested he would gladden our eyes and heart's yearnings with a sight of one of these noble, beautiful animals, actually alive and swimming in its element, though we confess to be no good fishermen. Few minutes elapsed ere he pointed out to our view, as clearly and distinctly as possible, a heavy fish, which we saw from head to tail, floating leisurely against the rapid stream; another and another soon passed on, many of which had almost numbered the minutes of their existence. How well they swam! how hard and firm and brilliant they looked, when drawn by dozens to the shore, enclosed in a powerful net on the far-famed Northern Inch of Perth, celebrated by Walter Scott as the scene of the battle in the "Fair Maid"—celebrated as one of the best race-courses in Scotland, on which the Caledonian Hunt hold their yearly meetings—celebrated to goff-players and salmon-netters, and latterly become celebrated to cricket-players, a club having recently been established—celebrated as a pleasing summer walk to the fair maids of Perth (ugly ones, of course, there are none)—beautiful by nature to the eye of man, but made at times most displeasing to the eye of a sportsman, who looks on such unequalled turf, as made only for the plate of a race-horse or the roll of a cricket-ball, when covered, as it is, by the dirty shirts of the lord provost, baillics, elders, and citizens of Perth, who, by some unfortunate ancient, but barbarous law, granted in former ages, and unreformed in these, are there permitted to hang out their summer unmentionables. No offence, my lord provost, and you magisterial baillics; but dry your linen at home. Let us now take off our hats to the baillics, and return to the salmon—better companions,

with lobster sauce, any day in the week. A man is seated on the bridge of Perth, who watches the progress of the fish up the stream, the netters being fully prepared with their nets, in a boat by the river's bank. The moment the man on the look-out sees a fish, he gives the sign; a boat is at once cast off, and the net rapidly dropped across the river, and the chances are four to one but that Monsieur Saumon finds his way into his meshes, from whence he is removed to cool himself in a box of ice, takes his passage on board the first steamer from Dundee, and is landed, passage-free, at Billingsgate, and, probably, if he be handsome and robust, he finds his way to Mr. Groves, in Bond street, and thence is immediately invited to dine at Buckingham Palace, Sefton House, Sir R. Peel's, or any other pleasant house, where the *cuisine* is *soignée*—that is to say, if he is fresh, and has plenty of "sauce" *piquante*, which is always an agreeable addition in well-bred society.

Time and the tide, however, await no man's bidding—be it Prince Albert or Ibrahim Pacha. The hour of four had already sounded on two clocks of Perth, when the Defiance coach rattled over the "brig," and we after it, to the Salutation hotel, where we arrived in time to see the reins of a very creditable team cast to the ostler, from the hands of a no less celebrated dragsman and master of hounds, than — Ramsay, Esq., of Barnton, formerly owner of Lanercost, and now of Malcolm, &c.—one of the best whips and best sportsmen in Scotland, who delights not less in steering the first-rate cattle of this admirably established coach than he does in cheering his gullant pack of fox-hounds to death and glory. "Peering" into the interior, clad in Glengarry bonnets, and wrapped up in plaids, like all young English tourists in Scotland, we discovered our friends, whom we had come to join as boon companions to the Castle of Meggernie—permission to enjoy some days' sport at that delightful shooting quarter having been kindly provided for us by the liberality and courtesy of its noble owner.

We will briefly pass over the enjoyment of that never-to-be-forgotten evening; it will amuse few to know of how much claret we drank, or how much toddy we endeavoured to swallow, in compliment to the national beverage, and how greatly we endeavoured to persuade ourselves we liked it; enough that we rose early on the following morning, our palate a trifle bitter as to taste, we must admit, and somewhat feverish withal. Our dreams, however, had been of a refreshing nature—grouse had risen within shot—bang!—they were down, and bagged; and the reality, not in its bitterness, but in all the delight of a fine fresh autumnal morning, came forcibly on our spirits, as we jumped into a Perth britska, in which we were about to journey to the scene of our expected amusement. In order to arrive at this noble Highland sporting quarter, there are doubtless many routes, such as they are; we shall, however, name only two, taking our points from Glasgow, if approached by the west, and Perth, if travelling from the east. Railways and steamboats, however, have brought her Majesty's Highland dominions so near at hand that a citizen of London scarcely now exists but can tell a tale of the Highland wonders he has witnessed with his own eyes the beauties of the lakes—can picture to the world Fair Ellen's Isle and Stirling Castle as readily as he heretofore dwelt on the beauties of Ramsgate.

or, Boulogne, or, if a greater rambler, the sparkling waters of the Rhine, which generally speaking, are as muddy as ditch-water. We humbly question, however, with all such knowledge of routes and scenery, whether they ever found themselves on the top of Schiehallion on a bright October morning, or on the summit of Ben Lawers in a snow storm; nevertheless, we shall leave to them the task of describing the broad ways of Scotland, and tread ourselves the heathered paths, simply adding, that during the fine months of summer and autumn there is a steamer from Glasgow to the end of Loch Lomond, and a most agreeable steam it is, weather permitting, with Ben Lomond in good humour, and a sunny smile upon his summit; from thence a most interesting highland route *vid* Inverarnan to Killin, which, though fifteen miles distant, is the post-town, baker's shop, in fact, the market-town of Meggernie Castle. Civilization in the nineteenth century requires such depots; but wait awhile, and we will tell you of the venison and the game with which the chieftains of days langsyne filled their larders, ere breeks were worn as they now are even in these wild glens, where at least costume ought to have remained sacred from the inroads of fashion, if only in memory of "Glengarry and Lochiel."

Killin, however, was our present point, and, with the aid, of post-horses, cigars, a ham, and cold pie in abundance, and merriment *ad libitum*, we managed to while away as agreeable a day's journey as ever we recollect having enjoyed.

Journeying *vid* Crieff to Amulrie, across the excellent grouse hills shot over by Mr. Fox Maule, to Kenmore, and thence by Loch Tayside to Killin, unquestionably, in our humble opinion, save the route by Lochearn, the most beautiful in all Scotland—to say nothing of our vicinity, when at the former place, to the forest of Glenartney, a name ever pleasantly brought to the memory of a sportsman by the beautiful lines of Sir Walter Scott, when he describes the "Lady of the Lake"—

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
Where danced the moon on Mona's rill;  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade,"

With such subjects of conversation, and so many of pleasure to the sight, the hours passed rapidly away; and ere we had arrived at our last halting place, previous to mounting the steep sides of Ben Lawers, on our approach to Meggernie, the towering points of Benmore, hitherto beheld in the centre of the longest distance, were fast losing themselves in the shades of coming night, and

"The Western waves of ebbing day  
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;  
Each purple peak—each flinty spire  
Was bathed in floods of living fire."

When arrived at Killin, however, we were still, as already explained, some fourteen or fifteen miles from the scene of our expected enjoyment, an intervening space which could only, within these last ten years, have

been honoured by other wheels than those of a peat-cart : yet what is there money and determination cannot accomplish ? The noble tenant of Meggernie has done this much with the aid of siller and kind persuasion. Nothing can be done without the former—in Scotland above all places. That which was heretofore comparatively a sheep-track, literally up the mountain side of Ben Lawers for seven miles, and down the other seven more, is now fit to be rolled over by a London chariot and four Killin poststers. Lucky for the occupants of the carriage, however, be they not rolled over also, inasmuch as for many miles on the descent of Glen Lyon, in the centre of which stands the chateau, the mountain rises steep and abrupt from the road on the one side ; and the declivity which presents itself on the other, to a bright and rapid trout stream, is sufficient to send an ejected man from dog-cart, curriele, or britska, rolling without a check, till his head thumps against one of the numberless rocks over which rushes the silvery stream, or, if his mouth be open at the moment of his fall, he may chance to catch a trout with the fly.

Never can we forget the last hour of our journey on this, our first delightful sporting expedition, to a Highland shooting quarter. One of our companions, a most amiable, light-hearted, and first-rate sportsman—who, alas ! has since fallen a victim, like many an other of our friends, to an Indian campaign—was convulsed with laughter the whole descent of the mountain side, at the fears expressed by another of the party as to the probability of our being food for the eagles ere morning dawned. The night had become dark as pitch : lamps we had none ; and the Highland postilion, fearless of all danger, with a loose rein and lolling seat, rattled us down the declivity of the mountain at a sharp trot. How the nags, such as they were, kept their footing, heaven only knows ; indeed, we admit the fact, that the thought passed occasionally through our mind as we neared the side of the precipice, as it appeared in the dark, that if we escaped an upset over or a broken limb,



“ The heath this night must be our bed—  
The welkin curtain for my head.”

At length, however, we reached the bottom of this interminable hill and, rattling over an old stone bridge—barely of sufficient width to admit the passage of the carriage, underneath which the river Lyon rushed foaming and roaring over a bed of rocks—we made a sharp left angular twist, whirled up a bit of a brace, and came to a dead halt before a gate, as it then appeared to us, in the very centre of a thick covert. Post-boy descended, and opened wide the portal, as we concluded and prayed, of Meggernie Castle. Devil a bit of such luck—we had still an avenue to pass ; and such an avenue ! (but of this more anon), the river still rattling by our side. O, ye salmon and trout ! what a cool and pleasing retreat ! The darkness became more profound ; and the stillness of the night, broken only by our carriage-wheels, more solemn, as on we poked our way, till at last we approached what, in the density, appeared a noble pile of massive stone ; not a sound was heard without, nor a light was seen within. What a welcome and pleasing termination, thought we, to the sunshine of the morning ! Ghosts and goblins of



departed chiefs might be housed there, with little to eat and nought to drink for all we knew ; for all was silent as the grave. True, we had despatched a letter to say we were coming ; and the noble tenant's permission to enter his abode had also duly preceded us. But the fact of posting a dispatch in the fair city of Perth, and its chance of reaching this sequestered glen in safety had never occurred to our minds.

Our thoughts at that moment, however, as we stood without the walls of this ancient abode of chieftainism, naturally recurred at once to the military secretary of the General Post Office, and we well knew that his foot-soldiers, or "runners" as they are termed in the Highlands—because, if possible, they move slower there and were worse paid for their labour than elsewhere for the delivering the correspondence of gentlemen sportsmen. With such thoughts we felt assured our missile had missed its mark. To stand before the door of an old Scotch castle till midnight however, or remain under its shadows till morning, was not for a moment our intention. So bang one ! went against the door—for knocker there was none. Bang two ! all still was silent, save the echo of the bang. Bang three ! a double shot : when—joy and relief—a light appeared through the key-hole. Bang four ! open sesame ! and, with candle in hand, appeared a short, well-built individual, with a comely countenance ; in fact, a good specimen of a Highland game-keeper, and, as we afterwards found him, a good sportsman and right honest fellow.

"My name is 'Norval on the Grampian Hills,' according to school-boy recital, or any other name agreeable to you in this said glen : only give us an entrance. You received our letter, &c." All answered in the affirmative ; and, with a hearty welcome, in we bundled, bag and baggage. Five minutes scarcely elapsed ere we were made comfortable : a blazing peat and wood fire burnt on the hearth, a bottle was soon produced ; but we forget—not a bottle, but sixteen blown into one, containing the everlasting whiskey, we were about to say ; but, no, this was veritable "mountain-dew." We pledged the ghosts of departed chiefs for safety : we pledged the noble tenant of the chateau. This was our welcome cup : could we refuse one, or even two, so bountifully offered ? A hot supper of stewed mountain hare, added to the cold viands we had brought from the Lowlands, a cigar, and then to bed. And thus, kind or unkind reader, we leave you for an hour or two, to dream, as we did, of deer and grouse, black-cocks and white hares, Highlanders and heathered hills ; and if some fair blue eyes, far away in the south country, were veiled in sorrow for our absence, we must confess that ours were soon closed in as sound a sleep as a sportsman well could wish, who desires strength and energy for the expected sport of the coming morn.

"Awake and be stirring, the daylight's appearing ;  
The wind's in the south, and the mountains are clearing ;  
A thousand wild deer in the forest are feeding ;  
And many a hart before night shall lie bleeding."

LIDDELL.

It may be readily conceived that the fatigue and excitement we had undergone during our delightful journey of the previous day, had left us

with little inclination to explore the interior of the Castle on the first night of our arrival ; the fire burnt cheerfully within, and all without was leaden darkness. Having enjoyed, therefore, a rough but substantial and merry supper, and blown a good cloud of tobacco to keep out the witches, we piloted, with the aid of the trusty gamekeeper, our companions to their nightly domiciles, and then tumbled into a comfortable bed in one of the turrets of the building, and were soon lost in sleep to all around us.

The bright sun of a glorious autumnal morning had, however, scarce risen o'er the eastern horizon, ere, refreshed by the calm rest of night, we awoke, invigorated and nerved, in anxious expectation of the coming sports of the day. And, we may truly say, in the beautiful words of Scott, that there—

“ At morn the blackcock trims his jetty wing ;  
 'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blythest lay ;  
 All nature's children feel the matin spring  
 Of life reviving with reviving day.”

Our ideas of a Highland shooting box, we are free to confess, had hitherto been limited to the imagination of a species of mud hut placed on a wild and extensive grouse moor. And true, there are still many such ; and these so situated as to afford the most ample sport for the gun as well as for the fishing-rod ; for wherever grouse hills are found, you may almost rely on the certainty of finding a tolerable trout stream, if not a salmon river also, running through the valleys. But our present locale was truly no mud hut, but a most comfortable, spacious, and convenient abode ; and if splendour or luxury did not rein there, where they would have been most misplaced, yet every reasonable comfort to the sportsman was found, and that in abundance, and we must own to our surprise and delight at the magnificent scenery with which we were on all sides surrounded, for a brief description of which we crave the patience of our readers for a moment, and then away to the hills, to make acquaintance with the plump and chirping grouse, the silvery ptarmigan, the jetty blackcock, the snow-white hare, and the fleet and timid roe-deer ; for one and all were there.

On throwing wide our bed-room window, the scene which presented itself delighted not less than it astonished us ; as, of course, on the previous night we had seen nothing. About a gun-shot from the Castle arose an almost perpendicular mountain of some height, the lower portion of which was clothed in rich heather with growing shrubs at its base ; the summit being rocky and almost bare. Between this and the house was a green and level park, containing several splendid trees, and to the right of these were seen the stables and the kennels, through the latter of which ran a clear and silvery mountain stream.

This scene was in the rear of the Castle ; and if such had caused us pleasure, how much more gratified were we when we stood in the front, where, the substantial breakfast over, we soon found ourselves, but not alone, for the keepers—gillies—together with a rough mountain pony, and many dogs, all awaited orders. Before us was a range of beautiful grouse hills, extending one above another as far as the eye could reach. The

house itself, standing on a flat in the very centre of this rich, wild, and romantic valley, so still and yet so glorious in sunshine and beauty, that the very existence of a busy world beyond the mountains could almost be forgotten. Not two hundred yards from the castle ran the rapid river Lyon, not broad, but clear and beautiful, and this well filled both with salmon and trout; indeed, so filled at a good season, that in the year 1839, a net being drawn across one of the deep pools, brought to land no less than sixty-five salmon. We relate this fact without the slightest hesitation as to its truthfulness: indeed, we could bring some score of old dames now living in the Glen, to vouch for what we write, inasmuch as the kindness of the tenant of this princely sporting domain induced him to divide almost all the fish among them; and we well recollect that one, more aged than the rest, having witnessed the good fortune of her neighbours, but by some mistake had been overlooked, called at the Castle in high dudgeon at the unintentional indignity which she conceived had been intended, when she was made happy by the possession of two of the canny fish, her neighbours having only been awarded one.

Along the margin of this river, but on the opposite side, was a thick birch wood or covert, frequently containing some scores of blackcocks, on all occasions roe-deer and hares, and in the season the woodcocks have not been found wanting. To the left was a fine, open, but narrow park of green and velvet turf, extending for a mile, adorned by one of the finest lime avenues bordering the river for the whole of its length, which if equalled in beauty, could not be surpassed in that or any other county, almost at the extremity of which stands the base of the lofty Ben Lawers, and to the right of the valley, which extends and is seen far in the distance are three small lakes, all containing multitudes of trout from half a pound to a pound weight—some larger—and of excellent flavour. You have now—far too briefly to admit of a clear description—“our field of battle.”

As we have already cursorily mentioned, in front of the house, awaiting our decision as to the arrangements for our first day's sport, stood the trusty head keeper, together with the under keeper, about as good a specimen of a Highlander as the country could produce; and in addition to these were several bare-legged, kilted “gilies,” or beaters, both old and young. In the hands of one of them were firmly held two magnificent rough deer-hounds, which noble animals were then and still are, our faithful friends, though, alas! we cannot say our companions, the one being cared for by a much esteemed friend in Ireland, whereas the other enjoys his “*otium cum dignitate*” in Gloucestershire, fed daily by fair hands, and watched over by kind hearts, by whom he is greatly valued, known to all the children in the neighbourhood from his gentleness and sagacity, and deservedly the admiration of all who see him. As, however, we shall have occasion by and by more fully to enter into the subject and character of these scarce and valuable hounds, we will now merely simply state that the following are his dimensions, taken on the 6th of May, 1846, viz:—Height at shoulder, 33 inches; girth at chest, 34 inches; length from the end of the nose to the tip of his tail, 64. This dog is of a pale yellow colour, with black muzzle; and, from the strength and wiry elasticity of his hair—which is considered a great criterion of pure breeding among

the Highlanders—to say nothing of his beautiful form and immense power he may fairly be considered one of the finest, if not the very finest, specimens of this noble race of dogs in the kingdom, which it is much to be regretted are becoming each year more rare; in the first place from the great difficulty of rearing them; but still more so from the extraordinary desire evinced, by those who follow the splendid sport of deer-stalking, to cross them with every species of mastiff, bloodhound, &c.; by which they not only fail to obtain the object they expect and desire, but thereby lose also many of the qualities which are alone found in the pure breed of deer-hounds.

Since writing this, however, we are rejoiced to hear that Mr. E. Ellis, who possesses an admirable shooting quarter in Scotland, with others, are endeavouring to revive the breed; and as we are in possession of very accurate information as regards these dogs, and have been particularly delighted with many of their feats, we shall, when giving some details, which we propose doing, of Invermoriston, then enter more fully into the subject.

Two smooth-haired and fine bred greyhounds were also straining in their slips, ready for the chase. And wherefore these graceful animals on grouse-hills? we hear many of our readers exclaim. Be not too hasty, and you shall know. In the first place the boundary of the Manor of Meggernie is so extensive, and yet so well provided with game, that a large party may easily be separated, and appointed to different beats with equal chance of successful sport. In addition to this, one may fish for salmon in the Lyon, while another can amuse himself with a cast for trout in the lakes. And to add to all these charming inducements to a six weeks' residence in the Glen, there are two little mountains, great favourites of ours—or, more justly termed, large hills—the sides of which literally swarm with the grey mountain hare, which, at a later period of the autumn, become almost entirely white; indeed so white that it is almost impossible to discern them when the hills are covered with snow, as we have seen them in Scotland in the latter end of October.

Now, we yield to none in our delight of every sort of sport; at the same time we admit a preference, more particularly for those wherein the noble animal the horse or faithful dog takes a prominent part. Indeed so much do we delight in following the sporting instincts and sagacities of the faithful friends to man, that for hours together we have walked over the moors in company with a first-rate sportsman, allowing him without one particle of jealousy, all the honours and pleasures of the powder and shot, while we ourselves have been contented with watching the qualities and peculiarities of his dogs when seeking their game.

On this occasion the object of one of our friends who had joined in this sporting excursion was as much to enjoy the fine scenery as the killing of grouse, hare, or blackcocks. He therefore determined on accompanying us with the dogs to the top of Stroneuch, from which mountain one of the finest views, of the surrounding country, in Scotland is witnessed. Our other friend, who was all for the grouse, we despatched with the keeper to such points as he might judge desirable; and with another keeper and a regiment of "gillies," or beaters, we started for Stroneuch; in

the first place, crossing the Lyon in a frail barque, which caused us no little amusement; the large rocks here and there dispersed in this rapid river, together with the shoals and deep pools, making the navigation no easy matter. On our arrival at the level summit of the mountain, after a most delightful walk of some two or three miles through heathered valleys and over hill-tops, the grouse rising every moment on each side of us, though wild in the extreme, our sport, which I shall here describe, commenced; and most exciting, in good truth, it was, though certainly of a novel nature to coursers. The two rough deer-hounds were held by one of the gillies in slips, and the two smooth-haired greyhounds by another gillie, the remaining one being kept as a reserve, in case of accident to either of the dogs already mentioned. And, thus prepared, we quietly walked in the rear of the party to witness the sport. The summit, which is in parts as flat and even as a grassy plain, extending here and there full sixty feet in breadth, and in uninterrupted length, in others of at least two hundred. On both sides of this mountain, which were covered with heather and rocks, a party of heaters were thrown out, who, rousing the numerous hares there found, they immediately made for the level mountain top of which we were apprised by the loud shouts of those below; and, thus on the *qui vivé*, the moment puss appeared in sight, the dogs were slipped, and many, an exciting chase we had. Did they attempt to cross the level, a loud shout on the other side generally saluted them, and thus were they obliged to fly for their lives along the mountain-tops. To regular coursers this mode of destroying hares by wholesale may not appear quite *en règle*; let them bear in mind, however the nature of the ground, the excitement caused by such wild sport, the nature of some of the dogs employed for such diversions, the abundance of hares, which could only be taken on such ground by this kind of warfare, or with the gun, the splendid nature of the scenery by which we were surrounded, and the consequent delight and exhilaration and excitement of these hare chases, brief as some of them really were—for, in truth, many a gentleman, who afterwards figured right delicately and with the highest flavour in a soup tureen or a hash, was doomed to die with a rush of the dogs, an halloo, a grip, and a shout. It must also be borne in mind that these animals are totally different to those found in the low grounds, as to their colour, for during the spring and early autumn they are of a bluish grey, whereas in the fall of the year and during the winter they become totally white; indeed, we have seen them, and killed them also, when white as the driven snow; and for this change of seasonable costume they have to thank an allwise Providence, who thus protects them, during the lasting snow of winter in that wild and remote glen, from enemies as formidable as man, in the shape of eagles and various kinds of vermin, by which they would be readily discovered and destroyed.

These hardy animals appear to enjoy the same climate and exist almost in the same localities as the ptarmigan, being often found on the very summits of the mountains, hidden among the rocks, or burrowed like rabbits, among the "cairns" (so called), or piles of stones, built up by the shepherds as land-marks, or for their amusement, when tending their numerous flocks. Their means of sustenance during the winter season is

also a matter of some curiosity: during the spring and summer they are more frequently found at the sides and base of the mountains, but on the approach of winter higher and higher they ascend; therefore, without they live on air, or by suction, or on the chalky stones, on what we know not; for of roots, heather, or grass there must be little, and this little could only be obtained by ferretting beneath the frozen snows, which in most places must be several feet deep, and hard as a rock. Whatever be their means of existence, however, during the dreary season of winter, we can answer for their celerity and fleetness up the mountain's side when revived and invigorated by the genial days of spring. Many a morning's delightful sport we have to thank them for; and, as for the eating of their "cadavres," as our Gallic friends would term it, why, in good faith, we know of few better morsels than that eaten from the loins of a well-roasted mountain hare, with a trifle of currant jelly to give it a relish.

The closing evening, however, gave us warning that this our first day's attack on the hares must also close, and, with a few brief minutes' delay in admiration of the sinking autumnal sun, as its last rays disappeared behind a hundred heathered mountains, far in the distance, even to Ben Lomond, we prepared to descend towards the Castle, in order to compare notes with him who had marched to meet the numerous corps of grouse and blackcocks on our left flank; and if our anticipations of his abundant sport were not entirely realized, we had reason to expect much slaughter from the continued rattling of small arms, which from time to time had sounded up the glen. On our approach to the river Lyon, which, as we have before stated divided the Castle from the principal shooting grounds, we found ourselves considerably higher than the point where we had crossed in the morning, and consequently no boat was there. The water was, however, fordable at that spot; and, as a kilted Highlander has little difficulty in preparing himself to take soil, the brogues of two or three were off in a moment, and their backs were politely tendered for a mount across the stream. On a horse we believe we might overcome a wider and deeper obstacle than this said salmon river; but on a gillie's back we were, by no means prepared to make our *début*, with the chance of a souse in a salmon pool, amidst the shouts of laughter of half a dozen breechless boys of the glen, to whom, doubtless, such an event would have caused much amusement. We, therefore, boldly took water after our leader; but no sooner landed than bolt we went across the park, to circulate our blood—for before or since we have never experienced aught to equal the cold we suffered in our passage through this water; for, brief as was the time we remained in it, it was quite sufficient to cause agony of pain on landing. And when we witnessed our companion, who had more wisely accepted a mount, arrive safe, dry, warm, and laughing at our sufferings, we took note, never to ford a mountain stream in the Highlands, with a gillie at hand to give you a mount on his back.

Having reached the chateau, the slaughter of the morning was laid before us, when we counted nine brace and a-half of grey hares and a solitary rabbit. Not bad sport, you will admit, sporting readers, when you bear in mind that no gun was fired, two brace and a half of dogs only were slipped, that a brace of these were deer-hounds, who frequently

ran clean over their game and thus allowed it to escape, being too high and too powerful in their neck to admit of their contending with the rapid turns of the hare; although in their running points they may bear a great resemblance to the fine-bred greyhound, and from many trials we have made, we believe them to be quite as swift; indeed, in straight running many are faster. Moreover, we had not been out with the intention of seeing how much game we could destroy, but to have sport, and at the same time thoroughly to enjoy everything connected with this delightful sporting locale. Having seen to the comforts of the noble animals by whose means we had been enabled to enjoy so much fun, and had their feet, which were lacerated by the rocks and stones on the mountain tops, well bathed with salt and water, we left them to repose, and then awaited the coming of our shooting friend, whose near approach was soon made known to us by the discharge of both his barrels, which report echoed far and away from mountain-top to mountain-top, by which we were surrounded.

Never can we forget the delight expressed by this truly enthusiastic sportsman at this his first day's walk on the heathered hills; indeed, it would take far more pages than those allowed us were we to detail one-third of his enjoyment, at all he had seen, and not less so of the sport which he had experienced, which, though certainly not such as we shall hereafter have to detail of this charming shooting quarter, yet was it quite sufficient to answer all our anticipations when he produced eleven brace and a half of grouse, two brace and a half of mountain hares, a brace of ptarmigan, and—O, delicious morsel!—a golden plover, plump, and praying, doubtless, to be eaten. To which being added the forlorn little rabbit and the hares we slaughtered, provided us with a tolerable larder.

Should this simple and unostentatious account of game, should this humble, but nevertheless truthful picture of pleasures long passed, but not forgotten, meet the eye of many a sportsman, possessor of a well-preserved grouse ground, he will, doubtless, turn up the tip of his nose, or the balls of his eyes, at our sporting pretensions. We think we see him now, with a curl on the lip and a smile on his physiognomy at the sum total we have named. Let him smile on. We have, all humility in saying so, seen as many grouse fall to the deadly aim of first-rate shots as our 'neighbours,' but we cannot admit that the useless slaughter which sometimes takes place at the commencement of the grouse season can be termed sport; we have heard of a hundred, and even more, brace being killed by a single gun on the 12th of August. But, in good faith, the labour of the shooter must have been that of a coalheaver; and a third of his birds not worth the powder wasted on them. We prefer sport for sporting sake: and were we the owner of the very best grouse moor in all Scotland, we should feel quite satisfied with five and twenty brace as the ultimatum of each day's shooting, even at the commencement of the season; but in the later period of autumn, to which we allude, half that number ought to satisfy the best shot in England; and these should be killed without the necessity of making a toil of a pleasure. Eat your breakfast, then you require no luncheon on the hills;

then take the rest of the day, and come in time to dress for dinner. You may follow all the courtesies of life even in a Highland glen. We shall, however, as we continue our walk over the heathered hills, endeavour to give some careful details of many of the sporting quarters it has been our good fortune to visit; and this, we hope, in such manner as to excite those who have not already enjoyed the sports of the Highlands, to make acquaintance with the grouse; and, as far as possible, we will also enter into such little facts as will point out to them where the best quarters, and how and at what price obtained.

“ The moors ! the moors ! the joyous moors !  
 When autumn displays her golden stores—  
 When the morning’s breath  
 Blows across the heath,  
 On the mountain-side,  
 ’Tis gladness to ride  
 At the peep of dawn o’er the dewy moors.”

Thus ended our first day’s sport in the Highlands. And if those friends who were far away could have seen us that night, as we sat around the blazing fire and talked over the pleasures of the day, they would have said, as we had decided, “ Remain, and have a few more such.”

“ Easy is my bed—it is easy :  
 But it is not to sleep that I incline :  
 The wind whistles northwards, northwards,  
 And my thoughts move with it.”

The dawn of our second day’s expected enjoyment in the Highlands by no means fulfilled the hopes we had reasonably anticipated from the glorious setting sun of the preceding evening, the last golden rays of which we had watched with delight, sinking behind the distant mountain-tops

“ Till the moor grew dim and stern ;  
 And soon an utter darkness fell  
 O’er mountain, rock, and burn.”

The first thought of an ardent sportsman when he awakes refreshed by the slumbers of night—whether he has a twenty-mile ride to cover a walk to a neighbouring moor, or decides on a cast for salmon or trout in the sparkling river which glides through the glen at hand—is the weather; a fickle jade at all times and in all climates; but in none is this fickleness and eccentricity, so detrimental to sporting gentlemen and sportive, picnicking damsels, more incomprehensibly displayed than in the mountainous districts of the western highlands, and in no part of the wide world do you find so many reasons offered for this variety of atmospheric changes, which so unpleasingly and constantly occur. We shall, however, leave the solution of this question to astronomical philosophers; for whether it be that the fleeting clouds, attracted by the mountain-tops,



suck up the moisture from the Atlantic on their passage to this hilly region for the mere frolic of spouting their contents on grouse shooters in the glens below, or that the particular soil requires more moisture than elsewhere, we cannot pretend to explain, but the fact admits of no argument that there are few parts of her Majesty's dominions so favoured with the tears of heaven. And thus we can well understand the anger of a citizen tourist who once accosted a Highland lad of the west with the question—"Does it always rain in these parts?" and are not surprised at his facetious reply—"Na, sair; it sometimes snaws."

Instead, therefore, of beholding another day break with a clear, blue sky over head, and balmy breezes from the glen, the wind whistled, the rain fell heavily, the mists were dense in the valley and on the mountain-tops, and all was damp and dreary and blue-devilish. We could not, however, permit ourselves to be thus easily discouraged, so we forthwith prepared ourselves by adopting a costume for the worst, and, hoping for the best, proceeded in search of the gamekeeper, whom we found exhaling the comforting weed from two inches of clay, with a bowl at the end of it as black as time and smoke could well make it; in fact a well-seasoned bit of clay is the delight of a Highlander. And while on this subject, we recommend no sportsman visiting the moors to go unprovided with a good supply of the pig-tail; no compliment is accepted by a Highlander with so much pleasure as a small supply of the fragrant weed, and many a good day's sport may emanate from this trifling *douceur* which might otherwise not be obtained: in fact we made it an invariable rule never to go on any sporting expedition unprovided with a well-filled pouch of tobacco and a pound or two of first-rate tea. But to return to our subject: we found the keeper puffing a light cloud at the heavy ones, and admiring the weather-cock on the top of the *château*. We forthwith questioned this trusty native of the glen as to the hopes of a clearing; and having been assured by him that, although then decidedly moist, he anticipated a brow time about mid-day, we wrapped our plaid around us, and whiled away an hour in the external scrutiny of our ancient and pleasing quarter, which, nevertheless, looked grim and dreary enough as it stood in its solemn loneliness on this dark and dismal morning. Who might have been the architect of this interesting relic of lawless times we cannot pretend to say; but he had doubtless, and with reason, satisfied the original owner of days lang syne, when might was right—in fact when Highland chiefs lived and kept their own as long as they could, not by right of law or purchase or entail, but by the force of arms; in fact—

"The good old rule . . . .  
Sufficed then—the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

Sportsmen, however, like other people, must eat, for life, strength, and energy. If so be they do not exactly live to eat, nevertheless this gastronomic sport is a very pleasant pastime on most occasions, but never more so than when your inward man is reminded by the keen, though it may be somewhat moist, mountain air of the morning, of the unquestionable fact

that the cravings of hunger expect to be satisfied even at fifteen miles from a baker's shop. We therefore lost no time in seeking our companions, not in arms, but in temporary, though very improper, fury at the state of the atmosphere. To do them justice, however, they appeared determined to make the best of their bad luck, if such it may be termed; not, however, without most ample soothing remedies, as the sequel will show, as we found them seated around a board well covered with abundant creature-comforts.

Previous to uttering a word, save those compelled by courtesy, we lifted the cover of a dish near at hand, and beheld—oh pleasing sight—some juvenile grouse *fendu au centre*, and broiled. We performed the same office by cover number two, when some delicate trout, fresh from the Lyon, which had only ceased to swim alive when they swam dead in the Lucca oil in which they were fried, gladdened our hungry eyes. “Nice plump grouse; why do you allow yourselves to be shot, thus to be broiled and eaten? Dear little fish, why will ye be hooked thus to fry in oil? ’tis very kind of you, and much we thank you.” And with this passing thought, having seated ourselves, we prepared for action with a full determination to attack centre and flank, front and rear of all the good things before us.

“Disagreeable morning,” said one, “is it not?” “Admitted,” we replied; “but we cannot say the same as regards the breakfast. Nevertheless we would thank you for a trout or two to begin with. And as for the weather, why F—r says it will clear; and of course he must know, or who should? since he was born in the glen, and has lived there all his life, save on one occasion, when he passed a few days among the Lancashire Witches, whose charms, together with those of many a jorum of strong ale, did not prove sufficient compensation for the loss of his beloved porridge, mountain dew, and Highland home; so he soon turned up his nose at the one and his back on both.”

Like the heavy mists of the morning, which were fast disappearing from the valleys, did the physiognomies of our comrades break into sunshine at this information; as, of course, they had all the most perfect faith in the opinion of this trusty individual, which tallied so entirely with the hopes and earnest wishes of their outward feelings—viz., for sport on the heathered hills—as did the trout and grilled grouse with their internal ones. And we take advantage of these pages strongly to recommend this same *diable de grouse et truite à l’huile* for the matutinal discussion of those novice shooters who may desire to solace themselves for an hour or so when the morning is moist and cloudy, and who may hitherto not have enjoyed the opportunity of such gastronomical indulgence in its native excellence; they may also be pleased to note in their diaries the following fact, that if the weather be not exactly agreeable for shooting, it will, nevertheless, suit admirably for breakfast-eating. With regard to the good humour and temper of our companions on that occasion, we hold them forth as an example to the sporting world for their full concurrence and ready belief in the fact of the coming sunshine; for, of all the bores, there is none so great as he, who—be the morning selected for grouse shooting, deer stalking, hunting, fishing, or breakfasting at Fulham, where you expect to meet your lady-love all smiles and tenderness—witnessing the torrents

fall, declares it must rain throughout the day. Alas ! what is life without hope ? We love a hopeful, sanguine mind ; and should our bright wishes never come to pass, still are they not less pleasing in anticipation. If the morning, therefore, on such occasions break blustering and wet, only declare that it must clear ere long and be assured, even do you hope on all day, the time will pass more quickly whilst indulging in such pleasing thoughts than if spent in the grumbings of disappointment ; and when the day is over and your sorrows past, you will still hope on for better luck next time. Our sanguine expectations on this occasion, however, were not doomed to the ordeal of even two hours' impatience ; for scarcely was the breakfast over ere the bright sun glittered on the waters of the Lyon, and all was preparation for the coming pleasures.

We have already named our predilection more particularly for those sports wherein the sagacious and friendly dog takes a prominent part, and during the previous day's walk over the rugged mountain-top and heathered vales, we had listened with no little interest and attention to many a tale of deer-chases and fox-hunts in these wild glens of Meggernie ; we will not however, presume, in these simple details of facts, to enter more fully into the subject of either, save as regards those in which we have personally taken part, inasmuch as we feel it would be presumptuous to attempt any description of that which has been so ably, beautifully, and truthfully delineated by a far more able pen. We will simply state, however, with respect to fox-hunts that we allude to the rude, but not less exciting, mode of destroying these animals among the rocky mountain-sides of Scotland, where their death, under any circumstances, of course ceases to be a sacrilege ; for there they may fairly be classed among vermin, and treated as such. To those who desire more sample details on this subject, we beg to recommend the perusal of that delightful book for all sportsmen, written by Mr. Scrope. A brief account of another species of chase, viz., that of the roe-deer—probably the swiftest animal in existence, save the hare—may, however, not be uninteresting. These graceful animals abound in many parts of Scotland, particularly in the county of Perth ; indeed when hunting with the Perthshire foxhounds in the immediate neighbourhood of Perth, it has been our good fortune to see hundreds cross and recross the large covers of Seone and Lynedoch, and, in days of-yore, of Dupplin, as the hounds were drawing for their game ; and what is yet more astonishing, without the slightest unsteadiness being remarkable among the gallant pack, though the scent of the roe is strong.

Before resuming our humble sketch of the pleasures to be found at Meggernie, however, we will crave leave to relate one simple tale with reference to these graceful, timid animals, and then once more to the hills. Soon after daybreak one bright morning, at the latter end of the month of August, the keeper was quietly wending his way across the long grass-enclosure immediately adjacent to the castle, to inspect the kennel, visit his pets, and see they were all in health and energy previous to taking orders for the sports of the day, when he beheld two roe-deer peacefully feeding near a small cover at the extreme end of the park. This sight was a pleasing one for many reasons, as we shall hereafter show ; and in order to secure the anticipations of sport to be derived therefrom with the fore-

sight of a good and trusty sportsman as he is, whose duty, not less than his pleasure, was to find as well as to see sport, he quietly altered his course athwart the park, and being sheltered from view by the trees along the margin of the river, reached the castle unobserved. He then crossed over to the kennel, and sending scouts by another route to prevent the roe-deer from being disturbed, proceeded to perform the duties of the kennel till a reasonable hour of the morning had advanced, when he forthwith gave the pleasing information to his noble master, who, ever ready to afford an hour's pleasure not only to his visitors and family, but also to his household as himself, called together his forces, and placing two fleet greyhounds in the slips, proceeded to seek the game already marked for this novel chase. True to the report, there they were, beautiful and graceful creatures, plucking the dewy grass; doubtless, little dreaming of their coming foes. They came, however, quietly and stealthily till the halloo sounded their death warrant in repeated echoes far and wide over the mountains till lost in the distance.

Permit us however to give a brief account, of the ground simply that we had been repeatedly assured that it was utterly impossible that any two greyhounds could kill a roe-deer however favourable the scene of action for the dogs. On the south, then, there ran the river Lyon, which in many parts being fordable, they had evidently crossed from the thick wood by which its banks are skirted, and which is their principal cover on the opposite side, and where their number is yearly on the increase, as few are ever permitted to be destroyed. To the north of the park the mountains rise steep and abruptly, precluding all possibility of rapid ascent; the level between the river and these mountains being probably about the third of a mile in breadth. At the eastern end of the park is a small fir wood, and thence a range of grouse hills to the left, the river still running on the right; and to the west the castle, its gardens, &c.; the whole length being more than a mile. At the eastern end of this ground the roe-deer were still calmly feeding; and all was yet so quiet that the slipper was enabled to approach them with the dogs to within about forty yards, when, straining from the slips with eagerness, the game was roused, and away they went, the dogs swiftly stretching for their prey. It was at first quite evident that in straight running the dogs had no chance as to pace; but one of the animals, singling himself from the other, recrossed the river, and they immediately settled to their remaining game. As long as the run was straight the roe maintained the lead: but the moment the animal's strength beginning to fail admitted of the hounds' nearer approach, the question of life and death was decided, for the first attempt at turning brought them close to its haunches, and after a few succeeding ones they came nearer and nearer, till they literally bounded at the throat of the roe—an unusual feat for smooth hounds—and the whoop was shouted in the presence of those who witnessed this interesting chase. We may probably have ill succeeded in the attempt to describe it here, as related to us near the very spot where it had actually taken place; and, doubtless to many, how tame will appear a roe-deer chase! To us the manner in which it was related by one whose life had been passed in these wild and interesting glens, was far otherwise; but then we, like a rabbit chase better

than nothing, and are content to catch gudgeons with a casting net, if salmon be not within reach. There are, however, other modes of roe-hunting practised in Scotland, which are also exciting, but not so pleasing to us we must admit; and we know one keen sportsman who keeps a species of mastiff or bloodhound, with which he hunts these gentle animals through the covers for the shooters, who stand at the end of the numerous rides cut through the vast fir and birch coverts which here and there are found in the Highlands. On our own part we were satisfied there must be considerable excitement in a roe chase with greyhounds, and our second day's sport was consequently thus arranged. One of our friends, whose health and physical powers did not admit of much active exertion—though a great lover of beautiful scenery, a sportsman in heart in every sense of the word, and a most delightful addition to the party—determined, though late in the season for salmon, to try his hand for a trout or two in the Lyon. Another voted once more for the grouse hills; and we determined to try if it were not possible, by beating in the outlying coverts, to force the roe to the open, and have a practical view of that sport which hitherto we had only enjoyed in theory.

Our plans being thus decided, with five dogs, consisting of two rough deer-hounds and three fleet and well-bred greyhounds, a numerous company of beaters, old and young, the keeper and another companion, we once more crossed the silvery waters of the Lyon, landing at the eastern extremity of the thick birch wood, to which we have already alluded as skirting the banks of the river almost immediately in front of the castle. Having arrived at this spot, we mustered our forces, and then called a council of war as to the most effectual means of forcing the roe-deer from their shady retreat to the open heathered hills, by which the western extremity and southern side of the cover was bounded. In order to obtain this much-desired result, we extended our forces; and thus having, as it were, embraced the eastern end of the wood, the word was passed to move steadily forward. We may here observe, however, that although our greatest anxiety was that of obtaining a roe-deer chase, we were, nevertheless, not unprepared with powder and shot for any sport which might offer itself for our gratification. Thus, as a blackcock rose on the wing, a woodcock flushed from the thick underwood, a timid hare or rabbit rushed across the line of beaters, the deadly echo rattled through the covert from right, left, and centre of the line of march. At the suggestion of our Highland leader, however, the word was soon given to cease this file-firing, as he justly conceived we had far more chance of forcing the roe to break at the extremity of the covert, or at least of witnessing their so doing, by steadily and quietly beating our way onwards, and driving them in front; thus the feathered tribe were left in peace, and forward! was the word. As we slowly made our way through the thick covert, many a fleet roe-deer bounded across and before us, as if making direct for the open; the hounds, with noses to the ground, straining in the slips, as the animal's track here and there pointed out the path they had taken. On our arrival at the extremity of the wood, the beautiful heathered hills opened to our view far and wide in the distance, and by

the acute scent of the rough hounds we had satisfactory evidence that several roe had escaped us.

To retrace our steps for a chance of those we had left in covert, was not deemed advisable, the sun having already passed the meridian, and time was precious in the shortening days of autumn; so we decided to walk on to another but smaller fir wood, about two miles distant, to which the keeper reasonably imagined they had flown. Having reached this point, a division of our forces was again suggested, the covert being somewhat in the shape of a triangle; thus our companion was stationed at one extent of the base, with a brace of greyhounds: a gillie held the single dog in the centre: and, with the rough hounds, we were posted at the other extremity. Being in this manner fully prepared, the beaters, headed by the keeper, walked steadily through the covert, evidently driving several roe before them towards the points where we quietly lay hidden, and prepared to slip the dogs the moment they appeared. Unfortunately, at the very instant we were about to receive the reward of our patience, and as, excited beyond all belief, we lay half smothered in a ditch, coaxing the noble dogs, who had already nearly dislocated every joint in our arms to have equal forbearance; indeed, as we were in momentary anticipation of seeing a roe bound from the covert side to the open heather on which we looked; in fact, as we had already pictured to ourselves, in the ditch, the delightful scene of a chase out of the ditch, on these splendid heathered hills beyond, and as this very picture was about to be painted to the life, up rose (pardon me) a d—d unluckily woodcock from the very feet of the under-keeper, who was armed, and a good shot. Taken by surprise, and unable to resist so great a temptation, he levelled and fired. The bird fell dead, and well he deserved his fate. Under any other circumstances, a woodcock thus early in the season would have been a prize; although we have killed and eaten so many of them in the Ionian isles, that we readily confess the bad taste of willingly resigning the gastronomic indulgences they offer to any one, for a partridge. But the effect of this deadly report at such a moment was enough to anger—and with all due deference we say it—the Archbishop of Canterbury or York, the primate of Ireland, or any prelate of the realm. It instantaneously scared the timid roe, two of which had actually approached within twenty yards from the spot where we lay concealed from their view, and this evidently with the intention of breaking covert right in our front; whereas three more had positively jumped the ditch, by which the covert was fenced, in full view of our companion, who was on the very point of slipping his dogs, when bang went this—what shall we call it?—why, “delightful report.” Instantly they all turned, and flying like lightning athwart the fir trees, broke through the beaters in positive fear, faced the open on the other side of the plantation; and where they went, at the moment we knew not. All we wished was that the luckless inhabitant of Glen Lyon had shot himself instead of the woodcock; at least such at the moment we thought was our wish. Yet we might have been satisfied, when we cooled on the subject, had he been attached to the tail of the Nassau balloon in its ascent from the gardens of Cremorne.

This being a comparatively small and open covert, our chance of

success at that point was at an end, and we began to despair of the hopes we had entertained of witnessing that for which, on reasonable grounds, we had undertaken our morning's rambles; indeed, our disappointment was so evident, that the noble animals we still held in the slips appeared to participate in the annoyance, as, with heads to the ground, they seemed to catch the scent of the roe which had so closely approached us; and then, looking up in our faces, as if in sorrow, they seemed to ask for liberty to seek the prey, of which by this unlucky *contre-temps* they had been deprived. At this moment we were joined by the trusty keeper, whose opinion was decidedly in favour of these sagacious animals.

"We have little chance remaining here, sir," said he; "if you let loose a brace of the deer dogs, they may show us the line the roe-deer have taken. I feel satisfied several have left the covert, and in such case we may still have the good fortune to find them feeding in the open."

We could scarcely believe in such luck, after our recent disappointment; nevertheless, we strictly followed his advice. The dogs were set at liberty, and immediately taking up the scent, away they went, without a moment's hesitation, right across the wood, till they came to a rough fence by which it was bounded. Here we luckily managed to stop them, and after some little search most clearly traced by their tracks, that the opinion of the keeper was well grounded, and they had faced the open.

"It is all right, sir," said he; "no doubt but they have left the wood, and may be we shall find them ere long quietly feeding on the heathery side of yon brae. If not, there are some hares on the mountain sides, and we may chance to meet with ptarmigan on the summits."

How gratifying was this information! So much so, that, weary with the morning's walk, we determined to halt for a few minutes, and prepare ourselves with fresh energy for coming events. Pipes and cigars were produced and lighted, a dram was filled from the flask of mountain dew for those who willed it, a crust produced for the hungry: and while these luxuries are being enjoyed, pardon us that we give a brief description of the wild and beautiful position of our halting-place, and then to more exciting details.

Behind us was the fir covert through which our beaters had recently passed to our right through the glen, distant about two gunshot, the sparkling waters of the Lyon, with its tributary trout streams, serpent-like glided in undisturbed tranquillity to join the waters of a neighbouring lake. Beneath us ran a rough and narrow mountain road, unceasing in its windings and irregularity of surface, being literally one continuation of ups and downs; and beyond this road were seen open and extensive grouse-hills, covering many thousands of acres, extending hill above hill to the rocky summit of Gallion, a favourite abode alike for the ptarmigan, the mountain hare, and the eagle. Little time, however, was lost in the contemplation of such scenery, or in gastronomic indulgences; a draught from the cool and clear mountain rivulet at hand, which abound in these localities, and once more then refreshed and invigorated, we prepared with renewed energy for all the chances of sport which might occur.

The keeper was still firm in the opinion that the roe on leaving the covert had descended the valley, crossed the mountain road to which we

have already alluded, and would probably be found in the heathered hills beyond it.

With this delightful anticipation, we again mustered all hands, in order of battue, and "Forward!" was the word. Arrived at the road, an exclamation of delight from one of the gillies caused us to halt, and on proceeding to ascertain the cause, he joyfully pointed out that which the recent rains enabled us distinctly to decide were the fresh tracks of several roe. Thus so far all, tended to corroborate the keeper's opinion that sport was near at hand, and on we walked with redoubled ardour.

Having proceeded quietly half a mile up the gentle declivity before us, without firing a shot, though numerous grouse had risen almost under our noses, the order was given to the beaters to bring their right shoulders forward; thus we faced the west, from whence the wind was blowing up the glen. At this moment we were walking in the centre of the party, still holding the deer-hounds in the slips, whose eagerness had caused us already more than one upset in the heather, and had scarcely advanced twenty yards on our new line, when, to our right, at about fifty paces, up started three of the long-sought roe. For a moment they stood, and then, like a flash of lightning, were off over the rough ground as if it had been a bowling-green.

At first they appeared as if making for the mountains; but the hope of such good luck was only momentary, for having cleared the extreme beater on our right, they flew along the hill-side for two or three hundred yards, and then, turning sharp, on finding themselves pursued, down the hill they went with increasing speed.

Now, we have seen a fox break from a gorse covert in the centre of one of the best hunting countries in England; and riding, as we do, about ten stone, have found ourselves seated on a nag able to carry twelve, in splendid order, and fit to go. We have seen a salmon of some twenty pounds' weight, after a lengthened trial of skill and cunning between man and fish, safely landed by a first-rate disciple of Isaak Walton; indeed, it has been our good fortune, under a variety of circumstances, to witness the decisive and exciting moment of most European sports. Yet we never recollect having felt more gratification than we did on this occasion, simple as was the cause. On turning to descend the declivity, as we have already stated, the roe-deer increased their speed, and most unfortunately, owing to the hurry and excitement of the moment, though famously placed for a slipper, we managed to entangle them—thus a momentary delay was caused. Being freed, however, off flew the dogs, taking an oblique course up the hill-side in full view of their game. This, however pleasing to the lookers-on, who kept them in full view, was all against the hounds, for on the rapid turn of the roe, the force with which they ran caused them to overshoot the mark and loose some ground. Recovering themselves, however, with every nerve extended, they bounded down the mountain-side, in full view of their game; thus affording us a clear sight of the whole chase, which proved most interesting and exciting. The strongest and fastest of the hounds was evidently gaining on the roe at every stride—indeed, at one moment he could not have been twenty paces from them, when our unlucky star once



more rose on the ascendant. The splendid dog, every limb stretched to the utmost in eager pursuit, flew rather than raced over the rough ground, unconscious of all danger, but which to him nevertheless contained many hidden ones ; and this with such force that momentarily to stop or even change his line was impossible : whereas the roe-deer bounded over it with perfect knowledge of the *locale*. Unfortunately, a deep pit, or mountain-rivulet course, hidden by the long heather and rocks, crossed his path. Had this treacherous fence been only treble the breadth of the dog's stride, the pace at which he went would doubtless have carried him clean over in safety ; as it was, for an instant he appeared to stagger and fall, then bound in the air, and fall again, and for a single moment lay as if dead. Our first impression was that he had broken his neck, and the pang of regret which shot through our heart must have been scarcely less painful than the bruises he had received in his fall ; notwithstanding the severity of which, he was up and off again like lightning. By this time, however, the roe had recrossed the road, and were streaming with undiminished speed up the opposite hill towards the last covert we had beaten, still closely followed by the less fleet dog of the two. The moment the accident occurred, we felt our chance of a kill was at an end, and such proved to be the case ; the noble animal, on recovering himself, strained every limb, and showed unequalled courage and pluck in the valiant efforts he made to regain his lost ground ; but, alas ! the law given to his enemies was far too great ; and notwithstanding he actually closed on them by every stride he took, they reached and entered the covert, and were lost to our sight.

Gratified as we had been at witnessing this interesting chase, which we had so eagerly sought, we own we should have been better pleased had we been enabled to add the death of a roe deer to the day's amount of game killed ; and though the word "magnificent" can scarcely be used when referring to these gentle animals, we would gladly have repeated the following beautiful lines :

"Thy heart's blood is streaming—thy vigour gone by ;  
Thy fleet foot is palsied, and glazed is thine eye ;  
The last hard convulsion of death has come o'er thee ;  
Magnificent creature ! who would not deplore thee ?"

But such was not to be ; and the keeper at once suggested that we should proceed towards the summit of ———, in hopes of bagging a few more of ptarmigan, and killing a mountain hare or two on our ascent.

"I will send," said he, "two of the gillies to recover the dogs ; and as we have still three hours of daylight, we may as well proceed to the top of the mountain. We will not, however, weary our readers with any detail of the exciting courses with which our walk was diversified : suffice it, we met with many a puss, two brace of which succumbed to the fleetness of our greyhounds ; and then came the ptarmigan, the shooting of which birds is by no means the most uninteresting sport to be met with in the Highlands ; they are found, generally speak-

ing, on the rocky summits of the mountains, or among the rocks and stones of the mountain sides, generally in flocks or coveys, but sometimes in twos or threes, or even single birds : they rise much like a pigeon, and often fly round the mountain, pitching again and again near the same spot, as if loath to leave it ; at other times a single shot, particularly in foul weather, will send them flying for miles, whereas at periods they will await till you are fairly among them ; in fact, no game, if such they may be termed, and certainly they have a mighty pleasant *gout à la bouche*—afford a greater diversity of sport as to how and when they will be killed, as to where it is always near the clouds. On this occasion we were fortunate enough to meet with them in great abundance, and had not time passed rapidly, and our fatigue been great, we might have loaded more than one gillie. As it was, three brace and a half were bagged, and one bird, falling among the rocks, was lost. By this time we had reached the summit of Lock's Mountains, when being totally precluded by fatigue from further progress, we seated ourselves on the mountain brow, determined to enjoy the magnificent and panoramic view extended far beyond and around us.

The hour and the scene were what the poet pronounced fit to cure all sadness but despair. The glorious sinking sun was about to terminate an afternoon of unusual brilliancy ; in fact, the evening was one of those magnificent closes to the year which seems intended to comprehend all the beauties of the past. The western sky was one blaze of varied gilded colours, the reflection of which actually painted the numerous mountain peaks, seen from this spot, with numberless hues ; and when we looked on this truly wild and magnificent landscape, and turned towards the dark and sheltered woods below us, the meandering river, and the solemn-looking castle, standing, as it did, in the centre of their wildness, whose turret windows glittered in the last rays of the setting sun, our thoughts wandered, but not in sadness, to the calmer, but not less beautiful, landscapes of our dear England. We thought of the scenes of bloodshed and lawless enterprise, which might and had occurred in the now peaceful valley which lay at our feet—of the wild sports of the chieftains of the soil which we had that day trodden, and of all the enervating, happy, merry, joyous sports, now so abundantly and uninterruptedly to be enjoyed there. No longer shots are fired in anger—no longer is the Highland dirk steeped in a neighbour's blood ; but all, united in the bond of brotherhood, worship the same God, and honour the same sovereign. We acknowledge ourself to be an enthusiastic lover of nature's beauties ; indeed, at the moment of mental, as well as bodily pain, how often have we felt the soothing tendencies they inspire ! and the effect of the bold and beautiful scene we looked on, was fast leading on to the building of a thousand castles in the air, had not the voice of the keeper reminded us that there was one in the valley, towards which, if we did not soon bend our steps, we might, perchance, have to bivouac in the heather. The hint was sufficient, and after an hour's most exhausting walk, we once more reached its welcome portals.

Our two friends, from whom we had parted in the morning were on the look-out, anxious to recount their own performances, and not

less so to receive the details of our day's amusement, which caused them both to regret their absence, though neither had ill spent the afternoon—the one having killed six brace of grouse, three mountain hares, and a blackcock, whereas the other had provided us an abundant dish of fish, and well enjoyed his ramble along the river's banks. Having refreshed ourselves by a change of clothes, and plenty of warm water for the feet, which we recommend as the most reviving of all refreshers, after a long day's walk, we set down to an amply provided board; and many a glass of whisky-punch, and many a merry laugh went round, to say nothing of one excellent bottle of mulled port, and half a box of undeniable Havannahs. But our noble friends, the dogs—believe us, they were not forgotten. Scarcely had we prepared for dinner, when with gladness we saw them coming slowly across the park, held by the gillies. We instantly proceeded to welcome them, when, much to our regret, we discovered the gallant animal who had fallen must have pitched against the steep side of some rock, for the upper part of the shoulder of the near fore leg was laid bare to the bone, and a cruel gash appeared across the ribs. Fortunately, however, no bone was broken; nevertheless, he must have been severely shaken, and yet, with the true and unfailing courage of his race, he showed such pluck that he had not only chased the roe through the covert, but was discovered by the beater sent in search at the extremity of that we had first entered, still hunting the track of his game, which had only beaten him by the aid of its dark recesses.

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## AQUATICS.

## THE REGATTA.

Yesterday the first Regatta for the season came off in the harbour of Bombay. The assemblage of people of all ranks was very great. H. M. S. *Fox* was thronged. The steamer *Seaforth*, being the starting vessel—was crowded—as well as many other vessels near the course.

At ten minutes before 3 o'clock the preparation gun was fired.

At 3 o'clock precisely the 5 first boats started, viz. : the *Madge Wild-fire* ; *The Donkey* ; *L'Hirondelle* ; *Etty* and *Nautilus*. Five minutes afterwards the *Ione* and *Severn*, and three minutes after them the *Alert*. The fourth class, viz. : the *Mischief* and the *Fanny*, started at ten minutes past 3, and four minutes afterwards the *Daring*, the *Sophy*, and the *Ennore*.

It was a beautiful sight to see those thirteen fine boats under full sail, and each eager to excel the competitors. In the first round *L'Hirondelle* (in English the *Swallow*) took the lead, and was closely followed by the *Daring*, *Mischief* and *Sophy*.

They rounded the *Rendezvous* boat in the following order :—

<i>L'Hirondelle</i> .. ..	29	minutes	past	4.
<i>Daring</i> .. ..	30½	do.		do.
<i>Mischief</i> .. ..	32½	do.		do.
<i>Sophy</i> .. ..	33	do.		do.
<i>Alert</i> .. ..	37½	do.		do.
<i>Ennore</i> .. ..	40½	do.		do.
<i>Severn</i> .. ..	41	do.		do.
<i>Fanny</i> .. ..	48	do.		do.
<i>Ione</i> .. ..	50	do.		do.
<i>Donkey</i> .. ..	51½	do.		do.

In the first round the *Etty* unfortunately upset, and her mast was carried away near the Light vessel. The *Nautilus* was also unfortunate, and upset near the *Hastings*, and assistance being close at hand no lives were lost.

In the second round the *Daring* took the lead from near the Inner Light vessel, and kept it until the close. They came in in the following order :—

The <i>Daring</i> .. ..	at	17	minutes	to	6.
<i>L'Hirondelle</i> .. ..		11	do.		do.
<i>Sophy</i> , and .. ..	}	12	do.		do.
<i>Mischief</i> .. ..					

The *Sophy* was declared "the 3rd"—but it was a close thing, and ought to have been a dead heat.

The Rowing Match came off at four minutes before 5 o'clock, and was soon won by the *Blue Devil*, 4 oars, against the *Tallyho* and *Diana*, of 6 oars each, beating the former by 30 seconds. The course was performed in 23 minutes. The spirit of the *Diana's* crew does credit to the fleet, and every one hopes to see more such pullers next Regatta. *Blue Devil* is a very pretty boat, and was pulled in first rate style.

*Bombay Gentleman's Gazette*, Dec. 4.

## CRICKET MATCHES.

## BOMBAY.

A MATCH BETWEEN BOMBAY CRICKET CLUB, AND H. M.'s 22<sup>d</sup> REGIMENT.H. M.'s 22<sup>d</sup> REGIMENT.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Kinder, b. Scott	.... 0	Run out	.... 0
Avison, b. ditto leg before wicket.	.... 8	b. Wood	.... 5
Burnston, b. Wood c. Walker	.... 6	b. Scott, c. Pilch	.... 12
Lieut. Carrow, b. ditto	.... 14	run out	.... 15
Jones, c. ditto b. Scott	.... 0	b. Wood	.... 1
Lilly White, b. Walker	.... 5	b. ditto	.... 4
Newman, b. Wood	.... 0	b. Scott c. Tristram	.... 3
Adcock, b. Walker c. Scott	.... 1	b. ditto	.... 10
Bird, b. ditto	.... 9	not out	.... 3
Harwood stumped, b. Wood	.... 16	b. Scott, c. Tristram	.... 11
Smith, not out	.... 13	b. Wood	.... 2
Byes,	.... 9	Byes,	.... 19
Wide Balls	.... 15	Wide Balls	.... 6
Total, 1st Innings....	96	Total..	.... 91
Ditto, 2d ditto..	91		
Grand Total ..	187		

## BOMBAY CRICKET CLUB.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Lieut. Green, c. Smith b. Burnston.	17	not out	.... 65
Lieut. Strettell, b. Carrow	.... 14	b. Carrow	.... 1
Lieut. Bolton, b. Burnston	.... 1	b. Burnston	.... 2
Lieut. Scott, b. ditto	.... 9	b. Carrow	.... 9
Mr Tristram, leg before wicket, b. ditto	.... 9	run out	.... 4
Mr Walker, b. Carrow	.... 0	Leg before wicket	.... 7
Captain Rowley, b. ditto	.... 15	b. Burnston	.... 72
Mr Pilch, c. Adcock b. ditto	.... 1	Leg before wicket, b. Carrow	.... 0
Mr J. W. Wood, c. Harwood b. ditto	20	Stumped, b. Burnston	.... 10
Mr Mackenzie, b. Carrow	.... 9	b. Burnston	.... 3
Mr Cheshire, not out	.... 0	c. Lilly White	.... 1
Byes,	.... 0	Byes,	.... 7
Wide Balls	.... 0	Wide Balls,	.... 2
Total, 1st Innings....	95	Total..	.... 183
Ditto 2d ditto..	183		
Grand Total, .....	278		

## RETURN MATCH.

## H. M.'s 22D REGIMENT.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Bell, b. Pilch	11	b. Wood	.... 1
Adcock, run out	23	b. Pilch, c. Pilch	.... 10
Saunders Wood, c. Tristram	6	b. Wood	.... 2
Bird, b. Wood	2	b. Wood, c. Pilch	.... 4
Sims, b. run out	1	Not out	.... 3
Burnet, b. Pilch	0	b. Wood	.... 1
Wood, b. Pilch	10	Run out	.... 2
Paine, b. Wood c. Ravenscroft	2	b. Wood, c. Thompson	.... 1
Smith, b. Wood	0	b. Pilch, c. Pilch	.... 12
Pavey, not out	8	b. Wood	.... 0
Norwood, run out	0	b. Pilch, c. Colyear	.... 0
Byes,	17	Byes	.... 2
Wide Balls	16	Wide Balls	.... 21
Total..	... 96	Total..	59

## BOMBAY CRICKET CLUB.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Tristram, b. Pavey	...	b. Jones, c. Burnet	.... 0
Wood, b. Adcock	...	Not out	.... 14
Colyear, stumped off his ground	...	Do.	.... 4
Rowley, b. Adcock	...	Do.	.... 0
Ravenscroft, b. do. c. Smith	...	Do.	.... 0
Smith, b. do. c. Adcock	...	Do.	.... 0
Beale, b. Pavey	...	Do.	.... 0
Mackenzie, b. do.	...	Do.	.... 0
Thompson, b. Adcock hit wct.	...	Do.	.... 0
Pilch, b. do.	...	Do.	.... 0
Scott, not out	...	Do.	.... 0
Byes and no Balls	...	Byes and no Balls	.... 6
Wide Balls	...	Wide Balls	.... 3
Total..	...	Total..	21

*Bombay Telegraph.*

## SHOLAPORE.

## A GAME BETWEEN SIDES CHOSEN ON THE GROUND.

Captain Lancaster, b. Hodgson ..	..	..	9
K. Hooker, Esq, b. Molony ..	..	..	43
Major Biddle, b. Hodgson ..	..	..	0
H. M. Elliott, Esq, run out ..	..	..	0
Cornet Rainey, b. Hodgson ..	..	..	0
Gunner Dorling, c. Hardy b. Hodgson ..	..	..	13
Corporal Scaife, not out ..	..	..	10
Gunner Douglas, b. Barron ..	..	..	5
Bombardier Murphy, b. Molony ..	..	..	0
Lieut. Barclay, c. Barrow b. Hodgson ..	..	..	2
M. Lewin, Esq, run out ..	..	..	11
Byes 5, Wide Balls 0, No Ball 1 ..	..	..	6

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Total.. .. 99

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R. Hardy, Esq, b. Lancaster ..	..	..	10
L. Barrow, Esq, Wounded ..	..	..	1
C. P. Molony, Esq, b. Lancaster ..	..	..	1
H. Mallock, Esq, b. Lancaster ..	..	..	2
R. R. Hodgson, b. Lancaster ..	..	..	0
Serjeant Major Boswell, not out ..	..	..	4
Bombdr. Taylor, c. & b. Lancaster ..	..	..	0
Bombardier Clegg, b. Dorling ..	..	..	1
Gunner Bammagem, b. Lancaster ..	..	..	0
Gunner Simpkins, b. Dorling ..	..	..	0
Gunner Lodge, c. Hosken, b. Dorling ..	..	..	1
Byes 1, Wide Balls 0 ..	..	..	1

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Total.. .. 21

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A MATCH BETWEEN THE NON-COMMISSIONED AND PRIVATES  
AND THE GENTLEMEN OF THE STATION.

## NON-COMMISSIONED AND PRIVATES.

R. R. Hodgson, b. Hardy ..	..	..	0
Corporal Scaife, not out ..	..	..	2
Bombardier Taylor, b. Hardy ..	..	..	14
„ Murphy, run out ..	..	..	0
„ Clegg, b. Hardy ..	..	..	3
Corporal Moody, run out ..	..	..	0
Gunner Dorling, c. & b. Lewin ..	..	..	0
„ Sykes, b. Lewin ..	..	..	1
„ Lodge, b. Lewin ..	..	..	3
„ Dorus, b. Lewin ..	..	..	0
„ Simpkins, run out ..	..	..	7
Byes 13, Wide Balls 5 ..	..	..	18

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Total 48

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GENTLEMEN.

Major Biddle, b. Dorling	..	..	..	12
Captain Lancaster, b. Scaife	..	..	..	19
R. Hardy, Esq, b. Scaife	..	..	..	15
M. Lewin, Esq, b. Scaife	..	..	..	14
L. Barrow, Esq, b. Scaife	..	..	..	14
H. M. Elliott, Esq, b. Dorling	..	..	..	18
R. Hosken, Esq, not out	..	..	..	29
W. Groves, Esq, leg b. w.	..	..	..	1
A. J. M. Rainy, Esq, b. Scaife	..	..	..	4
James Clagett, Esq, c. Moody	..	..	..	2
W. Barclay, Esq, b. Dorling	..	..	..	3
Byes 13, Wide Balls 1	..	..	..	14

Total 145

*Bombay Times.*

A MATCH BETWEEN THE 25TH MADRAS INFANTRY AND 5TH MADRAS CAVALRY.

25TH MADRAS INFANTRY.

1st Innings.	
Major Biddle, b. Lewin	.... 11
R. Hosken, Esq, run out	.... 4
R. Hardy, Esq, b. Lewin	.... 10
Lieut. Molony, b. Dorling	.... 2
Graves, c. Rainey	.... 3
Bamford, c. Boswell	.... 1
Mallock, b. Dorling	.... 0
Barclay, b. Lewin	.... 0
Clynch, run out	.... 0
Drumr. Franklin, b. Dorling	.... 9
" Turton, not out	.... 4
Byes, ..	.... 12
Wide Balls,	.... 3
Total..	.. 59

2d Innings.	
b. Lewin	.... 14
b. Dorling	.... 2
b. ditto ..	.... 0
b. ditto ..	.... 2
b. ditto ..	.... 4
c. Boswell	.... 0
c. Lancaster	.... 0
c. Dorling	.... 1
run out ..	.... 1
b. Lewin	.... 0
b. Dorling	.... 2
Byes ..	.... 8
Wide Balls	.... 5
Total..	.. 37

Grand Total .. 96

5TH MADRAS CAVALRY.

1st Innings.	
Captain Lancaster, g. up sick	.... 10
Lieut. Barrow, c. Hosken	.... 33
" Lewin, h. wicket	.... 12
" Rainey, b. Hardy	.... 5
" Clagett, c. Molony	.... 3
Serjeant Boswell, c. Hosken	.... 0
" Dorling, b. Molony	.... 11
Lieut. Simson, leg before Wicket	.... 5
" Elliott, run out	.... 0
Farrier Layat, c. Biddle	.... 1
" Dyer, s. Hosken	.... 5
Wide Balls ..	.... 1
Byes, ..	.... 9
Total..	.. 95

2nd Innings.	
c. Hardy	.... 16
run out ..	.... 8
b. Hardy	.... 47
c. Biddle	.... 7
b. Biddle	.... 7
b. Molony	.... 5
b. Hardy	.... 4
b. Biddle	.... 2
run out ..	.... 0
not out ..	.... 0
b. Hardy	.... 0
Wide Balls,	.... 2
Byes ..	.... 11
Total..	.. 109

Grand Total .. 204

*Bombay Times.*



## BELLARY.

1ST MATCH—THE CIVILIANS AND CANTONMENT *versus* THE 6TH  
REGIMENT N. I.

## CIVILIANS AND CANTONMENT.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
A. G. Tweedie, Esq, C. S. not out..	2	c. Black, b. Kempster	.. 0
Hon. D. Arbuthnott, b. Kempster ..	1	b. Harris	.. 1
J. P. Maud, Esq, c. Kempster ....	1	c. Black, b. Kempster	.. 3
Capt. Dancer, Arty. c. Gunthorpe b.			
Harris ..	0	b. Harris	.. 2
Lieut. Rees, Fusiliers, c. Gunthorpe b.			
Kempster ..	2	b. Kempster	.. 0
Lieut. Paske, Fusiliers, c. Nicholls b.			
Kempster ..	7	not out	.. 4
Private Susands, b. Harris	.. 1	c. Brinkley, b. Kempster	.. 6
Private Hull, b. Moore	.. 26	b. Harris	.. 6
Private Hall, b. Harris	.. 5	run out, b. Harris	.. 1
Private Lay, b. Kempster	.. 7	b. Harris	.. 0
Sergeant Timewell, c. Moore b.			
Kempster	.. 1	run out, Kempster	.. 3
Wide Balls	.. 1	Wide Balls	.. 0
Byes	.. 3	Byes	.. 0
Total..	57	Total.	26

## 6TH REGIMENT N. I.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
Lieut. Nicholls, b. Arbuthnott ..	6	b. Tweedie	.. 1
Brinkley, Drummer, c. Timewell, b.			
Arbuthnott	.. 0	s. Tweedie, b. Susands	.. 0
Lieut. Harris, b. Tweedie	.. 6	b. Tweedie	.. 5
Lieut. Moore, b. Arbuthnott	.. 0	b. Tweedie	.. 3
Capt. Gunthorpe, c. Maud b. Tweedie	9	b. Tweedie	.. 3
Lieut. Kempster, c. Tweedie, b.			
Arbuthnott	.. 4	b. Susands	.. 3
Smith, b. Arbuthnott	.. 3	b. Susands	.. 0
Lieut. Black, b. Tweedie	.. 1	b. Susands	.. 1
Lieut. Desborough, c. Dancer, b.			
Arbuthnott	.. 0	b. Susands	.. 2
Gascoyne, c. Hall, b. Tweedie	.. 3	b. Susands	.. 0
Donovan, not out	.. 0	not out	.. 4
Wide Balls	.. 1	Wide Balls	.. 0
Byes	.. 7	Byes	.. 0
Total..	40	Total..	22
		Grand Total ..	62

## RETURN MATCH.

## 6TH REGIMENT N. I.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Capt. Gunthorpe, c. Tweedie b. Tweedie	6	b. Susands	.. 1
Lieut. Kempster, not out	.. 18	hit wicket b. Susands	.. 10
„ Harris, run out	.. 2	b. Susands	.. 8
„ Desborough, b. Tweedie	.. 8	b. Tweedie	.. 2
„ Moore, c. Maud, b. Tweedie	.. 18	not out	.. 24
„ Nicolls, c. Gowe, b. Tweedie	.. 2	b. Tweedie	.. 7
„ Black, b. Susands	.. 3	b. Tweedie	.. 0
Drummer Smith, c. Rees b. Susands	1	run out	.. 0
„ Brinkley, b. Susands	.. 0	not in	.. 0
„ Donovan, b. Tweedie	.. 24	b. Susands	.. 28
„ Gascoigne, b. Susands	.. 0	not out	.. 2
Byes	.. 1	Byes	.. 1
Wide Balls,	.. 0	Wide Balls	.. 2
Total	.. 83	Total	— 85

The 6th winning with 2 wickets.

## CANTONMENT OF BELLARY.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Hon. J. Arbuthnot, run out	.. 6	b. Harris,	.. 8
A. G. Tweedie, Esq. c. Harris, b. Moore	.. 3	run out	.. 8
Capt. Houghton, c. Brinkley, b. Harris	0	c. Moore b. Harris	.. 4
Lieut. Rees, run out	.. 0	not out	.. 0
„ Paske, c. Nicolls, b. Harris	.. 31	c. Gunthorpe, b. Harris	.. 0
„ Maud, c. Kempster, b. Harris	.. 0	leg before wicket, b. Moore	.. 2
Serjeant Timewell* b. Kempster	.. 2	b. Kempster	.. 19
Private Gowe, not out	.. 0	run out	.. 2
„ Hall, b. Harris	.. 11	b. Kempster	.. 14
„ Susands c. Kempster, b. Kempster	20	b. Donovan	.. 32
„ Lay, b. Harris	.. 0	c. Smith, b. Donovan	.. 0
Byes	.. 0	Byes	.. 4
Wide Balls	.. 1	Wide Balls	.. 0
Total	.. 74	Total	93

Bellary winning by 22 Runs.

\* Hull played in lieu of Timewell 2nd Innings.

THE CONQUEROR—6TH REGIMENT N. I. *versus* THE CANTON-  
MENT OF BELLARY.

## 6TH REGIMENT N. I.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
Capt. Gunthorpe, b. Susands	.. 0	c. Gowe, b. Tweedie	.. 7
Lieut. Kempster, b. Susands	.. 14	b. Susands	.. 1
„ Harris, b. Hull	.. 16	b. Tweedie	.. 7
„ Desborough, b. Susands	.. 4	hit wicket	.. 0
„ Moore, b. Tweedie	.. 12	b. Tweedie	.. 3
„ Nicolls, run out	.. 2	b. Susands	.. 0
„ Black, b. Susands	.. 0	b. Susands	.. 0
Drummer Smith, not out	.. 1	b. Tweedie	.. 0
„ Brinkley, b. Susands	.. 4	not out	.. 4
„ Donovan, b. Hull	.. 10	leg before wicket, b. Susands	.. 11
„ Gascoigne, b. Hull	.. 4	c. Tweedie, b. Tweedie	.. 3
Byes,	.. 13	Byes,	.. 3
Wide Balls,	.. 0	Wide Balls,	.. 0
Total	.. 80	Total	.. 39

## CANTONMENT OF BELLARY.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
A. G. Tweedie, Esq. c. Kempster,			
b. Kempster	.. 0	not out	.. 5
Capt. Houghton, c. Harris, b. Harris	.. 2	c. Kempster, b. Donovan	.. 0
Lieut. Rees, not out	.. 0	c. Kempster, b. Brinkley	.. 11
„ Paske, b. Harris	.. 1	b. Kempster	.. 3
„ Maud, b. Harris	.. 1	absent.	
Private Hall, b. Kempster	.. 0	b. Donovan	.. 0
„ Hull, b. Kempster	.. 18	c. Kempster, b. Brinkley	.. 9
„ Susands, b. Kempster	.. 15	b. Brinkley	.. 4
„ Lay, run out	.. 6	b. Brinkley	.. 4
„ Lyke, c. Smith, b. Harris	.. 0	c. Gascoigne, b. Donovan	.. 3
„ Gowe, c. Desborough, b. Kempster	.. 4	c. Gascoigne, b. Kempster	.. 0
Byes	.. 9	Byes	.. 4
Wide Balls and No Balls	.. 2	Wide Balls and No Balls	.. 1
Total	.. 58	Total	.. 44

The 6th Regt. winning by 17 Runs.

*Athenæum*, Oct. 27.

## BANGALORE.

MATCH BETWEEN THE OFFICERS OF THE CANTONMENT AND  
MEN OF THE HUSSARS AND MADRAS FUSILIERS.

## OFFICERS.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Private Parkes, c. by Lt. Barrow ..	11	Lieut. Christie, c. Private Elliott ..	6
„ Wright b. by Havildar Ven-		„ Ward, ran out ..	6
catasawmy ..	49	„ Partridge, c. by Private Turner	1
„ Saunderson, b. by Lieutenant		„ Tapp, b. by Wright ..	1
Christie ..	4	„ Kensington c. by Parkes ..	0
„ Hoare b. by Havildar Ven-		„ Barrow, c. by Smith, 1st ..	1
catasawmy ..	0	„ Crewe, b. by Parkes ..	4
„ Hutchins, b. by Lt. Christie .	7	„ Burroughs, c. by Wright ..	0
„ Batt, b. by Havildar Ven-		„ Moore, b. by Parkes. ..	1
catasawmy ..	5	Havildar, Vencatasawmy b. by Wright	2
„ Adams, c. by Lt. Partridge ..	9	Ensign Wilson, not out ..	4
„ Turner, c. by Lt. Partridge ..	3	Bye Balls, ..	5
„ Smith, 1st b. by Lt. Barrow .	25		
„ Elliott, b. by Lt. Christie ..	1		
„ Smith, 2d, not out ..	1		
Bye Balls ..	11		
Total.† ..	126	Total. . .	31

## MEN OF THE HUSSARS AND FUSILIERS.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Private Parkes ..	0	Lieut. Christie, b. by Private Parkes .	0
„ Wright ..	0	„ Ward, b. ditto ditto ..	8
„ Saunderson ..	0	„ Partridge, b. ditto ditto ..	0
„ Hoare ..	0	„ Tapp, c. ditto Turner ..	1
„ Hutchins ..	0	„ Kensington, c. ditto Saunderson	1
„ Batt ..	0	„ Barrow, c. ditto Hoare ..	7
„ Adams ..	0	„ Crewe, c. ditto Parkes ..	1
„ Turner ..	0	Ensign Wilson, b. Wright ..	0
„ Smith, 1st, ..	0	Lieut. Moore, c. Smith, 1st ..	0
„ Elliott ..	0	Havildar Vencatasawmy, b. Parkes ...	0
„ Smith, 2d, ..	0	Lieut. Burrows, not out ..	0
		Bye Balls ..	4
		Total. . .	22
		Grand Total. . .	53

*Athenæum, November 28.*

## LAHORE.

A MATCH BETWEEN THE OFFICERS OF THE ARTILLERY AND  
N. I. REGIMENTS.

## ARTILLERY.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Fookes, Esq. bd. Francis,	... 9	b. Francis	... 0
Russell, Esq. ct. Dawson,	... 3	b. Russell	... 3
Gray, Esq. bd. Francis,	... 3	b. Dawson	... 0
Fulton, Esq. bd. Russell,	... 12	b. Francis	... 2
Salt, Esq. bd. Dawson	... 5	b. Russell	... 0
Timbrell, Esq. ct. Brandon	... 0	c. Hollings	... 6
Holland, bd. Francis	... 6	b. Russell	... 23
Donovan, bd. Dawson	... 0	b. Hawkins	... 0
Cook, bd. Dawson	... 0	b. Francis	... 2
Rose, not out	... 1	b. Russell	... 3
Thomson, ct, de Momet	... 2	not out	... 4
Byes	... 7	Byes	... 4
Wide Balls	... 2	Wide Balls	... 1
Total	.. 53	Total	.. 48

## N. I. REGIMENTS.

*1st Innings.*

Russell, Esq. b. Russell,	... ..	... 21
Blake, Esq. c. Gray,..	... ..	... 0
Dawson, Esq. b. Salt	... ..	... 0
Eckford, Esq. resigned his bat,	... ..	... 39
De Momet, Esq, run out	... ..	... 15
Watson, Esq. c. Timbrell	... ..	... 18
Hollings, Esq. not out	... ..	... 0
Francis, Esq. hit wicket	... ..	... 0
Brandon, Esq. c. Rose,	... ..	... 4
Hawkins, b. Gray ..	... ..	... 5
Sewell, c. Timbrell ..	... ..	... 0
Byes, ..	... ..	... 17

Total, ...127

## THE RETURN MATCH.

## N. I. CORPS.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
W. Hollings, Esq. b. Fry,	... 7	not out,	... 27
J. Russell, Esq. b. Down,	... 3	b. Fry,	... 0
— Templer, Esq. not out,	... 0	b. Gray,	... 1
J. Eckford, Esq. b. Gray,	... 10	c. Mote, b. Fry,	... 0
J. Rickards, Esq. c. Gray, b. Fry,	... 1	b. Fry,	... 0
C. B. Francis, Esq. b. Gray,	... 0	run out,	... 2
J. Blake, Esq. b. Fry.	... 0	b. Gray,	... 10
Brandon, b. Gray,	... 0	b. Gray,	... 5
Hawkins, b. do.,	... 2	leg before wicket,	... 0
Hillier, b. Fry,	... 1	c. Harrison, b. Fry,	... 0
Coomber, s. by Fry,	... 1	c. Harrison, b. Gray,	... 2
Byes,	... 0		
Total.	.. 31	Total,	.. 47

ARTILLERY.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Gray Esq, c. Rickards, b. Francis, ...	7	...	...
Harrison Esq. b. Francis, ...	0	...	...
Mote, b. Russell, ...	0	...	...
Buckle, b. do. ...	2	...	... 19
Rose, c. Rickards, b. Russell, ...	7	...	...
Haggart, c. do. b. Francis, ...	1	...	... 20
Fry, b. Russell, ...	8	...	...
Thompson, b. do., ...	0	...	...
Hine, b. Francis, ...	0	...	...
Cook, b. do., ...	0	...	...
Dynes, ...	13	...	...
Byes, ...	5	...	...
Total, ...	42	Total, ...	39

THE CONQUERING MATCH.

ARTILLERY.

*1st Innings.*

J. Gray, Esq., c. and b. Francis,...	...	...	... 4
Harrison, Esq. not out	...	...	... 7
Fry, resigned his bat ..	...	...	... 54
Mott, c. Hollings b. Francis	...	...	... 1
Rose, b. Hawkins ..	...	...	... 0
Haggart, b. Francis ..	...	...	... 50
Donolan, b. Hawkins ,	...	...	... 10
Thompson, c. Don, ..	...	...	... 2
Buckle, b. Francis ..	...	...	... 0
Dynes, s. Hollings, ..	...	...	... 3
Cook, b. Francis, c. Hollings	...	...	... 7
Byes, ..	...	...	... 3
Wides, ..	...	...	... 1
Total...	...	...	... 142

N. I. REGIMENTS.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
J. Eckford, Esq. run out	... 2	b. Fry	... 16
Templer, Esq. b. Gray	... 6	not out	... 5
W. Blake, Esq. b. Fry	... 0	b. Fry	... 0
C. B. Francis, Esq. b. Gray	... 9	b. Gray	... 3
W. Hollings, Esq. b. Fry	... 25	b. Don	... 3
J. Dawson, Esq. leg before wicket	... 5	b. Don	... 4
Russell, Esq. b. Gray	... 1	b. Gray	... 0
Rickards, Esq. b. Don	... 0	c. Gray	... 13
Hawkins, not out	... 8	b. Fry	... 5
Brandon, b. Gray	... 2	b. Don	... 1
Hillier, b. Don	... 11	b. Fry	... 2
Byes,	... 3	Byes	... 1
Wides,	... 1	Wides	... 1
Total., ...	73	Total... ..	54

## A MATCH BETWEEN THE ARTILLERY AND N. INFANTRY.

ARTILLERY.		NATIVE INFANTRY.	
Gray, c. Fry	... 3	Hollings, not out	... 33
Nicholson, b. Russell	... 13	Russell, b. Machier	... 9
Machier, c. Fry	... 11	Eckford, run out	... 19
Dr. Mowet, b. Russell	... 1	Hotham, c. Dawson	... 2
Harrison, not out	... 3	Templer, c. Nicholson	... 0
Dawson, run out	... 0	Fookes, b. Gray	... 1
Dorin, b. Russell	... 20	Serjts Major Brandon, do ditto	... 0
Gunner Nott, b. Fry	... 0	Gunner Fry, b. Machier	... 15
„ Rose, c. Fookes	... 2	Blake, c. Dr. Mowet	... 11
Byes, ...	... 4	Gunner Coombes, b. Gray	... 3
Wides,	... 4	Byes, ...	... 0
		Wides,	... 4
		No Balls,	... 5
Total...	... 93	Total...	... 102

*Delhi Gazette, Dec. 28.*

## A MATCH BETWEEN THE ARTILLERY AND THE GARRISON.

ARTILLERY.			
1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
Col. Campbell, b. Hewitt,	... 0	b. Hewitt,	... 7
Lieut. Gray, run out,	... 6	b. Grindlay,	... 1
„ Harrison, b. Grindlay,	... 5	ditto ditto,	... 12
Town, b. Hewitt,	... 5	Dynes, not out,	... 3
Hayman, ditto ditto,	... 5	b. Grindlay,	... 10
Lieut. McLeod, do. do.,	... 19	not out,	... 1
Macclesfield, b. Hewitt,	... 1	b. Hewitt,	... 1
Lewis, c. Eckford,	... 16	c. DeMomet,	... 7
Haggart, b. Hewitt,	... 20	b. Hewitt,	... 3
Stroud, not out,	... 26	ditto ditto,	... 7
Rose, b. Cox,	... 4	c. DeMomet,	... 7
Byes,	... 10	Byes,	... 2
Wide Balls,	... 5	Wide Balls,	... 4
Total,	... 122	Total,	... 57

## GARRISON.—1st Innings.

Capt. Hollings, not out,	... ..	... 1
„ Cox, b. Macclesfield,	... ..	... 57
Lieut. Russell, b. Gray,	... ..	... 4
„ Mactier, b. Hayman,	... ..	... 0
„ Hanham, b. Hayman	... ..	... 59
„ Eckford, b. Gray,	... ..	... 1
„ DeMomet, ditto Macclesfield,	... ..	... 11
„ Nicholson, c. McLeod,	... ..	... 10
„ Grindlay, b. Hayman,	... ..	... 0
„ Hunt, do. do.,	... ..	... 20
Meadows, b. Gray, ...	... ..	... 7
Byes, ...	... ..	... 10
Wide Balls,	... ..	... 1

Total.. 181

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## RETURN MATCH.

## ARTILLERY.—1st Innings.

Colonel Campbell, b. Grindlay	...	...	...	12
Lieutenant McLeod, ditto Hanham,	...	...	...	4
„ Gray, c. Grindlay	...	...	...	13
„ Harrison, b. ditto	...	...	...	3
Sergeant Lewis, b. Hanham,	...	...	...	0
„ Renny, leg before wicket,	...	...	...	3
„ Hayman, not out	...	...	...	6
Corporal Town, c. De Momet,	...	...	...	13
Gunner Stroud, b. Hanham	...	...	...	21
„ Macclesfield, c. Grindlay	...	...	...	7
„ Dynes, b. Hanham	...	...	...	0
Byes	...	...	...	10
Wide Balls,	...	...	...	14
Total...				106

## GARRISON.—1st Innings.

Capt. Hollings, b. Town,	...	...	...	1
Lieut. Cox, do. Macclesfield,	...	...	...	11
Eckford, b. Gray,	...	...	...	13
Nicholson, do. Macclesfield,	...	...	...	1
Grindlay, do. Hanham,	...	...	...	10
DeMomet, b. Gray,	...	...	...	6
Hewitt, do. do.	...	...	...	0
Keighly, do. do.	...	...	...	6
Walcot, do. do.	...	...	...	2
Sergt. Hunt, b. Town,	...	...	...	18
Lieut. Dorin, do. Gray,	...	...	...	2
Byes,	...	...	...	7
Wide Balls,	...	...	...	5
Total ...				87

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## UMBALLAH.

## MATCH BETWEEN THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE STATION.

## MEN.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
Bryant, l. b. w. b. Haines,	.. 43	b. Haines,	.. 0
Ryan, c. Haines, b. Mayne,	.. 17	st. Mayne,	.. 70
Wright, b. Haines,	.. 17	run out,	.. 2
Ducker, not out,	.. 5	b. Battye,	.. 8
Blower, b. Battye,	.. 9	b. Haines,	.. 2
Root, b. Haines,	.. 0	run out,	.. 0
Cooper, b. Cox,	.. 0	b. Haines,	.. 0
Walker, b. Haines,	.. 1	not out,	.. 0
Seymour, c. Bruce, b. Cox,	.. 1	c. Haines,	.. 0
Griffiths, c. Cox, b. Battye,	.. 2	..	.. 17
Stewart, c. Haines, b. Haines	.. 7	st. Mayne,	.. 6
Byes,	.. 12	Byes,	.. 3
Wide Balls,	.. 7	Wide Balls,	.. 3
Total,		Total,	
.. 121		.. 111	



## OFFICERS.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Apthorpe, b. Root,	.. 2	b. Wright,	22
Battye, b. Ducker,	.. 20	c. Bryant,	10
Mayne, b. Root,	.. 9	..	88
Haines, b. Ducker,	.. 1	b. Stewart,	5
Burton, b. Ducker,	.. 5	b. Stewart,	5
Cox, not out,	.. 26	st. Wright,	0
Warner, c. Ryan,	.. 3	not out,	21
Mackinnon, c. Blower,	.. 0	b. Wright,	3
Bowie, b. Ducker,	.. 6		
Woodcock, h. Blower,	.. 1		
Bruce, st. Stewart,	.. 0		
Byes,	.. 5	Byes,	..
Wide Balls,	.. 0		
Total,	.. 72	Total,	.. 162

The latter winning by two Runs only.

## RETURN MATCH.

## OFFICERS.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Haines, b. Ducker,	.. 30	b. Blower,	.. 14
Burton, b. Blower,	.. 11	b. Blower,	.. 13
Mayne, b. Ducker,	.. 3	b. Ducker,	.. 15
Battye, b. Ducker,	.. 0	c. Ducker,	.. 14
Cox, leg before wicket,	.. 2	b. Stewart,	.. 0
Warner, b. Ducker,	.. 11	b. Ducker,	.. 5
Hilliér, run out,	.. 1	b. Stewart,	.. 17
D'Oyly, b. Ducker,	.. 0	b. Stewart,	.. 36
Apthorpe, b. Ducker,	.. 16	b. Stewart,	.. 1
Woodcock, not out,	.. 1	b. Ducker,	.. 1
Mackinnon, c. Stewart,	.. 8	not out,	.. 6
Byes,	.. 2	Byes,	.. 5
Total,	.. 86	Total,	.. 127

## MEN.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Wright, run out,	.. 20	b. Haines,	.. 0
Ryan, c. Battye,	.. 6	c. Battye,	.. 6
Seymour, b. Haines,	.. 1	b. Haines,	.. 37
Bryant, b. Haines,	.. 17	b. Haines,	.. 6
Blower, c. Mayne,	.. 0	b. Battye,	.. 4
Stewart, c. D'Oyly,	.. 5	b. Battye,	.. 9
Griffiths, b. Haines,	.. 0	b. Haines,	.. 16
Cowper, b. Haines,	.. 1	b. Cox,	.. 0
Ducker, c. Haines,	.. 10	not out,	.. 14
Root, c. Haines,	.. 2	c. Cox,	.. 18
Walker, not out,	.. 1	c. Cox,	.. 1
Byes,	.. 3	Byes,	.. 10
Wide Balls,	.. 5	Wide Balls,	.. 6
Total,	.. 72	Total,	.. 125

Mofussilite.

## LUCKNOW.

## AN ALPHABET MATCH FROM A. TO L. AGAINST L. TO Z.

## 1ST PART OF THE ALPHABET.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Bird, b. Oakes	.. 1	c. Trower, b. Oakes	.. 11
Barlow, c. Ross, b. Ross	.. 1	b. Ross,	.. 2
Campbell, b. Oakes,	.. 4	b. Trower,	.. 9
Costley, c. Oakes, b. Ross	.. 7	c. Whitely, b. Ross,	.. 9
Davies, not out,	.. 2	c. Mills, b. Oakes,	.. 1
Fane, b. Ross,	.. 12	b. Oakes,	.. 29
Hollings, b. Ross,	.. 0	b. Trower	.. 7
Hilliard, b. Oakes,	.. 1	..	.. 7
James, c. Ross, b. Ross,	.. 0	b. Oakes,	.. 0
Johnstone, b. Ross,	.. 0	b. Oakes,	.. 0
Kendall, b. Ross,	.. 0	b. Ross,	.. 4
Byes,	.. 8	..	.. 9
Wide Balls,	.. 1	..	.. 6
Total	.. 37	Total	94

## LAST PART OF THE ALPHABET.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Lysaght, b. Bird,	.. 1	c. Kendall, b. Bird,	.. 0
Mills, c. Davies, b. Bird,	.. 13	b. Bird,	.. 2
Madharee, b. Hollings,	.. 0	not out,	.. 0
Oakes, b. Bird,	.. 7	b. Bird,	.. 24
Paske, c. Fane, b. Hollings	.. 6	c. Fane, b. James,	.. 9
Ross, c. Campbell, b. Bird,	.. 0	c. Hollings, b. James,	.. 14
Salmon, not out,	.. 10	c. Fane, b. James,	.. 2
Sungun, c. Fane, b. Bird,	.. 0	leg before wicket, b. Bird,	.. 3
Trower, b. Hollings,	.. 11	b. Bird,	.. 8
Warden, b. Bird,	.. 1	leg before wicket, b. Bird,	.. 2
Whitely, b. Bird,	.. 0	b. Bird,	.. 0
Byes,	.. 0	..	.. 2
Wide Balls,	.. 1	..	.. 0
Total,	.. 50	Total,	.. 66
2d Innings,	.. 66		
Grand Total,	.. 116		
Lost by,	.. 15		

*Calcutta Star.*

## MATCH BETWEEN THE DELHI CLUB AND H. M. 61ST FOOT.

## - DELHI CLUB.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
Frederick, b. Hudson	.. 9	c. Weller	.. 21
Roberts, c. Walters	.. 20	b. Hudson	.. 24
McMullen, b. Walters	.. 28	b. Rouse	.. 1
Lewis, b. Dalton	.. 23	run out	.. 16
Maclean, b. Hudson	.. 11	run out	.. 1
Price, b. ditto	.. 0	b. Hudson	.. 0
Goad, b. Walters	.. 6	out b. Rouse	.. 10
Robertson, b. Hudson	.. 0	b. Rouse	.. 3
Stothert, not out	.. 0	b. Dalton	.. 3
Fergusson, b. Walters	.. 0	not out	.. 0
Pitts, run out	.. 11	resigned his bat	.. 78
Byes,	.. 9	Byes,	.. 12
Wide Balls,	.. 2	Wide Balls,	.. 1
Total	119	Total,	170

## H. M. 61ST REGIMENT OF FOOT.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
Dalton, b. Maclean	.. 10	not out	.. 0
Hudson, c. Lewis	.. 6	b. McMullen	.. 0
Burnside, b. Maclean	.. 1	b. Maclean	.. 11
Rouse, b. ditto	.. 4	b. ditto	.. 1
Shurrey, b. McMullen	.. 4	b. McMullen	.. 1
Walters, b. Maclean	.. 3	b. ditto	.. 0
Weller, b. ditto	.. 1	b. Maclean	.. 4
Brickdale, not out	.. 0	b. ditto	.. 5
Croasdale, c. McMullen	.. 0	b. ditto	.. 4
Crouch, c. Maclean	.. 7	st. McMullen	.. 8
Allenby, c. Lewis	.. 5	b. ditto	.. 8
Byes,	.. 14	Byes	.. 3
Wide Balls,	.. 1	Wide Balls	.. 0
Total..	.. 56	Total..	.. 45

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## MATCH BETWEEN THE 9TH LANCERS AND THE 9TH FOOT.

## 9TH LANCERS.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
Whitehead, b. Hillsley,	.. 8	b. Hillsley,	31
Walker, b. Hillsley,	.. 22	b. Hillsley,	2
Mr Anson, b. Mr Thomas,	.. 1	c. Hinnis,	17
Mr Hawtrey, b. Hillsley,	.. 15	b. Wallock,	5
Major Grant, c. Marshall,	.. 24	b. Hillsley,	23
Marriott, st. Hillsley,	.. 9	b. Wallock,	3
Fisher, b. Hillsley,	.. 6	b. Hillsley,	6
Finnagan, b. Hillsley,	.. 0	c. Hillsley,	0
Steer, b. Hillsley,	.. 3	b. Hillsley,	2
Collett, st. Hillsley,	.. 3	b. Hillsley,	0
Higginson, not out,	.. 7	not out,	0
Wide Balls,	.. 2		0
Byes,	.. 3		8
No Ball,	.. 1		0
Total,	.. 104	Total,	97

9TH FOOT.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Fox, b. Marriott,	33	b. Anson,	.. 11
Chandler, sd. Walker,	12	not out,	.. 23
Capt. Elmherst, not out,	55	not out,	.. 16
Hillsley, leg to wicket,	21		.. 0
Lieut. Wallock, b. Anson,	12		.. 0
Marshall, b. Anson,	0		.. 0
Lieut. Thomas, c. Whitehead,	0		.. 0
Dempster, b. Anson.	0		.. 0
Fletcher, b. Anson,	6		.. 0
Hinnis, b. Anson,	6		.. 0
Dougherty, b. Anson,	0		.. 0
Wide Balls,	2		.. 1
Byes,	16		.. 1
Total,	.. 163	Total,	.. 52

The play on both sides was remarkably good. We cannot pay a greater compliment to the victors.

A MATCH BETWEEN THE HORSE AND FOOT ARTILLERY.

HORSE ARTILLERY.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Lieut. Bowie, b. Bygrave,	.. 1	not out,	.. 6
Lieut. Bruce, b. Blower,	.. 0	c. Bygrave,	.. 6
Bryant, b. Bygrave,	.. 25	b. Blower,	.. 3
Langhan, thrown out,	.. 19	b. Bygrave,	.. 0
Seymour, c. Ryan,	.. 1	b. Bygrave,	.. 7
Bartlett, b. Blower,	.. 20	b. Ducker,	.. 28
Stewart, c. Blower,	.. 18	b. Ducker,	.. 8
West, b. Blower,	.. 5	b. Ducker,	.. 1
Fergusson, not out,	.. 2	b. Blower,	.. 1
Gruinmet, c. Bygrave,	.. 0	b. Ducker,	.. 3
Ashton, c. Bygrave,	.. 1	b. Blower,	.. 0
Byes,	.. 4	Byes,	.. 3
		No Balls,	.. 2
Total,	96	Total,	68

FOOT ARTILLERY.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Lieut. Wheelright, b. Stewart,	.. 0	b. Stewart,	
Griffiths, b. Stewart,	.. 4	run out,	
Ducker, c. Langhan,	.. 1	c. Stewart,	
Sills, b. Langhan,	.. 5	b. Ashton,	
Wilshire, b. Stewart,	.. 0	not out,	
Bygrave, c. Bryant,	.. 4	c. Bruce,	
Ryan, c. Stewart,	.. 10	b. Stewart,	
Blower, c. Langhan,	.. 22	b. Ashton,	
Tully, b. Stewart,	.. 13	b. Stewart,	
Wilson, c. Bryant,	.. 2	b. Langhan,	
Brown, not out,	.. 1	b. Ashton,	
Byes,	.. 4	Byes,	
No Balls,	.. 1		
Total,	.. 67	Total,	43

*Mosussilite.*

# MATCH BETWEEN THE 9TH LANCERS AND THE HORSE ARTILLERY.

## 9TH LANCERS.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Lieut. Drysdale, b. Currie	.. 1	b. Currie	0
Private Whitehead, b. Currie	.. 42	b. Currie	18
Lieut. Anson, c. Pearce	.. 0	stumped Currie	14
Lieut. Hawtrey, c. Pearce	.. 27	b. Attock	4
Major Grant, b. Currie	.. 6	run out	14
Corporal Marriott, b. Currie	.. 3	b. Attock	19
Private Fisher, b. Currie	.. 0	b. Attock	8
Private Walker, b. Currie	.. 0	b. Currie	0
Sergt. Collett, b. Pearce	.. 15	b. Currie	2
Lieut. French, b. Currie	.. 3	b. Currie	5
Sergt. Griffiths, not out	.. 1	not out	0
Byes,	.. 18	Byes	2
Wide Balls,	.. 7	Wide Balls	3
Total..	.. 123	Total..	89

## HORSE ARTILLERY.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Gunner Tear, c. Drysdale	.. 5	not out	6
Gunner Pearce, b. Hawtrey	.. 0	b. Grant	25
Lieut. Currie, b. Fisher	.. 6	b. Grant	53
F. L. Currie, Esq. c. Walker	.. 5	b. Marryatt	11
Gunner Attock, b. Hawtrey	.. 2	b. Hawtrey	2
Gunner Rose, b. Hawtrey	.. 3	b. Marryatt	18
Gunner Newham, b. Hawtrey	.. 1	b. Hawtrey	0
Gunner Hoare, b. Fisher	.. 0	c. G. Walker	2
Gunner Close, not out	.. 11	b. Hawtrey	1
Bombr. Barham, b. Hawtrey	.. 4	run out	2
Bombr. Ellis, b. Hawtrey	.. 2	b. Hawtrey	6
Byes,	.. 7	Byes	21
Wide Balls,	.. 12	Wide Balls	7
Total..	.. 58	Total..	151

*Mofussilite.*

# CALCUTTA CRICKET CLUB AND THE OFFICERS OF FORT WILLIAM.

This, the first Match of the season, came off on the 28th November on the Calcutta ground and afforded a good day's amusement, though the play was by no means first rate, indeed from want of practice, not having their best eleven, &c., the officers here no match for the C. C. C. who obtained an easy victory; the Military however have some good bats among them, and if they had good bowling might have a better chance with the Club. There was nothing in this match which require any

lengthened account, so I merely send the scores; I must not, however, omit to notice the wicket keeping of Mr O. Wood, nor the long stopping of Mr Thompson, both of which were admirable, the latter gentleman will be a considerable acquisition to our eleven.

*A Match played on Saturday the 28th of November, 1846, at Calcutta, between the Calcutta Cricket Club and the Officers in Fort William.*

CALCUTTA CRICKET CLUB.

G. Oakes, Esq., b. Capt. Munro,	..	..	..	1
H. Crooke, Esq., b. Capt. Munro,	..	..	..	42
— Alsopp, Esq., b. Capt. Munro,	..	..	..	30
C. Wood, Esq., leg b. wicket Capt. Munro,	..	..	..	0
O. Wood, Esq., leg to wicket,	..	..	..	50
T. Thomson, Esq., c. Snell, Capt. Munro,	..	..	..	45
F. Currie, Esq., b. Lieut. Cleveland,	..	..	..	4
W. Judge, Esq., run out,	..	..	..	17
W. C. Lochner, Esq., not out,	..	..	..	0
F. Smelt, Esq., b. Lieut. Walton,	..	..	..	0
— Shum, Esq., b. Lieut. Walton,	..	..	..	0
Overs, ..	..	..	..	31
Byes, ..	..	..	..	5
Wide Balls,	..	..	..	3
No Balls	..	..	..	0
				<hr/>
Total,				.. 197

THE OFFICERS IN THE FORT.

1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
Capt. Haythorne, c. Currie b. C. Wood,	5	b. O. Wood,	.. 5
Jeffery, s. O. Wood C. Wood,	0	not out	.. 3
Lieut. Ball, b. O. Wood	^	b. O. Wood,	.. 0
Budin C. Alsopp C. Wood ..	12	run out,	.. 10
Walton, b. Smelt,	.. 1	c. Shum, b. C. Wood,	.. 20
Cleveland, c. C. Wood O. Wood,	.. 0	c. Lochner, b. C. Wood,	.. 1
Grantham, b. O. Wood,	.. 1	b. C. Wood,	.. 6
Knox, b. C. Wood,	.. 0	b. C. Wood,	.. 2
Shelton, not out,	.. 0	run out,	.. 0
Snell, run out,	.. 3	b. C. Wood,	.. 3
Capt. Munro, b. O. Wood,	.. 11	b. C. Wood,	.. 1
Overs,	.. 21	..	.. 23
Byes,	.. 0	..	.. 1
Wide Balls,	.. 3	..	.. 8
No Balls,	.. 0	..	.. 0
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total, ..		Total, ..	
.. 36		.. 60	
		<hr/>	
		Grand Total, ...	
		96	

### MATCH BETWEEN THE MERCHANTS AND THE CALCUTTA CRICKET CLUB.

The third match of the season came off on the 12th instant, between the Merchants and Calcutta Cricket Club, and afforded considerable amusement not only to the players but also to the spectators, a good many of whom assembled on the ground in the course of the afternoon. The match was not finished, but at the end of the day the Club had much the best of it, and in all probability would have defeated their opponents easily, could it have been played out. The Merchants were deprived of the services of three of their best men; and their fielding, with few exceptions, was very indifferent. They must improve considerably in this important branch of the game before they can expect to compete successfully with the Club, who far excelled them in this respect.—The batting of Messrs Thompson and Walton on the side of the Club and of Messrs Currie and Marten on that of the Merchants was generally admired. Subjoined is the score as it stood at the close of the day:—

MERCHANTS.			
1st Innings.		2d Innings.	
O. Wood, c. Judge, b. Walton,	... 13	b. Lochner,	... 1
H. Crooke, b. ditto,	... 1	run out,	... 4
W. Currie, b. b. b. Lochner,	... 37	..	..
C. Marten, b. Walton,	... 0	run out,	... 18
S. Palmer, run out,	... 9	hit w. b. Shum,	... 1
A. Larpent, c. Lochner, b. Shum,	... 1	c. Shum, b. Lochner,	... 8
H. Congreve, b. Walton,	... 6	not out,	... 11
H. Blunt, ditto ditto,	... 4	not out,	... 2
C. Burgett, c. Walton, b. Shum	... 8	..	..
R. Grey, run out,	... 16	..	..
W. Chapman, not out,	... 0	c. Richardson, b. Shum,	..
	.. 95		52
Byes.	... 10	Byes, &c.	... 0
Total,	... 105	Total,	... 52
CLUB.			
1st Innings.			
W. Judge, b. Wood,	..	..	.. 9
E. Ryan, b. Palmer, ..	..	..	.. 3
G. Oakes, ditto ditto, ..	..	..	.. 0
H. Oakes, c. Marten, b. ditto,	..	..	.. 4
F. Thomson, b. ditto,	..	..	.. 20
W. Lochner, b. Wood,	..	..	.. 4
R. Richardson, ditto ditto,	..	..	.. 16
R. Walton, not out ..	..	..	.. 47
Abercrombie, b. Wood,	..	..	.. 0
J. H. Patton, ditto, ..	..	..	.. 5
Shum, ditto, ..	..	..	.. 2
			.. 110
Byes, ..	..	..	.. 15
Wide Balls,	..	..	.. 11
Calcutta Races:		Total,	.. 136

## PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE LUCKNOW RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, 12th January, 1847.*

*First Race.*—Lucknow Derby for maiden Arabs, 15 G. M. from the Fund, 8st. 7lb. each, heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, entrance 10 G. M., H. F. Winners before the day of the race to carry 7lb. extra. To close on the 15th December 1846, and name the day before the race.

*Second Race.*—A Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund for all horses. Arabs and Country-breds to carry 8st. 7lb., Cape and New South Wales 9st., English horses 11st. Heats 2 miles, entrance 5 G. M.

*Third Race.*—A Purse of 80 Rupees for all hacks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, Gentlemen riders 11st. 7lb., entrance 20 Rupees. The Winner to be sold, if claimed, for 300 Rupees.

SECOND DAY, *Thursday, 14th January, 1847.*

*First Race.*—A Purse of 15 G. M. for all Maidens, Calcutta weight for age; heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, Winners once before the race to carry 7lb. extra, twice or oftener 10lb., entrance 10 G. M., H. F. To close 16th December, and name the day before the race.

*Second Race.*—Ten Gold Mohurs from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M., H. F. for all Arabs that are not maidens of the season,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, 9st. each. Subscriptions to close on the 1st January, 1847, to name the day before the races, and forfeits to be declared by 12 o'clock the day before the race.

*Third Race.*—Great Weltern, 10 G. M. from the Fund for all horses, entrance 5 G. M., H. F. Gentlemen riders, 11st. 7lb. each,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile.

*Fourth Race.*—Weight for Inch, Purse 5 G. M. from the Fund, 1 G. M. entrance,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats, 12 hands to carry 8st. and 3lb., an inch added or allowed.

THIRD DAY, *Saturday, 16th January, 1847.*

*First Race.*—The Minister's Purse of 50 G. M. for all horses. Calcutta weight for age. One and a quarter mile heats. Winners of one season 7lb. and of two seasons 10lb., extra. 10 Gold Mohurs entrance; to close on the 1st December, and name the day before the race.

Captain Smith,	..	..	..	..	..	1
Mr Snow,	..	..	..	..	..	1
Mr Hope,	..	..	..	..	..	1
Nawab Moomtazood Dowlah,	..	..	..	..	..	1
Nawab Ameerood Dowlah,	..	..	..	..	..	1
Mr. Foster,	..	..	..	..	..	1



*Second Race.*—Consolation Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 5 G. M. P. P.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

			st.	lb.
Horses valued at rupees	1,200,	to carry	11	0
Ditto	ditto	1,000,	ditto	10 7
Ditto	ditto	800,	ditto	10 0
Ditto	ditto	600,	ditto	9 7
Ditto	ditto	400,	ditto	9 0
Ditto	ditto	300,	ditto	8 7
Ditto	ditto	200,	ditto	a feather.

The Winner to be claimed within a quarter of an hour, and is to be taken with his engagements; the owner of the second horse having the choice, then the owner of the third, and so on, to the owner of the last horse that is not distanced.

*Third Race.*—All Ponies, a Purse of 4 G. M., entrance 1 G. M.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, catch weights.

#### FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, 19th January, 1847.

*First Race.*—Winners' Handicap, for which all winners, (hacks, ponies, consolation purse, and weight for inch excepted,) must enter, optional to losers; 10 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M., P. P.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

*Second Race.*—Losers' Handicap, 10 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 2 G. M.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

The Forty-sixth Cup on its terms.

*Third Race.*—Buggy Stakes 50 Rupees, entrance 1 G. M. for all horses that have been regularly driven in a buggy or carriage for the preceding six months. Gentlemen riders 11st. 7lb.

*Last Race, Last Day.*—The "forty sixth" cup for a hurdle race, G. R. R. C. over 6 hurdles  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high. Entrance 3 G. M. h. f.; English, 2st. 5lb.; Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 5lb. C. R. and Arab, 10st. 7lbs. Winners once of steeple chase or hurdle race to carry 3lbs. twice 5lbs., thrice or oftener 7lb., extra. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Two horses and from separate stables or no race. To close on the 11th January, 1847, and name the day before the race.

#### RULES.

- 1.—The Calcutta Rules to be generally applicable to these races.
- 2.—Every owner of horses, and every member of a confederacy, must subscribe 50 Rupees to the races; except the owners of horses, who only start for the hacks, weight for inch, pony, or buggy stakes.
- 3.—Sealed nominations, when not otherwise provided for, to be sent to the Secretary by 1 o'clock P. M., the day before each race. No nomination to be received unless accompanied by the entrance money.
- 4.—In case of deficiency in the Funds, a proportionate deduction will be made from the sum fixed for each race; and in the event of there being any excess, the amount to be expended in extra races.
- 5.—In the event of any subscriber leaving the station on duty, or sick leave, before the races take place, his subscription will not be demanded, or if paid it will be returned to him.

6.—All disputes to be settled by the Stewards, and their decision as regards the disposal of the public money to be final.

7.—Maidens on the 1st September, 1846, to be considered maidens of the season.

8.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.

9.—Two horses bona *bona fide* from different stables to start for each public race; in the event of only one horse coming to the post, the owner will receive the forfeits and half the public money.

10.—Winning horses to pay 6, losers 2 Rupees, for Race Course repairs.

11.—In case of unfavorable weather, the Stewards have the power to postpone the races until such time as they think proper.

12.—Settling day, the last day of the Meeting.

G. E. HOLLINGS,	} <i>Stewards,</i>
W. E. WARDEN,	
C. LYSAGHT.	
M. JAMES, <i>Secretary.</i>	

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In the Ministers Purse of 50 G. M. Maidens of the present season are not to be considered winners. The expression of winners of one and two seasons is intended to apply to horses that could not have started as maidens on any Race Course this year.

25th November, 1846.

## KAMPTEE RACES FOR 1847.

FIRST DAY, *Monday, January 25th, 1847.*

1st Race.—A Maiden Purse of 400 Rupees. Entrance 150; P. P. for all Horses (bona fide the property of Officers composing the N. S. F. on the 1st of November 1846) that have never started for Plate, Purse, Match, or Sweepstakes. Heats 1 mile 10st. To close at noon on the 5th of December 1846, and name on the evening of the 23d Jan. 1847.

2nd Race.—The Galloway Plate of 300 Rupees for all Galloways. Entrance 100 P. P. Heats 1 mile. Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 10st. To close and name at noon on the 23d of January 1847.

3rd Race.—The Great Welter of 350 Rupees from the Fund. Entrance 100 P. P. for all Horses 1½ mile. Weight 11 stone, Gentlemen Riders. To close at noon on the 18th and name on the evening of the 23d of January 1847.

**SECOND DAY, Wednesday, January 27th, 1847.**

**1st Race.**—The Resident's Plate value 300 Rupees. Entrance 80 P. P. Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile 10 stone. To close at noon on the 1st of January, and name on the evening of the 26th of January 1847.

**2nd Race.**—A Pony Purse of 100 Rupees. Entrance 20 P. P. for all Ponies. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile Catch weights. To close and name on the evening of the 26th of January 1847.

**3rd Race.**—The Ladies' Plate of 300 Rupees. Entrance 80 P. P. Heats 1 mile, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 10 stone. To close and name at noon on the 26th of January 1847.

**THIRD DAY, Friday, January 29th, 1847.**

**1st Race.**—The Rajah's Cup value 500 Rupees. Entrance 150 P. P. Heats 1 mile, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 9st. 7lbs. To close at noon on the 1st, and name on the evening of the 26th of January, 1847.

**2nd Race.**—The Kamptee Stakes of 200 Rupees. Entrance 50 P. P. Heats 1 mile 10st. 7lbs. The winner to be sold for 350 Rupees if demanded in the usual manner. To close and name on the evening of the 28th of January 1847.

**3rd Race.**—The Brigadier's Purse of 250 Rupees. Entrance 50 P. P. Heats 1 mile 10 stone. The winner of either the Great Welter, or Resident's Plate, to carry 4lbs. extra, and of both Races 10lbs. To close at noon on the 23d of January, and name on the evening of the 28th of January 1847.

**FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, February 2d, 1847.**

**1st Race.**—The Merchant's Plate value 500 Rupees, on its terms. Entrance 100 P. P. for all Horses, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs. Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. To close on the 15th of December 1846, and name on the 1st of February 1847.

**2d Race.**—The Hurdle Stakes, of 200 Rupees from the Fund. Entrance 30 P. P. for all Horses, 11 stone,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile. Over five Hurdles, height  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet. Three Horses to start or no Race. To close and name on the evening of the 1st of February 1847.

**FIFTH DAY, Thursday, February 4th, 1847.**

**First Race.**—The Forced Handicap of 300 Rupees from the Fund. To which all winners must contribute. Entrance 100 Rupees H. F. [Optional to the winner of the Kamptee Stakes]; distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. To be Handicapped by the Committee.

**Second Race.**—The Beaten Handicap 300 Rupees from the Fund. Entrance 50 P. P. for all beaten Horses of the meeting. Heats 1 mile. To be Handicapped by the Committee. To close and name at noon on the 3d of February 1847.

**N. B.**—The Committee have found it necessary, in consequence of the difficulty in getting *light weights to ride*, to make the weights unusually heavy, and distances have been proportionately diminished.

## RULES FOR THE KAMPTEE RACES OF 1847.

1.—The General Rules for Racing to be applicable ; all disputes to be settled by the Stewards, and their decision to be final.

2.—Sealed nominations to be delivered to, or forwarded to the address of the Secretary on or before the day fixed for subscribing or naming, when not otherwise provided for, sealed nominations and entrance money to be sent so as to reach the Secretary on or before 12 o'clock, noon, the day preceding the Race.

3.—In all Races, the owner of each Horse entered shall declare to the Stewards the evening before the Race [by 7 o'clock] whether his horse is to run or not, to allow time for the preparation of the Lotteries.

4.—No horse to start, the owner of which has not subscribed 50 Rupees to the Race Fund, with the exception of those starting for the Hurdle, selling or Pony Races, who are required to subscribe 20 Rupees.

5.—Winning Horses to pay 8 Rupees, and losers 4 Rs. for the Race Course repairs.

6.—Two horses, the property of different owners, to start for each public plate, purse, &c., and a horse *walking over* for any race [excepting the maiden] receives only a third of the public money, and this only once during the meeting.

7.—Cape, Australian, and Horses of English blood, to carry 5lbs., and English Horses 2 stone extra, Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.

8.—The settling day to be named by the Stewards as soon after the last day of the meeting as practicable.

9.—Half an hour allowed between Races and Heats.

10.—Any deficiency in the subscriptions to be deducted proportionately from the different Purses.

11.—A day will be named for measuring.

12.—The word "Off" once given by the appointed starter is decisive.

13.—All confederacies to be declared to the Secretary in writing before the Meeting. Each confederate to subscribe 50 Rupees to the Fund.

14.—No horse is qualified to start for any Race, unless all his owner's subscriptions and entrances have been paid.

15.—Nagpore Currency, and 20 Nagpore Rupees to be considered equivalent to a Gold Mohur.

16.—Any Jockey coming in carrying 2lb. above his weight, *undeclared* to be distanced.

17.—No confederacy with dealers to be allowed.

N. B.—There will be Race Ordinaries at 7 o'clock at the Public Room before each day's running.

(Signed) S. Baily,  
J. Barclay,  
J. A. Gunthorpe,  
J. P. Roberts,  
W. Borthwick,  
G. C. Dickson,  
W. C. Western,

M. C. S. BAKER,  
Secretary.

KAMPTEE, 1st September, 1846.—*Delhi Gazette*.

IND. SPORT. REV.—VOL. IV. NO. VIII.

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## BOMBAY RACES.

NOMINATIONS TO THE RACES WHICH CLOSED ON THE  
1ST OCTOBER, 1846.

FIRST DAY.—*The Derby.*

For Maiden Arabs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Miles.

Mr Gee's	...	...	Dk. g. c.	
"	...	...	Lt. g. c.	
"	...	...	b. h.	
Mr Scott's	...	...	g. h.	<i>Cornet.</i>
"	...	...	g. c.	<i>Goolub Singh.</i>
"	...	...	g. c.	<i>The Gem.</i>
Mr Lancaster's	...	...	c. c.	<i>Mat.</i>
Mr South's	...	...	w. h.	<i>Temptation.</i>
Mr Ridge's	...	...	g. c.	<i>Criterion.</i>
"	...	...	b. c.	<i>String for lead.</i>
Major Blood's...	...	...	g. h.	<i>Mintmaster.</i>
"	...	...	g. c.	<i>Paragon.</i>
"	...	...	b. h.	<i>Chancellor.</i>
Mr Hunter's	...	...	b. h.	<i>Glencelg.</i>
"	...	...	w. h.	<i>Cygnat.</i>
The Confederates'	...	...	g. c.	<i>Young Nick.</i>
"	...	...	g. c.	<i>Anticipation.</i>
"	...	...	g. h.	<i>Reality.</i>
"	...	...	g. h.	<i>Malmesbury.</i>
"	...	...	g. h.	<i>The Great Western.</i>

*The Great Welter.*

For all Arabs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Miles.

Mr South's	...	...	w. h.	<i>Temptation.</i>
"	...	...	g. h.	<i>Waverley.</i>
"	...	...	Brn h.	<i>Esperances.</i>
Mr Ridge's	...	...	g. h.	<i>Vibration.</i>
Major Blood's	...	...	c. h.	<i>Conrad.</i>
Mr Gee's	...	...	g. g.	<i>Crusader.</i>
Mr Tom's	...	...	b. h.	<i>Hobson's Choice.</i>

SECOND DAY.—*The Dealers' Plate.*

For all Arabs imported after the 1st September 1845. 2 Miles.

Mr Gee's	...	...	Dk. g. c.	<i>Hobson's Choice.</i>
"	...	...	Lt. g. c.	
"	...	...	b. h.	

Mr Scott's	g. h.	<i>Cornet.</i>
" "	g. c.	<i>Goolab Singh.</i>
" "	g. c.	<i>The Gem.</i>
Aga Mahomed Bawker's	g. c.	<i>Punjaub.</i>
" "	g. c.	<i>Victim.</i>
" "	g. h.	<i>Pigeon.</i>
" names	Blk. c.	<i>Zinganes.</i>
" "	Iron g. h.	<i>Glendower.</i>
" "	Ng. g. h.	<i>Malmesbury.</i>
Mr Lancaster's	g. h.	<i>Master George.</i>
Bazonjee Fukera's	g. c.	
Mr South's	g. h.	<i>Virmuth.</i>
" "	Brn. h.	<i>Esperance.</i>
" "	Iron g. c.	<i>The Knight of India.</i>
Abdoolah bin Hassan's	Ng. g. c.	<i>Borak.</i>
" "	g. h.	<i>The Grasshopper.</i>
Mr Thornhill's...	g. h.	<i>The Haji.</i>
Haji Abdool Wahab's	g. h.	<i>Seahorse.</i>
" "	Ng. g. h.	<i>Suglao.</i>
" "	c. c.	<i>Absentee.</i>
" "	g. h.	<i>Bedouin.</i>
" "	Iron g. c.	<i>Suffoog.</i>
" "	Ng. g. c.	<i>Kheitan.</i>
" "	g. c.	<i>Thunder.</i>
" "	c. h.	<i>Timour.</i>
" "	b. c.	<i>Chusan.</i>
" "	Iron g. h.	<i>Bundoola.</i>
" "	g. c.	<i>Bijles.</i>
Sorabjee Dady Suntook's	g. h.	
Shoikh' l'assein's	b. c.	<i>Fars.</i>
" "	b. c.	<i>Farewell.</i>
" "	b. c.	<i>Humbug.</i>
" "	g. c.	<i>Erin-go-bragh.</i>
" "	b. c.	<i>Whitefoot.</i>
" "	b. h.	<i>Lottery.</i>
Capt. Haliburton's	g. h.	<i>Sober Robin.</i>
Major Blood's	b. c.	<i>Premier.</i>
" "	g. c.	<i>Paragon.</i>
" "	g. c.	<i>Baron.</i>
The Confederates	g. c.	<i>Young Nick.</i>
" "	g. c.	<i>Anticipation.</i>
" "	g. h.	<i>Reality.</i>

### *The Forbes' Stakes.*

For all Arabs. 2 Miles.

Mr Gee's	g. h.	...	<i>Polisson.</i>
Mr Lancaster's	c. c.	...	<i>Mat.</i>

Mr South's	...	w. h.	...	<i>Temptation.</i>
"	...	g. h.	...	<i>Waverley.</i>
Mr Ridge's	...	b. c.	...	<i>String for lead.</i>
Major Blood's	...	c. h.	...	<i>Conrad.</i>
Capt. McMahon's...		b. h.	...	<i>Don Juan.</i>
The Confederates'...		g. h.	...	<i>Malmesbury.</i>
"	...	g. h.	...	<i>The Great Western.</i>
Mr Tom's	...	b. h.	...	<i>Hobson's Choice.</i>

### THIRD DAY.—*The Civilians' Cup.*

#### For all Horses. 2 Miles.

Mr Gee's	..	g. a. h.	...	<i>Polisson.</i>
"	...Dk.	g. a. o.	...	
"	...	g. a. g.	...	<i>Crusader.</i>
Mr Scott's	...	g. a. h.	...	<i>Cornet.</i>
"	...	g. a. c.	...	<i>Goolab Singh.</i>
"	...	g. a. c.	...	<i>The Gem.</i>
Mr Russell's	...	g. a. h.	...	<i>Rienzi.</i>
Mr South's	...	w. a. h.	...	<i>Temptation.</i>
"	...	g. a. h.	...	<i>Waverley.</i>
"	...	g. a. h. <sup>a</sup>	...	<i>Virmuth.</i>
Mr Thornhill's	...	g. a. h.	...	<i>The Haji.</i>
Mr Ridge's	...	g. a. h.	...	<i>Vibration.</i>
Major Blood's	...	c. a. h.	...	<i>Conrad.</i>
"	...	g. a. h.	...	<i>Polka.</i>
Capt McMahon's	...	b. a. h.	..	<i>Don Juan.</i>
Mr Hunter's	...	b. a. h.	...	<i>Glenelg.</i>
"	...	w. a. h.	...	<i>Cygnets.</i>
The Confederates'	...	g. a. h.	...	<i>Malmesbury.</i>
"	...	g. a. h.	...	<i>The Great Western.</i>
Mr Tom's	...	b. a. h.	...	<i>Hobson's Choice.</i>

### NOMINATIONS TO THE MERCHANTS' PLATE.

*Closed on the 1st November, 1846.*

Mr South's	..	w. h.	...	<i>Temptation.</i>
"	...	g. h.	...	<i>Virmuth.</i>
"	... Brn	h.	..	<i>Esperance.</i>
Mr Gee's	... Dk, g.	c.	...	
"	... Lt.	g. c.	...	
Mr Scott's	..	g. h.	...	<i>Cornet.</i>
"	...	g. c.	...	<i>Goolab Singh.</i>
"	...	g. c.	...	<i>The Gem.</i>

Major Blood's	...	b. c.	...	<i>Premier.</i>
"	...	g. c.	...	<i>Baron.</i>
"	...	g. c.	...	<i>Paragon.</i>
Mr Thornhill's	...	g. h.	...	<i>The Haji.</i>
Capt. Haliburton's	...	g. h.	...	<i>Sober Robin.</i>
<i>Bombay Times.</i>				

# CALCUTTA RACES—SECOND MEETING—1846-47.

RACES CLOSED—25TH DECEMBER, 1846.

FIRST DAY, *Saturday, January 30, 1847.*

*First Race.*—Merchants' Plate, added to a sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each P. P., for all horses; St. Leger Course, Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 1 stone extra, Arabs, not maidens, allowed 7lb., maiden Arabs allowed 1st., and other maidens 7lb. To close and name by 12 o'clock the day before the first Meeting. All bets on this race to be P. P. unless otherwise specified.

Mr Williams'	..	b. a. h.	..	<i>Minuet.</i>
"	..	b. a. h.	..	<i>Child of the Islands.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's	..	g. a. h.	..	<i>Honeysuckle.</i>
Mr Petre's	..	b. a. h.	..	<i>Farewell.</i>
Mr Pye's	..	b. n. s. w. h.	..	<i>Brown Jumper.</i>
Mr East's	..	by. cp. h.	..	<i>Banker.</i>
Mr Burgess'	..	b. n. s. w. m.	..	<i>Green Mantle.</i>
Mr Barker's	..	b. e. m.	..	<i>Morgiana.</i>
"	..	c. e. g.	..	<i>Grasshopper.</i>
"	..	c. n. s. w. c.	..	<i>Selim.</i>
Mr Abram's	..	b. a. h.	..	<i>Cadwallader.</i>
Mr Jones'	...	g. a. h.	...	<i>Elepoo.</i>
Mr Cunyngham's	...	b. a. h.	...	<i>Problem.</i>
"	..	b. a. h.	..	<i>Glenmore.</i>
Mr Green's	..	h. a. h.	..	<i>Glaucus.</i>
"	..	b. a. h.	..	<i>Maynooth.</i>
"	..	b. n. s. w. h.	..	<i>Paris.</i>
Mr Boynton's	..	b. cp. h.	..	<i>Sir Benjamin.</i>
Mr Stone names	..	b. k. cp. h.	..	<i>Voltaire.</i>



**Second Race.**—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each; H. F. for all horses, Gilbert mile.

English Horses, .. ..	11st. 0lb.
Cape and N. S. Wales Horses,	9st. 7lb.
Country-bred Horses, ...	9st. 0lb.
Arabs, ... ..	8st. 7lb.
Maidens allowed, ... ..	0st. 7lb.

To close the day before the 1st Meeting and name the day before the race.

Mr Petre.  
 Mr Brown.  
 Mr Cunnynggham.  
 Mr Boynton.  
 Mr Stone.  
 Mr Hope.

#### SECOND DAY, Tuesday, February 2, 1847.

**Second Race.**—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. H. F. for all horses, 2 miles, 8st. 7lb. each. A winner once prior to the 1st Oct. 1846, to carry 5lb., twice 7lb., three times or oftener 10lb. extra. Horses that have never started before the 1st Oct. 1846, allowed 7lb. English horses 2st extra. To close the day before the first Meeting and name the day before the race.

Mr Williams.  
 Mr Cunnynggham.  
 Mr Boynton.

**Third Race.**—Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. H. F., for all horses that have not won upwards of 100 G. M. previously to the 1st Oct., 1846,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile.

English Horses, ... ..	10st. 7lb.
Cape and N. S. Wales ditto, ..	9st. 7lb.
Country-bred ditto, ... ..	9st. 0lb.
Arabs, ... ..	8st. 7lb.

To close the day before 1st Meeting and name the day before the race.

Mr Pye.  
 Mr Brown.  
 Mr Jones.  
 Mr Cunnynggham.  
 Mr Green.  
 Mr Stone.

**Fourth Race**—The Civilians' Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of 40 G. M. each. H. F. 10 G. M. ft. if declared by 2 P. M. on the 15th of January 1847, for all horses, 2½ miles. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 1½ st., and Cape 5lb extra. Horses that have not won more than 100 G. M. previous to the 1st of October 1846 allowed 5lbs. Maidens of the season allowed 10lbs. Maidens on the day of starting 1st., but the allowances not to be cumulative. To close and name the 1st of December. The second horse to save his stake; and if seven horses start the forfeits to be divided between the second and third horses. All bets on the Race to be P. P.

Mr Hope's	..	n. s. w. h.	<i>Emigrant.</i>
Mr Grey's	..	b. a. h.	<i>Selin.</i>
Mr Barker's	..	b. e. m.	<i>Morgiana.</i>
"	..	c. e. g.	<i>Grasshopper.</i>
Mr Burgess's	..	b. n. s. w. m.	<i>Greenmantle.</i>
Mr Williams'	..	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet.</i>
"	..	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's	..	g. a. c.	<i>Honeysuckle.</i>
Mr Stone names	..	bk. cp. h.	<i>Voltaire.</i>
Mr Abram's	..	b. a. h.	<i>Cadwallader.</i>
Mr Petre's	..	b. a. h.	<i>Farewell.</i>
Mr Jones'	..	g. a. h.	<i>Elepoo.</i>
" names	..	g. e. g.	by <i>Algar</i> out of <i>Gift</i> , foaled in 1839, <i>Gift</i> by <i>Young Gohanna</i> ; her dam sister to <i>Grazier</i> .
Mr Green's	..	b. a. h.	<i>Glaucus.</i>
"	..	b. a. h.	<i>Maynooth.</i>
"	..	n. s. w. h.	<i>Paris.</i>
Mr Boynton's	..	b. cp. h.	<i>Sir Benjamin.</i>
"	..	g. a. h.	<i>Croton Oil.</i>
"	..	w. a. h.	<i>Boy Jones.</i>

THIRD DAY, Thursday 4, 1847.

**First Race**—Trades' Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. H. F., for all horses. Heats, 2 miles, Calcutta weight for age.

English horses to carry 1st. 7lb. extra; maidens allowed 10lb.

To close and name the day before the first Meeting.

Mr Williams'	..	b. a. h.	..	<i>Minuet.</i>
"	..	b. a. h.	..	<i>Child of the Islands.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's	..	g. a. h.	..	<i>Honeysuckle.</i>

Mr Petre's	..	bk.	a.	h.	..	<i>Niger.</i>
"	...	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Farewell.</i>
Mr Pye's	...	b.	n.	s. w. h.	...	<i>Brown Jumper</i>
Mr Burgess'	..	b. n.	s. w. m.	..	..	<i>Green Mantle.</i>
Mr Barker's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Chamois.</i>
Mr Norval's	..	b. n.	s. w. h.	..	..	<i>Talisman.</i>
Mr Cunyngham's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Problem.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Glenmore.</i>
Mr Green's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Glaucus.</i>
"	...	b.	a.	h.	...	<i>Maynooth.</i>
"	...	b. n.	s. w. h.	...	...	<i>Paris.</i>
Mr Stone names	...	bk.	cp.	h.	...	<i>Voltaire.</i>

*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. H. F., for all horses; 2 miles, 9st. each. English horses to carry 1st. 7lb. extra. Maidens allowed 10lb. To close the day before the Meeting and name the day before the race.

Mr Williams.

Mr Boynton.

*Third Race.*—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, H. F. for all horses that have not won upwards of 100 G. M. previously to the 1st Oct., 1846, English horses excepted. Byculla Weight for age, R. C. To close the day before the first Meeting and name the day before the race.

Mr Cunyngham.

Mr Boynton.

JAMES HUME, Secy.

### ALLIPORE CHAMPAGNE STAKES—1847.

Third year of the Allipore Champagne Stakes, 50 G. M., 10 forfeit, if declared the day before the meeting, and half forfeit if the day before the race, for all Arabs entitled to run as maidens on the 24th December, 1846. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. For Maidens on 1st October 1847, allowed 7lb. To close and name on the 24th December, 1846.

All bets on this race to be P. P., unless otherwise specified.

Mr Cunyngham's	..	b.	a.	h. <sup>o</sup>	..	<i>Problem.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Mango.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Reveller.</i>

Mr Williams'	b. a. h. ..	<i>Minuet.</i>
"	b. a. h. ..	<i>Child of the Islands.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick'	g. a. h. ..	<i>Honeysuckle.</i>
"	b. a. c. ..	<i>Raymond.</i>
"	g. a. c. ..	<i>Sir Harry.</i>
Mr Petre's	b. a. h. ..	<i>Farewell.</i>
	g. a. h. ..	<i>Zurbano.</i>
	b. a. h. ..	<i>Bonanza.</i>
Mr Abram's	b. a. h. ..	<i>Cadwallader.</i>
Mr Boynton'	b. a. h. ..	<i>Fancy Boy.</i>
	g. a. h. ..	<i>True Boy.</i>
	roan a. h. ..	<i>Toby.</i>
	g. a. h. ..	<i>Croton Oil.</i>
Mr Green's	b. a. h. ..	<i>Maynooth.</i>
"	g. a. h. ..	<i>Eoüs.</i>
Mr Barker's	b. a. h. ..	<i>Chamois.</i>
	b. a. h. ..	<i>Guarantee.</i>
	g. a. h. ..	<i>The Little Goorkah.</i>
	b. a. h. ..	<i>'Pon mee haunor.</i>
	g. a. h. ..	<i>Poor Warren.</i>
Mr. James'	g. a. h. ..	<i>Phlegon.</i>
Mr Fulton's	g. a. h. ..	<i>Master Henry.</i>
	g. a. h. ..	<i>Blood Royal.</i>
	b. a. h. ..	<i>Smolensko.</i>

JAMES HUME, *Secy.*

### CALCUTTA RACES—1847-48.

A Plate of — Gold Mohurs, given by the Arab Dealers of Calcutta for all Maiden Arabs purchased from them since the 1st January 1846. R. C. Calcutta weight for age.

Five Gold Mohurs each for horses named on or before the 1st January 1847; 10 Gold Mohurs for horses named on or before the 1st of April, and 15 Gold Mohurs for horses named on or before the 1st July following. An entrance of 20 Gold Mohurs for all horses declared to start. To be run on the fifth day of the first Calcutta Meeting 1847-48. Entrances to be sent to the Secretary the day before the Meeting. Horses that have not won before the day of starting allowed 5lb.

No horse entitled to start unless imported by a Dealer who has subscribed at least 50 Gold Mohurs to the Plate; and all horses that have

tarted at any Meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta subsequently to the 1st October, 1847, allowed 5lb.

*Already Subscribed.*

Abdool Ryman,	..	..	..	G. M.	100
Shaik Ibrahim,	..	..	..	„	100
Mahomed Ben Usher,	..	..	..	„	50

G. M. 250

JAMES HUME,  
*Secretary.*

### HYDRABAD RACES.

The Committee of Management for the ensuing Hyderabad Meeting beg to notify that the Races have been postponed until Tuesday the 2d February 1847.

SECUNDERABAD, November 4, 1846.

The Committee of Management for the ensuing Races have much pleasure in notifying that there are three Subscribers to each of the Races which closed on the 14th Ultimo, viz. :—

Mr St. George.  
Capt. Shakespear.  
Major Forfeit.

To promote Sport, the above-mentioned Subscribers to the 1st and 2nd Maidens have consented to permit others to enter until the 15th instant.

In consequence of the postponement of the Races until the 2nd February, 1847, the Races and Sweepstakes which were to have closed on the 15th December (instant), will now only close on the 11th January 1847.

SECUNDERABAD, December 1, 1846.—*Madras Athenæum.*

### BERHAMPORE RACES.

Notice is hereby given, that in consequence of the paucity of Stables, the Berhampoor Races are again postponed until Thursday the 4th February, 1847. The promise of Horses from Calcutta has induced the subscribers to fix that day. Races and Purses that were to have closed on the 25th of Dec., 1846, to close on the 15th of January, 1847. In Rule 7, the price of a Horse is limited to 1,700 Rupees.

JOHN ADAMS,

*Secretary to the Races.*

*Berhampore, Dec. 28.*

### MEERUT RACES.

In consequence of so many Corps being about to leave the station, the Stewards of the Meerut Races beg to inform the Public, that the Races will be postponed until Tuesday, the 2d February, 1847.

FIRST DAY, 2nd February, 1847.

**1st Race.**—The 2nd year of the Meerut Leger. A Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each for all Maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lb. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles. To close and name on the 15th September, 10 G. M. forfeit on the 15th October, 15 G. M. forfeit on the 15th November, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  forfeit the day before the Race.

Mr Francis'	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Spider,</i>	..	declared forfeit 15th Oct.
Mr Francis'	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Protégé,</i>	..	
Capt Percy's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Revoke,</i>	..	
Capt Percy's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Repulse,</i>	..	
Capt Percy's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Remembrancer.</i>	..	
Capt Percy's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Rebuke,</i>	..	declared forfeit 15th Oct.

**2nd Race.**—A Silver Tankard, on its terms, for Horses the property of Officers' H. M. 9th Lancers.

At present there are 12 Subscribers to this Race.

**3rd Race.**—The Meerut Plate of 40 G. M. for Maiden Arabs. 15 G. M. entrance. 5 G. M. forfeit. 2 miles 8st. 7lb. To close and name 10th November.

**4th Race.**—A Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 15 G. M. added, for all Horses,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Gentlemen Riders. Arabs 10st. 7lb. Country-breds 11st. Cape and N. S. Wales 11st. 7lb. English Horses 12st. 7lb. To close 10th November.

### SECOND DAY, Thursday, 4th February, 1847.

**1st Race.**—The Adelaide Cup presented by the Officers of H. M. 9th Lancers, for all Horses, 2 miles. Entrance 15 G. M., 10 G. M. forfeit. Arabs 9st. Cape and N. S. Wales 10st. English Horses 11st. 7lb. To close and name 1st November. Horses that have never started for Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstake allowed 5lb. and Horses that have never won Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstake allowed 7lb. extra. Three Horses *bonâ fide* the property of different owners, to start, or should the Regiment not be at Meerut on the day of the Races, the Cup to be withheld.

**2nd Race.**—A Sweepstake of 15 G. M. 5 forfeit for all Horses except English. Arabs 9st. Country-bred 9st. 7lb. Cape and N. S. Wales 10st. Maidens allowed 7lb. 1 mile. To close and name 1st December.

**3rd Race.**—A Give and Take of 10 G. M. Entrance 5 G. M. 14 hands to carry 9st. To close 10th November and name 14th November. Maidens allowed 5lb. R. C.

**4th Race.**—The Hack Stakes of Rs. 100. Entrance 3 G. M. Gentlemen Riders.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats 11st. 7lb. each. Second Horse to run his Stakes, and winner to be sold for Rs. 600.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, 6th February, 1847.

**1st Race.**—All Arab Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each. 2 miles 9st. Maidens allowed 7lb. To close and name 15th September, 10 G. M. forfeit on the 15th October, 15 G. M. forfeit on the 15th November, and half forfeit the day before the Race.

Mr Francis'	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Spider</i> , .. Maiden declared forfeit 15th Oct.
Mr Francis'	...	g.	a.	h.	<i>Swordsman</i> .
Capt Percy's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Revenge</i> ,
Capt Percy's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Revoke</i> , .. Maiden.
Capt Percy's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Remembrancer</i> ,
Capt Percy's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Rebuke</i> , declared forfeit 15th Oct.

**2d Race.**—A Sweepstake of 25 G. M. each for all Arabs half forfeit.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile 8st. 9lb. each. To close 10th November.

**3rd Race.**—The Meerut Great Welter of 40 G. M. Entrance 10 G. M. for all Horses. Gentlemen Riders. R. C. Arabs 11st. Country-bred 11st. 7lb. Cape and N. S. Wales 12st. English Horses 13st. Maidens

allowed 5lb. Winner of the Adelaide Cup to carry 7lb. extra. To close. 1st November, and name 1st December.

Mr Francis'	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Holdfast,</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Protégé,</i>
Mr Houchen's	..	b.	n.	s. w. h.	<i>Musa,</i>
Capt Percy's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Revoke,</i> .. (Maiden.)
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Revenge,</i>
"	..	c.	a.	h.	<i>Loll Sing,</i> .. (Maiden.)
Mr Lloyd's	..	c.	a.	h.	<i>Iber,</i> .. (Maiden.)

#### FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, 9th February, 1847.

A Cup presented by the Civilians of the N. W. Provinces for all Horses, Weight for age 1½ mile heats, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., each 10 G. M., forfeit if declared before the 10th Nov., 15 G. M., forfeit if declared the day before the Race. To close and name 15th Oct., Maidens allowed 5lb. Mares and Geldings 3lb. The winner of the Adelaide Cup to carry 5lb. extra.

English	Cape and	N. S. Wales	C. B.	Arabs.
3 yrs old.	8st. 10lb.	7st. 12lb.	7st. 4lb.	6st. 9lb.
4 „	9st. 12lb.	8st. 13lb.	8st. 6lb.	7st. 11lb.
5 „	10st. 7lb.	9st. 6lb.	8st. 13lb.	8st. 4lb.
6 „	} 11st.	9st. 9lb.	9st. 2lb.	8st. 7lb.
and aged				
Capt Percy's	..	g. a. h.	<i>Revenge,</i>	
Capt Percy's	..	b. a. h.	<i>Revoke,</i>	.. Maiden.
Capt Percy's	..	b. a. h.	<i>Repulse,</i>	.. Maiden, 4 years old
Capt Percy's	..	g. a. h.	<i>Remembrancer,</i> Maiden.	
Mr Francis'	..	g. a. h.	<i>Holdfast,</i>	
Mr Francis'	..	g. a. h.	<i>Swordsman,</i>	

• *2d Race.*—A Sweepstake of 10 G. M. each, 5 G. M., forfeit with 10 G. M., added for all Arabs, 3 miles 8st. 9lb. each, Maidens allowed 9lb.

*3rd Race.*—Hajec Ibrahim's Abdoolah Purse on its terms. For all Arabs purchased from him between 15th June and 15th September, 1846.

*4th Race.*—The Corinthian Stakes of Rs. 150, entrance 5 G. M., for all Arabs 1½ mile, Gentlemen Riders 10st. 7lb. each. Maidens allowed 5lb. Winner of Great Welter to carry 7lb. extra.

#### FIFTH DAY, Thursday, 11th February, 1847.

• *1st Race.*—The Winner's Handicap of 15 G. M., entrance 8 G. M., 4 forfeit for which all Winners of public money must enter, R. C.

*2d Race.*—The Loser's Handicap for all beaten Horses of the Meeting.

*3rd Race.*—The Poney Plate of 5 G. M.



## RULES.

All nominations to be made and forfeits declared by 10 o'clock P. M., the day before the Race, unless otherwise provided for.

Horses that are maidens on the 1st Oct., 1846, to run as such throughout this Meeting but to carry the extra weight required for winning any particular Race.

The Stewards will be guided in their decisions by the Rules of the N. I. Turf Club, but any horse having won a Plate, Purse, Match, or Sweepstakes previous to the 1st Oct., 1846, will not be considered a maiden.

Horses walking over for public money to receive only half. In the event of their not being sufficient funds an equal percentage to be deducted from the Winners of public money.

No one to be allowed to start a horse for any Race at this Meeting, who has not sent in to the Secretary a document stating "that in the event of any dispute relative to any Race in which his horse or horses may run for during the Meeting, he agrees to the matter being settled by the Stewards and to abide by their decision."

Running horses to pay Rupees 8 to the Course and losers 4 Rupees for each Race (matches included.)

All persons running horses (except for Matches, Private Stakes or Pony Plate) must subscribe Rs. 50 to the Race fund, and each member of a confederacy Rs. 50.

## SAUGOR RACES.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, 9th February, 1847.

*First Race.*—A Purse of 300 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rs. entrance P. P. for all Maiden Arabs 9st. 7lb. each. Horses that have never started for purse, plate, match, or sweepstakes allowed 7lb. Heats 1½ mile. To close 1st January, 1847.

*Second Race.*—Welter Stakes of Twelve Gold Mohurs, added to a sweepstakes of 50 Rs. each, P. P. Gentlemen Riders. For all Arabs, 1½ mile, 11st. Maidens allowed 10lb. To close 1st February, 1847.

*Third Race.*—Hack Stakes of 4 G. M. from the Fund, with 20 Rs. entrance. P. P. Gentlemen Riders, 10st. 7lb. ¾ mile heats. Winner to be sold for 300 Rupees if claimed in the usual manner.

## SECOND DAY, 11th February, 1847.

**1st Race.**—The General's Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 80 Rs. each P. P. for all horses, (English excepted) Arabs 9st. C. B. 9st. 5lb. Cape and N. S. W. 9st. 12lb. Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Maidens allowed 7lb. Winners once during the meeting, 5lb. extra; twice or oftener, 10lb. To close 1st January 1847.

**2d Race.**—Galloway Stakes of 10 G. M. Entrance 4 G. M., P. P., Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 9st. One mile heats. To close 1st January 1847.

**3d Race.**—Cheroot Stakes of 5 G. M. for all horses. Gentlemen Riders; 11st each;  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, entrance 32 Rs. The Winner to come to the scales with his cheroot lighted.

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## THIRD DAY, 13th February, 1847.

**1st Race.**—Saugor Purse of 300 Rs. for all Horses. Entrance 100 Rs. P. P. Arabs and C. B's. 9st. 7lb. Cape and N. S. W. 10st. 3lb. English 12st. Maidens allowed 7lb. Winners of either Maiden, Welter, or General's Plate, to carry 5lb. extra; or of any two of them, 8lb. R. C. and a distance. To close 1st January 1847.

**2nd Race.**—Pony Plate of 50 Rs. Entrance 16 Rs. Catch Weights, heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 13 hands and under.

**3rd Race.**—Irregular Cavalry Purse of 3 G. M. for all Horse belonging to the Native Commissioned, Non-Commissioned, and Suwars. Native Officers to pay 2 Rs. entrance, the amount to go to the 2nd Horse. Catch Weights, Sowars Riders,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats.

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## FOURTH DAY, 16th February, 1847.

**1st Race.**—Forced Handicap of 5 G. M. for Winning Horses of the Meeting; optional to Hack, Cheroot Stakes and Ponies. A Horse winning one Race to pay 3 G. M.; and one G. M. additional, for every additional Race. R. C.

**2nd Race.**—Beaten Handicap of 10 G. M., with 3 G. M. entrance. One G. M. forfeit for Horses not standing the Handicap. Heats, R. C.

**3rd Race.**—Hurdle Stakes of 5 G. M.; Entrance 30 Rupees, P. P. 10st. Round the course, over six Hurdles  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, last Horse to pay entrance of the 2nd.

## CAWNPORE RACES.

Owing to the departure of three Regiments from Cawnpore, and a consequent deficit of Funds, it has been determined by the Stewards of the Cawnpore Races to defer their meeting to the middle of February 1847, the prospectus formerly published is therefore null, a new one will be made out should funds be available.

FRED. J. HARRIOTT,  
*Secretary to the Races.*

CAWNPORE, 20th October, 1846.—*Ibid.*

## PROSPECTUS OF THE UMBALLAH APRIL MEETING, 1847.

FIRST DAY, *Thursday, April 6th.*

*First Race.*—Match for 20 G. M. P. P., 1½ mile.

Mr Charles names,	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Prizefighter</i> , 9st. 0lb.
Mr Randall's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Sir Walter</i> , 8st. 7lb.

*Second Race.*—Welter Trial Stakes. The terms of the race, which has closed, have already appeared. There are 10 Subscribers to it.

*Third Race.*—Welter Give and Take, a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, 5 forfeit if declared by 6 p. m. the evening before the race, with 15 G. M. added for all horses, 14 hands to carry 10st. Maidens allowed 7lb. G. R. R. C. To close and name on 19th November.

Major Pott's,	..	b.	a.	<i>Dominie Skelp.</i>
Mr Charles'	..	n.	s. g.	<i>Pluck.</i>
Mr Jones'	..	n.	s. b.	<i>Eurus.</i>

SECOND DAY, *Thursday, April 8th.*

*First Race.*—Agar Allee's Purse. (Terms have been published.)

*Second Race.*—The Kootub Plate. The terms of this have been published, but the following alteration has been made, and agreed to by all who entered for it:—Instead of "25 G. M. entrance, 10 forfeit" read 15 G. M. entrance, 5 forfeit; 12 entrances for this race.

THIRD DAY, *Saturday, April 10th.*

*First Race.*—The Little Go Stakes of 3 G. M. each, with 10 added, for horses that have never entered for public money or sweepstakes, G. R. 11st. L. M. Heats. To close and name by 6 p. m., March 1st 1847.

*Second Race.*—The Shorts, the terms of which have been published.

Mr Walter's	..	c.	a.	h.	<i>Lall Singh.</i>
The Colonel's	..	n. s.	g.	a.	h. <i>Huc-na-Huc.</i>
Major Pott's	..		g.	a.	h. <i>Ratan.</i>
Mr Randall's	..		b.	a.	h. <i>Sir Walter.</i>
Mr Charles'	..	n. s.	g.	a.	h. <i>Protestant.</i>
Mr Charles'	..	n. s.	g.	a.	h. <i>Pluck.</i>

FOURTH DAY, *Monday, April 12th.*

*First Race.*—The second Umballah Great Welter, 10 G. M. each with 25 for all horses, Arabs and Country breeds 10st. 7lb. C. and N. S. W. 8lb. extra, English 2st. Winners of the Umballah Nov. or the Meerut Welter, 4lb. extra, both 8lb. extra; maidens on the day of running 10lb. one allowance. G. R. R. C. To close and name November 10th.

Mr Walter's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Sham Singh,</i>	Maiden.
Mr Walter's	..	c.	a.	h.	<i>Lall Singh,</i>	do.
Capt. Goad's	..	b. g.	s.	w.	<i>Jackey,</i>	do.
Mr Charles'	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Prizefighter,</i>	do.

*Second Race.*—The Gram and Grass Stakes of 5 G. M. each with 10 added. Arabs 10st. 7lb. all others 1st. extra. G. R. Heats, R. C. Winner to be sold for 500 Rs. if demanded  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour after the race. To close on the 19th November, and name by 12 M. the day before the race.

Mr Walter.  
Major Pott.  
Mr Goodridge.  
The Colonel.

FIFTH DAY, *Wednesday, April 14th.*

*First Race.*—The Winners' Handicap.

*Second Race.*—The Losers' Handicap.

C. A. WHEELBRIGHT,  
*Secretary.*



# RACING CALENDAR

FOR

,  
1846.  
,

## AUTHORITIES FROM WHICH THE RACING CALENDAR IS COMPILED.

Spring Meeting of the South African Turf Club,	<i>Calcutta Star.</i>
Colombo Races,	<i>Ceylon Times.</i>
Simlah Races,	<i>Mofussilite.</i>
Agra Races,	<i>Delhi Gazette.</i>
Dehra Sky Races,	<i>Ditto.</i>
Lahore Races,	<i>Ditto.</i>
Poona Races,	<i>Bombay Times.</i>
Bangalore Cantonment Meeting,	<i>Calcutta Star.</i>
Batavia Races,	<i>Singapore Free Press.</i>
Sonepore Races,	<i>Calcutta Star.</i>
Umballah Races,	<i>Ditto.</i>
Kolapore Races,	<i>Bombay Times.</i>
Sukkur Races,	<i>Ditto.</i>
Dacca Races,	<i>Calcutta Star.</i>

# RACING CALENDAR.

## SPRING MEETING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TURF CLUB.

FIRST DAY, Monday, 7th September, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Indian Purse, of £35, added to Sweepstakes of £5 each for all Horses. Weight for age. Regent Course, about 2½ miles. Winners once to carry 5lbs., twice 7lbs., and three times or oftener 12lb. extra. The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

Time 6-4.

Mr P. van Breda's ..	b. c.	<i>Sir Harry,</i>	.. ..	3 years old	1
Mr A. Cloete's ..	c. c.	<i>Sir William Wallace,</i>	..	4 years old	2
Mr Rogerson's ..	b. c.	<i>Fascinator,</i>	.. ..	4 years old	
		by <i>Humphrey</i> , Dam <i>Mary Ann</i> , by			
		<i>Albion</i> , (bred by Mr J. Versbeld)			3
Mr Hoffman's ..	b. c.	<i>Lad of Stellenbosch,</i>	..	4 years old, bolted.	

The *Lad* the favourite at 2 to 1 against the field. He bolted soon after starting. *Sir William Wallace* took the lead and kept it at a slow pace, till within ½ mile from home, when *Sir Henry* went up and forced the running. He soon finished *Sir William* and won in a canter. *Fascinator* beaten off in the first mile.

2D RACE.—The South African Welter, of £20, from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of £10 each, Half Forfeit, for all Maiden Horses. One mile and a half. Six years old and aged, to carry 11st. 7lbs., 5 years old, 11st. 3lbs., 4 years old, 10st. 9lbs., and 3 years old, 9st. 7lbs.

The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

Mr Hoffman's ..	b. c.	<i>Eclipse,</i>	.. ..	4 years old	
Major Anstruther's ..	b. c.	<i>Peacock,</i> (late <i>Take it Coolly,</i> )		4 years old	
Mr P. van Breda's ..	r. c.	<i>Easy,</i>		4 years old	

*Eclipse* won very easily in 3-7.



## SECOND DAY, Wednesday, 9th September, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Merchant's Cup and Purse, value £25, for Horses that have not won. Weight for age. Heats one mile and a half. Entrance, £1-10.

Mr B. Stone's..	.. b. c.	<i>The Ugly Buck,</i>	.. 5 years old	
		by <i>Morisco</i> , (bred by Mr M. Melck)	2 1 1	
Mr J. Brink's..	.. bl. h.	<i>Black Prince,</i>	.. 5 years old	1 2 2
Mr P. van Breda's	.. c. c.	<i>Doncaster,</i>	.. 4 years old	
		by <i>St. Leger</i> , Dam <i>Miss Kitty</i> ,		
		(bred by Mr J. J. Kotzie,)	.. 3 3 3	

A good race in second and third heats.—Time, second heat, 3-6.

2D RACE.—The Turf Club Purse, value £30, to which is added the Town Cup, for all Horses. Weight for age, Heats, two miles. Entrance £3. £1 forfeit. Half the entrances and half the forfeits to go to the winner. Horses that have not won allowed 7lbs.

Mr A. Cloete's	b. h.	<i>Revenge</i> , aged..	.. 1 1
Mr Rogerson's	b. c.	<i>Fascinator</i> ,	.. 4 years old dis.
Mr Hoffman's	b. c.	<i>Lail of Stellenbosch</i> ,..	4 years old dis.
Mr P. van Breda's	c. h.	<i>Salonica</i> ,	.. 6 years old dis.

*Every horse bolted!* one going to Green Point, another to Town, and a third to the sea, &c. *Revenge* was brought back on the course and cantered in by himself, *dead lame*. *Fascinator* and *Salonica* though *distanced*, had a race in to themselves, which ended by the former bolting again, *charging the weighing tent* and cleverly landing his rider on the top of the same. This was the most interesting part of the affair.

3D RACE.—The Kafir Sweepstakes, of £3 each, H.F., with £15 added from the Fund, for all Horses. Heats, one mile. Six years old and aged to carry 10st. 5 years old, 9st. 9lbs, 4 years old, 9st., and 3 years old, 7st. 8lbs. Winners to put up extra weight as in the Indian Purse

The winner to pay £3 to the Race Fund.

Mr Hoffman's	.. b. c.	<i>Eclipse</i> ,	.. 4 years old 1'
Mr A. Cloete's	.. c. c.	<i>Sir William Wallace</i> ,	.. 6 years old 2
Mr P. van Breda's	.. b. c.	<i>Little Wonder</i> ,	.. 4 years old
		by <i>Metternich</i> , dam <i>Maid of Ron-</i>	
		<i>debosch</i> ..	.. 3

*Eclipse* won very easily. Time—first heat 2-6.

## THIRD DAY, Friday, 11th September, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Tradesmen's Purse, value £20, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each, for all Horses. Weight for age. Heats, one mile and a half. Winners, once to carry 7lbs., twice or over, 10lbs.

The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

Mr Hoffman's..	.. b. c.	<i>Eclipse</i> ,	.. 4 years old.
Mr. P. van Breda's	.. c. h.	<i>Salonica</i> ,	.. 6 years old.

*Eclipse* won easily.

**2D RACE.**—Hack Race. A purse of £7-10, added to a Sweepstakes of £2 each. Heats, half a mile. Gentlemen Riders. Weight 11st.

The winner to be sold for £25.

**3D RACE.**—The Consolation Purse, value £25, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each, H.F., for all Horses that have not won during the Meeting. One mile and a half. Weight as for the Kafir Stakes. The winner to be sold for £100; if declared to be sold for £80, to be allowed 5lbs., if for £60, to be allowed 10lbs., and if for £40, allowed 20lbs. The winner to pay £3 to the Race Fund.

The entrances for this Race to be made at 2 p. m. on the day before it comes off, and the value placed on each Horse to be then specified.

Major Anstruther's *Peacock*.. .. walked over.

**4TH RACE.**—The Lottery Handicap, value £35, for all Horses that have run during the Meeting. Two miles. Entrance £3, half forfeit. The entrances to go to the winner, and the forfeits to the Race Fund. Horses to be entered by 1 p. m., on the day before the race.

<i>The Lad</i> ..	..	..	10st. 0lb..	..	..	1
<i>Salonica</i> ..	..	..	9st. 0lb..	..	..	2
<i>Sir W. Wallace</i> ...	..	..	8st. 0lb..	..	..	bolted.

The *Lad* with blinkers, and other tackle was kept on the course and won in a canter. *Sir W. Wallace* not having bolted before *this* meeting, made up for that gross omission and the meeting ended with eclat.

*Weights for Age for the Spring Meeting.*

2 Years old	feather.	5 Years old	9 stone 9lb.
3 —————	7 stone.	6 —————	10 — 1—
4 —————	8 stone 12lbs.	Aged. . . .	10 — 4—

Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

COLOMBO RACES.

FIRST DAY, Monday, 7th September, 1846.

The *Importation Stakes* of £10 each, and £60 added from the Fund—one and a half mile.

					st. lb.		
Capt. Gallwey's	..	br.	h.	<i>Annandale</i> , aged, 10 5	Owner..	..	1 1
Mr Astell's	..	b.	a.	<i>Lounger</i> , 6yrs., 10 5	Mr Somerset..	2	2
Mr Templer's	..	ns.	ch. a.	<i>Ringleader</i> , 5yrs., 10 0	Mr Day..	3	3
Mr De Montenach's	..	br.	n. s.	<i>Tarquin</i> , 5yrs., 11 2	Mr Templer	dis.	

The Winner pays £5 to the Fund and carries 7lb. extra for the Cup.

2D RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of £20 add  
heats 1 mile.

					st. lb.			
Mr Fraser's	..	ns. br. a.	h.	<i>Sir John</i> ,	aged, 9	12	Ct. Gallwey	3 3dis.
Mr Templer's	..	ns. ch. a.	h.	<i>Antelope</i> ,	aged, 9	12	Mr Day	.. 2 1 1
Capt. Fenwick's	..	b. a.	h.	<i>Aliwal</i> ,	4yrs., 9	0	Mr Bagenall.	
1, & 2d heat dis.								

#### SECOND DAY, Wednesday 9th September, 1846.

The 2nd days' Races commenced with the running for the Ceylon Cup, the following Horses being entered :—

Capt. Gallwey's,	<i>Annandale</i> ,	..	..	..	..	1	1
Mr Templer's	<i>Ringleader</i> ,	..	..	..	..	2	2
Mr Fraser's	<i>Sir John</i> ,	..	..	..	..	3	drn.
Mr De Montenach's	<i>Tarquain</i> ,	..	..	..	..	drawn.	

1st Heat.—All three got a good start, *Sir John* in descending the hill appeared to have got the better of his jockey, but ere he reached the bottom turn leading into the straight course it was evident he was a beaten horse, *Ringleader* then made play and pushed *Annandale* hard to within a few strides of the winning post.

2nd Heat.—For this heat *Ringleader* took well down and over the hill, and for the first mile seemed to have the best of it, but ere he got to the fatal "bottom turn" he appeared running in distress and his rider very wisely pulled him up and took a short cut home.

2ND RACE.—The Staff Plate. The conditions were a single heat of 2 miles; the following horses came to the starting post :—

Mr Astell's	..	<i>Lounger</i> ,	..	..	9st. 12lb.,	.....	1
Mr Templer's	..	<i>Antelope</i> ,	..	..	8st. 12lb.		"
Mr Fenwick's	..	<i>Aliwal</i> ,	..	..	8st. 9lb.		

The light weight went off, as on the first day "flying light" closely followed by *Lounger*; and *Antelope* about 3 lengths behind. The two first rounded the bottom post together, running neck and neck, and in this order went for the first  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles, here *Antelope* began to draw upon his antagonist, and was only beat by a length for the second place. *Lounger* winning by about 2 lengths.

THE SCURRY RACE.— $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats was won by Mr Barnett's *Sinoon*, beating *Sir Herbert* and ten others. *Sir Herbert* was No. 2 for the first heat.

#### THIRD DAY, Friday 11th September, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Merchants' Cup, value £60, added to a Sweepstakes of £10 each—half forfeit; for Arabs only; the winner of the Importation Stakes to try 5lbs. extra, or of the Ceylon Cup 5lbs. extra, or of both consecutively, 8lbs. extra.

Three horses to start or no race—Heats  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile.

<i>Aliwal</i> ,	..	..	..	8st. 10lb.	..	..	..	1	1
<i>Annandale</i> ,	..	..	..	10st. 8lb.	..	..	..	2	3
<i>Antelope</i> ,	..	..	..	10st. 0lb.	..	..	..	3	2

The "*light weight*" as usual again *flew off* on the "wings of the wind," closely followed by *Annandale*, and *Antelope* trenching on the pair, the 3 in this order rounded the sharp bottom turn into the straight 5 furlong run home, here wee "*Ante*" drew upon his larger opponents, who were however too leading for him to go for the heat, *Alliwal* winning by a couple of lengths.

*2nd Heat*.—Here the same order of running took place for the 1st mile, when *Antelope* as before began drawing upon the leading horses, and passed *Annandale*, half way up to the distance, gaining at every stride, and *Alliwal* won only by a couple of lengths. On coming to the scales, we were sorry to notice that "the old horse" had met with a nasty strain in rounding the corner fatal to the hopes of so many riders.

*2d RACE*.—Owing to the "*Welter*" not having filled, a Handicap was made for *Lounger* and the gallant grey *Auld Ghuznee*, race  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

<i>Lounger</i> carrying	..	.. 9st. 8lb.
<i>Ghuznee</i>	a.	.. 8st. 7lb.

This race, to use a hacknied phrase was Lombard Street to an orange—and *Lounger* (although *Ghuznee* supported his fame as an old racer) had it all his own way.

The day's sport ended with a Hurry Scurry of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  a mile, which was won by Mr. D. Campbell's *Non Pareil*—beating 5 others.

#### FOURTH DAY, *Monday, 14th September, 1846.*

The Forced Handicap for the winning horses,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

<i>Lounger</i> ..	..	.. 10st.
<i>Alliwal</i> ...	..	.. 9st.
<i>Antelope</i> ..	..	.. 9st.
<i>Lounger</i> ..	..	won with ease.

A Handicap for beaten horses, 1 mile.

<i>Ringleader</i> ..	..	.. 9st. 0lb.
<i>Sir John</i> ..	..	.. 8st. 9 or 10lb.

*Ringleader* won this with ease.

A pony race  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, catch weights.

<i>Bathersheen</i> ,	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
<i>Sir Herbert</i> ,	..	..	..	..	..	2	3
<i>The Artful Dodger</i> ,	..	..	..	..	..	3	2

*1st Heat*.—All got a good start, *Bathersheen* winning by a neck, *Sir Herbert* 2d.

*2d Heat*.—The *Dodger* got a baddish start, the *Bathersheen* won the heat with difficulty.

We consider the Pony race to have been the best contested race of the meeting.

## SIMLA RACES.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, 22d September, 1846.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. from the fund added to a Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. each, p. p. for all horses 11st. each. Gentleman Riders. Heats R. C. and a distance. Maidens allowed 10lb., mares and geldings 3lb.

Mr John Day names .. g. a. h. *Borderer*, (Mr Egerton) 1 1

Mr Wright ,, .. b. c. h. *Revenge*, .. dist.

Both horses came down at the first corner, but the rider of the *Borderer* got on his horse at the place he fell, which the rider of *Revenge* neglecting to do till his horse had run upwards of 100 yards, was distanced.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 10 G. M. for all maiden horses 10st. 7lb. R. C. and a distance. Entrance 2 G. M.

Capt Edward names .. b. a. h. *Cicero*, (Mr A Smith) 1

Mr Wright ,, .. c. a. h. *Romeo*, .. 2

*Cicero* led from the post, was never headed and won very easily.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 10 G. M. from the fund for all horses, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 10st. 7lb. Entrance 2 G. M. R. C. and a distance. Heats.

Capt Edward names .. b. a. h. *Cicero*, (Mr A. Smyth) 1 1

Mr Wright ,, .. c. a. h. *Zephyr*, .. dist.

Both went off at a slapping pace, *Zephyr* leading: in the same form and pace they went down the hill, when *Zephyr* broke away and charged the railings—and gave his rider an awful spill. *Cicero* cantered in.

4TH RACE.—A Purse of 5 G. M. for all ponies, 13 hands and under weight 9st. 7lb., a winner to carry 7lb. Heats R. C. Entrance 1 G. M.

Capt Edward's .. c. c. pony *Rob Roy*, walked over.

SECOND DAY, Thursday, 24th September, 1846.

1ST RACE.—Ladies' Purse of 10 G. M. for all Galloways, 14 hands to carry 10st. 7lb. Entrance 2 G. M. Heats R. C.

Capt Edward names .. b. a. h. *Cicero*, (Mr A. Smith) 1 1

Mr Houchin ,, .. b. a. h. *Chummy*, .. 2 dr.

*Cicero* led off and won very easily. *Chummy* was in no order and drawn for the second heat.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 15 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. each, for all Arabs 11st. each. The winner of the 1st Race, 1st Day, to carry 4lb. extra. Maidens allowed 10lb. Heats R. C. and a distance.

Capt Edward names .. b. a. h. *Cicero*, (Mr A. Smith) 1 1

Mr John Day ,, .. g. a. h. *Borderer*, .. 2 2

Both off together, *Cicero* with a slight lead descending the hill, he was pulled back to the rear of *Borderer*, and remained in his position till they came to the ascent, when *Cicero's* rider made a rush for the lead, passed *Borderer* and won tolerably easy. Time 1m. 46s.

2d Heat.—*Cicero* led from the post was never headed, and again won tolerably easy. Time 1m. 56½s.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 10 G. M. for all hacks. Entrance 1 G. M., 11st. each, the winner to be sold for 300 Rupees if claimed half an hour after the Race. Heats R. C. and a distance.

Mr Phillip names	..	b. c. h.	<i>Charlotte</i> ,	.. (Owner)	1	1
Mr Randall "	..	b. c. h.	<i>Lambkin</i> ,	..	2	2
Capt. Edward "	..	b. c. h.	<i>Bay Middleton</i> ,	..	3	3

*Charlotte's* condition told. She went off with the lead and soon got away from her adversaries.

2d Heat was the same as the first.

4TH RACE.—A Purse of 5 G. M. for all ghoonts and vahoos. Catch weights above 8st. Entrance 1 G. M. Heats R. C. and a distance. The last horse to pay entrance of the second, and the winner to be sold for 200 Rupees.

Mr Houchin names	..	<i>Timothy Wakefield</i> ,	(Mr Lambert)	1	1
Capt Edward "	..	<i>Brown Stout</i> ,	..	2	2
And two others	..	..	..	0	0

Great tailing in this Race. *Timothy Wakefield* came in half a distance in advance of *Brown Stout*, and *Brown Stout* the same in advance of the rest.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, 26th September, 1846.

FIRST RACE.—Winners' Handicap for which all winners must enter. 10 G. M. from the fund. Entrance 2 G. M., R. C. and a distance.

Mr John Day names..	g. a. h.	<i>Borderer</i> ,	11st.	.. (Mr Egerton)	1
Capt. Edward's	..	b. a. h.	<i>Cicero</i> ,	10st. 7lb.	2

*Borderer* got a good start and went off at a rattling pace. *Cicero* on his quarter. In this form they ran till they came to the hill: the rider of *Cicero* then made a rush for the lead, and headed *Borderer* by half a length, but again dropped back to *Borderer*: they rated together neck and neck, *Borderer* ultimately winning by a head as pretty a race as was ever seen on the Simla Course. Time 1m. 58½s.

2D RACE.—Losers' Handicap of 10 G. M. from the fund, for all horses that have started for, but not won, public money during the Meeting. Entrance 2 G. M. Heats R. C.

Mr Wright names..	b. c. h.	<i>Revenger</i> ,	11st. 7lb.	(Owner)	2	1	1
Capt. Legion "	..	b. c. h.	<i>Bay Middleton</i> ,	9st. 7lb.	1	2	2

1st Heat.—*Bay Middleton* was soon pumped out, and *Revenger* was winning easy when he bolted to his stable, which was close to the Race Course, but managed to save his distance.

2d and 3d Heats.—*Bay Middleton* had no chance with the trained horse, who ran kindly.

3D RACE.—Hurdle Race of 15 G. M. from the fund. Entrance 2 G. M. catch weight over 1st. R. C. and a distance over 5 leaps 4 feet high.

Mr Phillips names ..	c.	c.	m.	<i>Misseltoe</i> ,..	(Owner)	..	1
Mr Elliott ..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Kyber</i> ,..	(Owner)	..	2
Capt. Edward ..	b.	a.	h.	<i>A-D-C</i> ,..	(Mr Rumley)	..	3
Mr B. ..	b.	c.	m.	<i>Peggy</i> ,..	(Owner)	..	4
Mr Currie ..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Sparkler</i> ,..	(Owner)	..	dist.

*A-D-C* went off with the lead, he slipped as he came to the first leap; and could not rise at it and gave his rider a handsome purl. *Misseltoe* and *Kyber* came next; they got over together. *Misseltoe* jumped over *A-D-C* and rider, and *Kyber* got round him, *Peggy* followed these two, and *Sparkler* came down giving his rider a header. *Misseltoe* and *Kyber* got over all their leaps and ran well together, *Misseltoe* ultimately winning by a head. The rider of *A-D-C* gallantly remounted his nag, cleared the other jumps and came in a moderate 3d, *Peggy* 4th, and *Sparkler* distanced.

## AGRA RACES.

### FIRST DAY, Monday, 5th October.

1ST RACE.—Round the course 1 mile and 167 yards.

Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. with 15 G. M. from the fund for all Arabs, 9st 7lb. R. C. To close on the 15th of September, and name the day before the races. Maidens allowed 5lb.

Mr Caldwell's ..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Red Gauntlet</i> , late <i>Small Hopes</i> , Mr Prevost.
Mr Rawlin's ..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Ganymede</i> , Maiden, Mr Lamb.
Mr Tottenham's ..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Old Snob</i> , do. Native.
Mr Loyd's ..	b.	a.	h.	<i>The Gem</i> , do. drawn.

Only three came to the post. At the word "off" *Ganymede* from some unaccountable cause was not allowed to start, which gave the other horses a considerable gain, *Red Gauntlet* apparently going his best pull for the first 100 yards. At the ½ mile post from home *Ganymede* made an effort to win, but it was no go, he was evidently done up and *Red Gauntlet* came in, in a canter hard held, an easy winner.

Time,—2m. 21s.

2D RACE.—Cheroot Stakes of 100 rupees from the Fund. ½ mile heats; 11st. 7lb. G. R. Any horse in the race to be sold for 500 Rs. if claimed within half an hour after the race. Entrance 2 G. M. Any jockey starting or coming in without a lighted Cheroot to be distanced.

Capt. Nembhard names ..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Grey Momus</i> , Mr Prevost.
Mr Caldwell's ..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Fiddle Head</i> , Owner.
Mr Singleton names ..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Emma</i> , Mr Singleton.

*Momus* took the lead, and won the first heat easy, when the other horses were drawn.

3D RACE.—Galloway Plate of 2 G. M. from the fund added to a sweepstake of 3 G. M. each, 1 mile heats, 14 hands 9st.

Mr Caldwell's .. b. a. h. *Fatboy*, .. 8st. 9lb. Capt. Nembhard,  
Mr Rawlins' .. r. a. h. *Lansquennette*, . 8st. 9½lb. Mr Bloomfield.

This was booked for a good race, but proverbial uncertainty came into play, and gave both heats easy to *Fatboy* in 1m. 59s.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday, 7th October.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each with 15 added from the fund for all horses, English excepted, 9st. 7lb. half mile heats.

Mr Rawlin's	..	b. a. h.	<i>Ganymede</i> ,	(Sweetenham).	1	1
Mr Caldwell's	..	b. a. h.	<i>I. O. U.</i> ,	(Mr Prevost)..	2	2
Mr Tottenham's	..	g. a. h.	<i>Old Snob</i>	(Native)	3	dr.
Mr Loyd's	..	b. a. h.	<i>The Gem</i> ,		..	drawn.

1st Heat.—*Ganymede* went off at a clipping pace, *I. O. U.* close behind, and although the rider of the latter horse rode his best, working hand and heel, the pace was too severe and *Ganymede* came in an easy winner in 55 seconds. *Snob* any where.

2d Heat.—The two bays only came to the post. *I. O. U.* still the favorite, but *Ganymede* proved the best horse and came in an easy winner, hard held, in 54½ seconds.

2D RACE.—Pony Race of 100 Rs.\*from the fund, ¼ mile heats; entrance 2 G. M. Catch weights.

Mr Prevost's	..	c. p.	<i>The Polka</i> ,	(Mr Bloomfield)	1	1
Capt. Nembhard's	..	b. m.	<i>Queen of Clubs</i> ,	(Owner)	2	2
Mr Loyd's	..	piebald pony	<i>The Fairy</i> ,	(Sweetenham)	3	dr.

1st Heat.—The *Fairy* took the lead at a tremendous pull, leaving the *Polka* and *Queen of Clubs* full two lengths behind: however it was too good to be kept up, and before the distance post was reached, *Polka* collared the little elf and came in an easy winner in 1m. 2s.

2d Heat.—*Polka* took the lead at starting, was never headed, and won the race cleverly.

3D RACE.—Give and Take Purse of 12 G. M.\*from the fund; entrance 4 G. M. for all horses, English excepted, 14 hands, 9st. 1 mile heats. The winner of the 1st race 1st day to carry 5lb. extra, to close and name the day before the Races.

Mr Rawlins'	..	b. a. h.	<i>Ganymede</i> , 9st. ¾lb. (Sweetenham)..	1	1.
Mr Caldwell's	..	b. a. h.	<i>Red Gauntlet</i> , late <i>Small Hopes</i> , 9st. 12½lb. (Mr Prevost)	2	2
Mr Tottenham's	..	g. a. h.	<i>Old Snob</i> , 9st. 12½lb.	..	drawn.

1st Heat.—This race excited much interest, for although *Ganymede* has his backers, still *Red Gauntlet's* friends, even with the additional weight of 11lb. were very numerous, and pretty confident. On the word being given, both horses started at a good pull, *Ganymede* taking a slight lead, which position they both kept up to



the half mile post, when getting into the straight running, *Ganymede* mended his pace and came in an easy winner hard held.

Time, the mile in 1m. 59s., half mile in 58½s.

**2d Heat.**—A beautiful start, both horses going well, but the additional weight told, and *Ganymede* came in hard held, by several lengths. Time—the mile 2m. 1½s.

### THIRD DAY, 9th October.

**1st RACE.**—The Agra Welter of 15 G. M. from the Fund, for all Horses, English excepted, Arabs 11st. 7lbs.—Cape and Country bred New South Wales to carry 12st, entrance 5 G. M., R. C., Maidens allowed 5lbs.

Mr. Rawlins' ..	b. a. h.	<i>Ganymede</i> , 11-2	Mr. Thompson	1
„ Caldwell's. ..	b. a. h.	<i>Fat Boy</i> , 11-2	„ Prevost	2
„ Sligo's. ..	c. a. h.	<i>Scorpion</i> , 10-13	Owner	3
„ Tottenham's ..	g. a. h.	<i>Old Snob</i> , 10-13	Drawn	

This was by far the most interesting race of the Meeting, and the pace round not so bad. All three horses got a capital start, and went well away, each striving to pass the other, *Ganymede* a little in advance. At the half mile, *Scorpion* began to tail off, and *Fat Boy* made a desperate effort; but against the judicious rider of the *Ganymede*, he had little hopes, for the gallant little bay was brought in, beautifully ridden, by a couple of lengths, hard held.

Time,—2m. 16s.

**2d RACE.**—Forced Handicap for all Horses, who have started during the Meeting, pony and selling Stakes excepted, to be handicapped by the Stewards, entrance 4 G. M. with 10 G. M. from the Fund. Winners of Races during the Meeting, who do not stand the Handicap, to forfeit 2 G. M. Losers 1 G. M.

Mr. Caldwell's ..	b. a. h.	<i>Redgauntlet</i> , } late <i>Small Hopes</i> , }	10-4	Mr. Prevost	1
„ „ ..	„	<i>Fat Boy</i> , .. ..	9-0	„ Nemhard	2
„ Rawlins' ..	„	<i>Ganymede</i> , ..	10-13	„ Sweetnam	3
„ Sligo's ..	c. a. h.	<i>Scorpion</i> , .. ..	10-4	„ Drawn	

Only three came to the Post. A capital start, all going the pace, and no mistake. *Ganymede*, if anything, leading, which position he retained till the last corner of the Course, previous to the straight running, when *Redgauntlet* put on the steam, dashed past *Ganymede*, increasing the distance at every stride (as the additional weight was telling on the little bay), and flew past the Winning Post, a winner by nearly four lengths.

Time,—2m. 26s.

**3d RACE.**—Hunters' Stakes of 100 Rupees, entrance of 3 G. M. for all horses, English excepted, 11st. 7lbs. four hurdles of 4 feet high, R. C. 3 horses to start or no race.

Mr. Caldwell's ..	c. b. h.	<i>Fiddle Head</i> , 12-0	Owner	1
Capt. Nemhard names	d. h.	<i>No Co.</i> ...	11-7 Mr Provost.	2
Mr. Rawlins' names .	c.	<i>Peter</i> .		

At the words, 'Bring your horses up, Gentlemen,' only two appeared, both looking bent on mischief. After a little delay, a good start was effected, *Fiddle Head* leading, taking the first hurdle, followed closely by *No Go*. No alteration took place till at the third hurdle, with *Fiddle Head* still leading, when he swerved, it was sup-

posed his chance was now gone, *No. Go.* being a reputed fencer; but to the astonishment of every one, he refused the hurdle, and before he could be brought back again, *Fiddle Head* was over and was well on his way for the fourth or last hurdle, which he bungled at, and brought his rider down, who was, however, soon at work again, and came in a winner—*No Go* still at the third hurdle. Both nags were ridden steadily, and took their first 2 hurdles neatly.

A Foot Race was got up between some men of H. M. 21st Fusiliers, which ended the Agra Meeting for 1846—affording better sport than was at first anticipated, from the short time allowed (about a month) for horses to be brought to the Post. Great credit is due to the Clerk of the Course, for the admirable manner in which the Course was kept.

## DEHRA SKY RACES.

FIRST DAY, Monday, 5th October, 1846.

1ST RACE.—Purse of 150 Rs. all Horses. Arabs allowed 7lbs.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Entrance 1 G. M.

Mr S.'s	..	ch. m.	<i>Our Old Friend,</i>	..	..	..	1	1
Mr H.'s	..	ch. m.	<i>Dimity,</i>	..	..	..	2	4
Mr C.'s	..	ch. arab	<i>Pilot,</i>	..	..	..	3	dr.
Mr R.'s	..	g. arab	<i>Alligator,</i>	..	..	..	4	2
Mr B.'s	..	g. m.	<i>Night Mare,</i>	..	..	..	5	3
Mr H.'s	..	b. arab	<i>King Dan,</i>	..	..	..	6	5
Mr M.'s	..	ch. m.	<i>Columbine,</i>	..	..	..	7	6

2ND RACE.—Purse of 100 Rs. for Galloways.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Entrance 1 G. M.

Mr R.'s	..	g. a.	<i>Roostum,</i>	..	..	..	1	1
Mr H.'s	..	b. m.	<i>Daisy,</i>	..	..	..	2	2
Mr C.	..	c. a.	<i>Pilot,</i>	..	..	..	fell	3
Mr P.'s	..	b. m.	<i>Shadow,</i>	..	..	..	3	dr.
Mr M.	..	g. h.	<i>Jack of Trumps,</i>	..	..	..	4	1

3RD RACE.—All Hacks 100 Rs. from the Fund. Winner to be sold for 100 Rs. 10st. Entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

Mr B.'s	..	b. a.	<i>Rejected,</i>	..	..	..	1
Mr P.'s	..	b. m.	<i>Queen of Trumps,</i>	..	..	..	2
Mr H.'s	..	b. m.	<i>Huckabuck,</i>	..	..	..	3

SECOND DAY, Wednesday, 7th Oct. 1846.

Welter for all Horses, 150 Rupees from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. M. 10st. each. Arabs allowed 7lb.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr S.'s	..	c. c. b. m.	<i>Our Old Friend,</i>	..	..	..	1
Mr N.'s	..	g. a. h.	<i>Alligator,</i>	..	..	..	2

Mr B's	g. c. b. m.	<i>Night Mare,</i>	..	..	..	3
Mr H's	.. c. c. b. m.	<i>Dimity,</i>	..	..	..	4

Give and Take Purse, 80 rupees from the fund. Entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. 14 hands to carry 9st.

Mr B's	.. b. a. h.	<i>Rejected,</i>	..	..	..	1' 1
Mr C's	.. c. a. h.	<i>Pilot,</i>	..	..	..	2 3
Mr H's	.. b. c. b. m.	<i>Daisy,</i>	..	..	..	3 2
Mr S's	.. br. c. b. m.	<i>Chureh,</i>	..	..	..	4 dr.
Mr N's	.. g. a. h.	<i>Roostum,</i>	..	..	..	5 4
Mr M's	.. g. a. h.	<i>Jack of Trumps,</i>	..	..	..	6 dr.

A Purse of 80 Rupees for Ponies. Entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Catch weights.

Mr S's	.. g. p.	<i>Game Cock,</i>	..	..	..	1 1
Mr N's	.. g. p.	<i>Off You Go,</i>	..	..	..	2 2
Mr H's	.. g. p.	<i>Brutus,</i>	..	..	..	3 dr.

### THIRD DAY, Friday, 9th Oct. 1846.

Handicap for all Horses. 150 Rupees from the fund. Entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile race.

Mr S's	.. c. c. b. m.	<i>An Old Friend,</i>	10st. 10lb.	..	1
Mr N's	.. g. a. h.	<i>Alligator,</i>	9st. 7lb.	..	2
Mr H's	.. c. c. h. m.	<i>Dimity,</i>	9st. 0lb.	..	3
Mr B's	.. b. a. h.	<i>Rejected,</i>	10st. 0lb.	..	4
Mr H's	.. g. a. h.	<i>Vanguard,</i>	9st. 7lb.	..	5

Race for losing Horses, 80 Rupees from the fund.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Entrance, 1 G. M. Catch weight above 9st.

Mr C's	.. c. a. h.	<i>Pilot,</i>	..	..	2 P 2 1
Mr H's	.. b. c. b. m.	<i>Daisy,</i>	..	..	3 3 1 2
Mr B's	.. g. c. b. m.	<i>Night Mare,</i>	..	..	1 2 dr.
Mr M's	.. c. c. b. m.	<i>Columbine,</i>	..	..	4 dr.

Hurry Skurry for all Horses, 88 Rupees from the fund. Entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Catch weights.

Mr B's	.. b. a. h.	<i>Rejected,</i>	..	..	..	1 1
Mr H's	.. b. c. b. m.	<i>Huckabuck,</i>	..	..	..	2 2
Mr M's	.. b. c. b. m.	<i>Columbine,</i>	..	..	..	3 3
Mr W's	.. c. c. b. m.	<i>Martha,</i>	..	..	..	4 4
Mr B's	.. c. a. h.	<i>King of Hearts,</i>	..	..	..	5 5

## LAHORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, 9th October, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Lahore Stakes of 250 Rs. for all Horses. Entrance 16 Rs.  
Winner to be sold for 500 Rs. 1 mile heats. Gentlemen riders. Catch weights.

Mr Dorin's	..	g.	a.	g.	Governor,	..	..	1	1	
Major Pott's	..	b.	c.	b.	g.	Rattler,	..	..	2	2
Mr G. Templar's	..	b.	c.	b.	Remnant,	..	..	3	3	

*Rattler* sulked. Winner claimed. Won easy.

2D RACE.—The Minister's Purse of 500 Rs. Gentlemen riders. Catch weights.  
1½ mile, 20 Rs. entrance for all Arabs.

Major Pott's	..	g.	a.	glwy.	Ratan,	..	..	1
The Nawab's	..	b.	h.		Nusserb,	..	..	2
The Prince's	..	g.	h.		Akhbar Khan,	..	..	3

Won in a canter.

3D RACE.—The Galloway Race of 200 Rs. Gentlemen riders. Catch weights.  
1 mile heats. Entrance 10 Rs.

Mr Warde's	..	g.	a.	g.	Yussuf,	..	..	1	1
Mr Ewart's	..	c.	a.	g.	Corsair,	..	..	2	2

Won very easy.

SECOND DAY, 10th October, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Maharajah's Purse of 500 Rs. Gentlemen riders. Catch weights. R. C. and a distance. Entrance 20 Rs. for all horses.

Major Pott's	..	b.	a.	h.	Dominie Skelp,	..	..	1
Mr Dawson's	..	g.	a.	h.	Charity,	..	..	2
Mr Leed's	..	b.	a.	h.	Prince,	..	..	3

Won in a canter.

2D RACE.—The Consideration Stakes, all horses to be sold for the prices at which entered. Purse 400 Rs. Heats one mile. Entrance 20 Rs., limited to 1,000 Rs. Gentlemen riders. Catch weights.

Major Pott's	..	g.	a.	glwy.	Ratan,	..	..	1	1
Mr Warde's	..	g.	a.	g.	Yussuf,	..	..	2	2
Mr Gowan's	..	b.	c.	h.	Hercules,	..	..	3	3

Won very easy.

3D RACE.—The Pony Race of 150 Rs. Entrance 16 Rs. Gentlemen riders. Catch weights. 1 mile heats.

Won easy by Mr DeMomet's g. p. *Happy-Go-Lucky*, against two others, .. .. . 1 1

### THIRD DAY, 13th October, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Durbar Purse of 350 Rs. for all Horses. 1 mile heats. Entrance 20 Rs. Catch weights. Gentlemen riders. Two horses or no Race.—Did not fill.

Major Pott's b. a. h. *Domine Skelp*, being the only horse entered.

2D RACE.—The Punjab Purse of 500 Rs. for all Horses. Gentlemen riders. Catch weights. 20 Rs. entrance, R. C.

Major Pott's .. g. a. glwy. *Governor*, .. .. 1  
Mr Warde's g. a. g. *Fussuf*,

3D RACE.—A Hack Race of 150 Rs. 1 mile. Won by a B. C. B. horse—belonging to Mr Rickards.

4TH RACE.—A Hack Race of 150 Rs.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Won by the same horse.

5TH RACE.—A Pony Race.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Won by Mr DeMomet's g. pony *Happy-Go-Lucky*, .. .. 1 1

### FOURTH DAY, 14th October, 1846.

1ST RACE.—A Cheroot Stakes of 125 Rs. Gentlemen riders. Catch weights 1 mile. Entrance 10 Rs.

Major Pott's .. g. a. g. *Governor*, .. .. 1  
Mr Warde's .. g. a. g. *Fussuf*, .. ..  
Won easy. Winner claimed.

2D RACE.—A Handicap for all Horses of 125 Rs. R. C. Entrance 16 Rs. Two Horses or no Race. Did not fill.

Major Pott's .. b. a. *Dominee Skelp* being the only horse entered.

3D RACE.—The Hurdle Race did not take place.

• Round the Course is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile and 30 yards.

## POONA RACES.

The *First Race* was a handicap for all horses, two Gold Mohurs from the Fund, and 10 Rs. entrance. The winner to be sold for Rs. 400 if claimed on the spot by any of the owners of the other horses. To be handicapped by the Stewards, twice round and a distance. Heats.

Horses ridden by Field Officers allowed, .. 0st. 10lb.

Do. Do. Captains, .. 0 5

Mr Kimmes' b. a. h. *Limber Jim*, .. 10 10 Mr DeRobeck, .. 1 1

Dr McKinnon's g. a. h. *Tam O'Shanter*, .. 10 5 Mr Bowden, .. 2 2

Mr Moneriette's b. a. eb. *Trumpeter*, .. 10 5 Owner, .. 3 dis.

Mr Shepherd's g. a. h. *Go-a-head*, .. 10 0 Mr Herrick, .. dis.

All four went away in good style—*Limber Jim*, *Trumpeter* and *Tam O'Shanter* taking the first leap like old hunters, but *Go-a-head* could—or would not be got over, and was consequently out of the race. The brook was equally well taken by the others, excepting *Trumpeter*, who made some mistake and barely saved his distance—after this, *Limber Jim* and *Tam O'Shanter* had the race to themselves, taking their jumps cleverly, and keeping well together; the former winning by a length or so.

At the second heat, they went away safely as before, until coming to the water, where *Trumpeter* took a fancy to cooling himself and his rider; both managed to scramble out, not however, quite so clean as purer water might have made them, and they very wisely pulled up. Towards the end of the second round it became evident that *Tam* also “had got his faign,” and *Limber Jim* came in an easy winner.

The next Race was for *Tatoos*, 12-3 and under—one Gold Mohur from the Fund, and ten Rs. entrance—catch weights—once round and a distance—heats. For this Race 3 started, viz. :—

Mr Newnham's .. *Ragojee Bangria*, .. Owner .. 1 1

Mr Lock's .. *Goldfinder*, .. Mr Arthur, .. 2 3

Mr Shepard's .. *Fairy*, .. Mr Nuttall, .. 3 2

The Ponies got off well together, and made play from the very beginning. The little animals seemed determined not to be out-done by their larger species, and took the first hurdle abreast right gallantly. The water is crossed, none but themselves can tell how, and *Goldfinder*, as on the former occasion, takes the lead. The second hurdle is passed, and odds are in favor of the Finder, who is still leading, but closely pressed by the pretty little piebald *Fairy*, when lo! at the very last hurdle, the little chequered bolts, followed by his companion *Fairy* and *Ragojee* (who by the bye although very well ridden, was decidedly over-weighed) coming quietly up, hopped over and came in the winner, proving that the race is not always to the swift.

The second heat was a repetition of the first, with the exception of a little hesitation amongst the steeds at the second hurdle. This, however, the Riders soon disposed of, and they came in the same orders as before, the two first again bolted at the last jump, and *Ragojee* was proclaimed the winner.

## THE BANGALORE CANTONMENT RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, 13th October, 1846.*

**1ST RACE.**—The Maiden Stakes of 20 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M. each P. P. distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles for all Arab horses that have never started for Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes, 8st. 7lb. To close on the 14th September, 1846, and name the day before the Race.

Mr Williams's .. b. a. h. *The Child of the Island*, Hall .. Walked over.  
 Mr Johnson paid forfeit.  
 The Confederates' w. a. h. *Baronet* .. .. drawn.

**2D RACE.**—A Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund, for all horses; entrance 10 G. M. each. H. P.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles and distance, 9st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. English horses to carry 21lbs, Cape and Australian, 12lb. extra. To close on the 11th September, and name the day before the Race.

Mr Williams names .. .. b. a. h. *Minuet*, .. 8st. 2lb. Hall 1  
 The Confederate's name .. c. a. h. *Eringobragh*, 9st. 2  
 Mr Nolan names the Commodore's db. a. h. *LeComte*, 9st. 5lb. 3

Time,—3m. 15s.

**3D RACE.**—The Great Welter 15 G. M. from the Fund, with 10 G. M. each entrance, P. P. for all Arabs,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles and distance, 11st. 7lb. Maidens allowed 10lb. Gentlemen Riders. To close and name the day before the Race.

Mr Williams names .. b. a. h. *Minuet*, .. 10st. 11lb. Capt. Knox, 1  
 Confederates name .. w. a. h. *Baronet*, . 10st. 11lb. 2  
 No XX names Mr Graham's g. a. h. *Noobraon*, late *Fangho Baultagh*,  
 11st. 7lb. .. .. 3.  
 Mr Williams names .. b. a. h. *Grey Legs* 10st. 11lb. .. dr

Time,—3m. 25s.

SECOND DAY, *Thursday, 15th October, 1846.*

**1ST RACE.**—The second Maiden Stakes of 20 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M. H. F. for all Arabs that have never won, 9 stone, distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. To close on the 14th September, and name the day before the Race.

Mr Williams' .. b. a. h. *The Child of the Island* Hall—Walked over.  
 Mr Johnson pays forfeit,  
 The Confederates' .. w. a. h. *Baronet*, .. drawn

**2D RACE.**—The Galloway Stakes of 15 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M. P. P. for all Galloways, Winners 5lbs. extra,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. 8 stone 12lbs. To close and name the day before the Race.

Mr Nolan's	b.	a.	g.	<i>Beauty</i> ,	..	8st. 12lb.	Hall.	1
The Confederates'	i.	g.	a.	g.	<i>Little Bantam</i> ,	..	8st. 12lb.	.. 2
The Confederates'	b.	a.	g.	<i>Coningsby</i> ,	..	9st. 3lb.	..	3
Time,—3m. 1s.								

3D RACE.—The Cavalry Brigade Stakes of 10 G. M. from the Fund, for all chargers, the property of Officers of this Brigade, and registered as such previous to the 1st June 1846. Distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, 11st. 7lb. English 21lbs., and Cape and Australian Horses 12lbs. extra. Entrance 5 G. M. To be ridden by Officers. To close and name the day before the Race.

The Confederates' .. w. a. h. *Baronet*, .. .. Walked over.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, 17th October, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Turf Club Purse of 350 Rs. Handicap for all Horses,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles Heats, entrance 100 Rs. Horses not standing the Handicap to pay Half Forfeit. To close and name the day before the Race.

Mr Williams'	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	..	8st. 10lb.	1 1
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Child of the Island</i> ,	9st.	7lb.	dr.
The Confederates'	..	c.	a.	h.	<i>Erin-go-Bragh</i> ,	..	8st. 10lb.	dr.
Mr Nolan's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Beauty</i> ,	..	8st. 2lb.	dr.
The Commodore's	d.	b.	a.	g.	<i>Lecomte</i> ,	..	a feather,	2 dr.
Time,—3m. 30s.								

2D RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of 15 G. M. from the Fund, for all Horses, entrance 10 G. M. P. P. Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 8st. 7lb.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. To close on the 1st October, and name the day before the Race.

Mr Nolan's	..	b.	a.	g.	<i>Beauty</i> ,	..	8st. 4lb.	6oz.	1
The Confederates'	..	g.	a.	g.	<i>Ariel</i> ,	..	7st. 10lb.	8oz.	2
The Commodore's	..	c.	a.	g.	<i>Gamecock</i> ,	..	7st. 13lb.	2oz.	3
Time,—3m. 32s.									

3D RACE.—The Little Welter of 10 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M. P. P. for all Arabs, 10st. 7lb. Maidens allowed 10lb.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles and a distance. The Winner of any previous Welter excluded. To close and name the day before the Race.

No Race.

### FOURTH DAY, Monday, 19th October, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Turf Club Purse of 350 Rupees, for all Horses, entrance 10 G. M.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles Heats. The Winner if to be sold for 500 Rupees, to carry 7st. 12lb.; 1,000 Rupees, 8st. 7lb.; 1,500 Rupees, 9st.; 2,000 Rupees, 9st. 7lb.; and upwards 10st. To close and name the day before the Race.

The Confederates'	..	ch.	a.	h.	<i>Erin-go-Bragh</i> ,	..	9st.	..	1 1
The Commodore's	..	c.	a.	g.	<i>Gamecock</i> ,	..	8st. 7lb.	2 2	
Time,—1st heat, 3m. 4½s.—2d heat, 3m. 3s.									



2D RACE.—The Bangalore Purse of 15 G. M. from the Fund for all Arabs, 2 miles 9st. entrance, 200 Rupees H. F. To close on the 1st October, and name the day before the Race.

Mr Williams'	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Child of the Islands,</i>	..	Hall.	1
Mr Nolan's	..	b.	a.	b.	<i>Beauty,</i>	..	..	2
Time,—4m. 20s.								

3RD RACE.—The Give and Take Plate of 15 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M. P. P. for all Arab Horses, 1½ miles, 14 hands to carry 9st. To close and name the day before the Race.

Mr Williams'	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet,</i>	9st. 2lb. 6oz.	Hall.	1
The Commodore's	..	c.	a.	g.	<i>Gamecock,</i>	8st. 4lb. 2oz.		2
Time,—3m. 38s.								

4TH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, for Horses the property of Officers of this Cavalry Brigade. 1 mile Heats, 10st. 7lb. English 21lb., Cape and Australian 12lb. extra. Winners of the first charger race excluded. To close and name the day before the Race.

No Race.

#### FIFTH DAY, Wednesday, 21st October, 1846.

1ST RACE.—Winning Handicap of 15 G. M. from the Fund. Handicap, with a subscription of 2 G. M. for each Race. Distance 2 miles. Winners of 3d Race of the 2d day, and 4th Race of the 4th day, optional.

The Confederates'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Erin-go-Brah,*</i>	..	8st. 7lb.	Metcalfe.	1
Mr Nolan's	b.	a.	g.	<i>Beauty,</i>	..	8st. 4lb.	Hall	2
Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet,</i>	..	9st. 3lb.		dr.
"	b.	a.	h.	<i>Child of the Islands,</i>	9st. 4lb.			dr.
Time,—4m. 10s.								

2D RACE.—Beaten Plate of 15 G. M. from the Fund. Handicap. With a Subscription of 5 G. M. each for all beaten horses of the Meeting. 1½ miles heats.

Mr Graham's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Sobraon,*</i>	..	7st. 12lb.	..	1	2
The Confederates'	g.	a.	g.	<i>Little Bantam,</i>	..	8st. 7lb.	..	2	1	
The Commodore's	c.	a.	g.	<i>Gamecock,</i>	..	8st. 4lb.	..	dr.		
Confederates'	..	g.	a.	g.	<i>Ariel,</i>	..	9st. 0lb.	..	dr.	
"	..	b.	a.	g.	<i>Coningsby,</i>	..	8st. 2lb.	..	dr.	

\* Late *Faugho Ballaugh*.

Time.—1st heat, 1m. 38s.—2d heat, 1m. 35s.—Stakes divided.

3D RACE.—Pony Purse value 50 Rupees, entrance 10 Rupees P. P. Heat ½ a mile, Catch Weights, to name the evening before the Race. Height 13 hands and under.

The Confederates'	..	Black Pony	<i>D. I. O.,</i>	..	..	..	1
Mr Ward names	..	Black Pony	<i>Little Fusilier,</i>	..	..	..	2

No time taken.

4TH RACE.—Hurdle Stakes of 5 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 5 G. M. P. P. 11st 7lb. 1½ miles and distance over 4 Hurdles, 3 feet 9 inches in height, 3 Horses to start or no Race. To close and name the evening before the Race.

No Race.

J. WARINGTON,  
Secretary.

## BATAVIA RACES.

FIRST DAY, Friday, 23d October, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Maiden Plate or £200 given by the Club, for Horses that have not run before, entrance £25 each—heats round the Course.

Cr. H. <i>Abd-El-Kader</i> ,	..	55 in. 112lb.	..	(Katcham)	..	1	2	2
G. H. <i>Tlaga</i> ,	..	54½ in. 110lb.	..	(Cheringen)	..	2	1	1

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 12s.—2d heat, 2m. 15s.—3d heat, 2m. 16s.

Both horses got well away together in the first heat, *Abd-El-Kader* a little on the flank of his opponent, at the half mile they were cheek by jowl, thence to the winning post, a table cloth would have covered them, the Algerine hero winning by half a neck—the speed was not great, but both horses went their best and the run was well contested: in the 2d and 3d heat *Tlaga* shewed his bottom, took the lead a little in advance of the Man the French can't catch, and won by a length each time.

2D RACE.—Match once round the Course.

G. H. <i>Ilderim</i> ,	..	54½ in. 110lb. and 10lb. extra	(Katcham)	..	1
G. H. <i>Regent</i> ,	..	55½ in. 113lb.	(Kalin)	..	2

Time,—2m. 10s.

*Ilderim* gave the *Regent* 10lb. :—this was a beautiful race, it was difficult to tell which had it—the horses kept gaining and losing upon each other all the way without more than half a length between them—half way from the distance post Katcham called upon his horse and won cleverly by a length.

3D RACE.—The Governor's Cup—A Silver Cup given by the Baron Vander Capellan for £500 added by the Club. Entrance £50 each. Heats round the Course.

G. A. H. <i>Lord Bateman</i> ,	56½ in. 118lb. and 10lb. extra	(Gillitan)	W dr.	1	2
Br. S. H. <i>Qui Hye</i> ,	58½ in. 125lb.	..	(Cherifgen)	W. O.	2
G. H. <i>Punch</i> ,	54½ in. 110lb.	..		distd.	

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 2s.—2d heat, 2m. 5s.—3d heat, walked over.

The first heat *Lord Bateman* got well away, *Qui Hye*, through the blundering of the Jockey or the Syce who held him not seeing the flag drop, did not fare so well and was some yards behind: his Lordship kept the lead at save, *Qui Hye* however came well up at the distance and was only beaten by half a length; the 2nd heat both horses got well off, *Qui Hye* leading—at the half mile. *Lord Bateman* was evidently shaken off and *Qui Hye* won by several lengths, his Lordship however was dead lame in coming in and was consequently withdrawn, leaving *Qui Hye* to walk over for the 3rd heat. This race excited a great deal of interest in consequence of

*Qui Hye* being the first Sydney horse that has won on our Course; he is a thoroughbred by St. John and was the property of the H. E. I. Co's Officers, commissioned to purchase horses for the Company in N. S. Wales, and while in their hands he figured very respectably on the Windsor Course. The first heat was a pretty race, but upon the whole the result was unsatisfactory as it leaves a doubt as to the relative merits of the Arab and Sydney Nags on this occasion, as it is questionable where *Qui Hye* would have been had he not had a bad start in the first heat.—On the other hand *Lord Bateman* would have been "there or thereabouts" in the 2nd heat in all probability had he not fallen lame. Both horses ran under great disadvantages,—*Qui Hye* having been imported too recently for proper training, and *Lord Bateman*, having been fired a few months since, could not stand the necessary work to give condition and indeed was never I believe put to it. *Punch* was a "dodge" put in to make a race, less than three horses not being allowed to start for the Cup.

4TH RACE.—The Batavia Stakes—*f*150 given by the Club for Ponies not exceeding 52in. Entrance *f*15 each. Once round the Course.

D. P. <i>Dedo</i> ,	49½in. 90lb.	..	..	(Ketchil)	..	1
G. P. <i>Alirt</i> ,	51½in. 98lb.	..	..	(Neipen)	..	2
G. P. <i>Macassar</i> ,	48½in. 85lb.	..	..	( — )	..	distd.

Time,—2m. 37s.

This was a pretty good race for ponies—*Dedo* took the lead and won by several lengths. *Macassar* not liking the spur ejected his rider and took a course of his

#### SECOND DAY, Saturday, October 24, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Ladies' Cup, value *f*200, with whatever extra may be subscribed, given by the Ladies of the Members of Club. Entrance *f*25 each. Heats round the Course, (the winner of the Governor's Cup not allowed to start for this race.)

G. H. <i>Ilderim</i> ,	54½in 110lb.	..	..	(Katcham)	..	1	1
G. H. <i>Tlaga</i> ,	54½in 110lb.	..	..	(Cheringen)	..	2	4
G. H. <i>Regent</i> ,	55½in 113lb.	..	..	(Kalim)	..	3	2
B. H. <i>Dundee</i> ,	53½in 106lb.	..	..	(Gilitan)	..	4	3

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 6s.—2d heat, 2m. 9s.

All the horses had a good start, *Regent* leading, followed by the others in a neck; *Ilderim* carrying 10lbs. less than in the match on Friday, had many backers, and he did not deceive them;—along the flat to the half mile he was with the other horses, at the half mile and down the hill he was a little in advance and he had the race in hand—it would however have been a near thing had not *Tlaga* and *Regent* both swerved near the end, *Ilderim* therefore won by about three lengths. *Dundee's* day is past, he was well up with the other horses, but evidently had no chance of winning. The second heat presented little variety, *Ilderim* winning much in the same style as in the first.

2d RACE.—The Club Purse value *f*200 given by the Club. Entrance *f*25 each. Heats round the Course. (Horses entered for the Governor's Cup not allowed to start for this race.)

G. H. <i>Mirza</i> ,	57½in. 122lb.	..	..	(Katcham)	..	1	1
Br. H. <i>Tjoba</i> ,	54 ½. 108lb.	..	..	(Gilitan)	..	2	3
B. H. <i>Polka</i> ,	54½in. 111lb.	..	..	(Cheringen)	..	3	2
D. H. <i>Audax</i> ,	51½in. 98lb.	..	..	(Neipin)	..	4	4

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 15s.—2d heat, 2m. 12s.

The horses went well together and the race was good, *Mirza* however made the winning, kept the lead and won by about a length—the second heat he was not so much pressed, winning by three or four lengths; the other horses ran well for their places.

3D RACE.—Gentlemen's Sweepstakes of £ 25 each. Gentlemen riders—once round the Course.

<i>Kommala</i> ,	..	..	..	1
<i>Selim</i> ,	..	..	..	2
<i>Red Gauntlet</i> ,	..	..	..	3
<i>Macassar Pony</i>	..	..	..	4
<i>Akbar Khan</i> ,	..	..	..	5

The race was entirely between the two first horses; *Kommala* was last in starting, but at the hill passed all except *Selim*—the tussle then began, and it was a close race from the distance chair, *Kommala* winning by a half head only.

## SONEPORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, Thursday, 29th October, 1846.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each. H. F. for all Maiden Arabs. Calcutta weight for age. R. C. To close on the 15th September.

Mr Fulton's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Master Henry</i> ,	8st.	13lb.	Sherburne	1
Mr Cunyngham's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Problem</i> ,	9st.	3lb.	Barnes	2
„	g.	a.	h.	<i>Maugo</i> ,	9st.	3lb.	Native	3

Previous to the Races coming off our Course had been under water for some days—in fact the inside could not be galloped on until the day before the Meeting. Notwithstanding the heavy state of the Course the timing has never been so good, owing, no doubt, in some measure to the steady riding of the European over the Native Jockey: much disappointment was felt when it became known Mr Norval had declared forfeit, as his stable had been the favourite. *Problem* was booked to win by his owner, and the thing looked upon as certain, although the odds were freely given against him: at the ordinary matters took a turn and he became first favourite. The Race proved to be a very severe one—at the run in Sherburne called upon his horse and reached *Problem*, who at this point had a slight lead—the two raced together and the little horse won on the Post by half a neck. Sherburne deserves great credit for the way in which he won the race.

Time,—R. C.—3m. 11s.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each. H. F. for all Maiden, Cape, Australian and Country-bred Horses. Calcutta weight for age. R. C. To close on the 15th September.

Mr Fulton's	..	b.	n.	s.	w.	f.	<i>Bellona</i> ,	7st.	11lb.	Sherburne..	1
Mr De Vaux's..	●	c.	b.	f.	●	<i>Alice</i> ,	7st.	7lb.	Native	..	2

Time very good for three year olds over a heavy Course—the owner of *Alice* declared six lbs.

Time,—R. C.—3m. 14s.

3D RACE.—A Cup of 500 Rs. in specie presented by Rajah Moodenarain Sing, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each. H. F. for all Horses—8st. 7lb. one and three quarters of a mile. To close and name on the 15th September.

Mr Cunnyingham's ..	b. a. h.	<i>Glennmore,</i>	..	Barnes	..	1
Mr De Vaux's ..	bl. c. h.	<i>Voltaire,</i>	..	Native	..	2
Mr Fulton's ..	g. a. h.	<i>Soldan,</i>	..	Sherburne	..	3
Mr Cunnyingham's ..	b. a. h.	<i>Postmaster,</i>	..	Native	..	4
Mr De Vaux's ..	n. s. w. f.	<i>Queen Bee,</i>	..	Native	..	5

This the great race of the morning caused much excitement. *Voltaire* and the *Queen* known to be speedy ones—*Soldan*, the Calcutta nag, greatly the favourite—*Glennmore* supposed to be short of work. *Postmaster* went off with the lead followed by *Soldan*, *Voltaire* and the *Queen*, *Glennmore* holding, and owing to this and Barnes' steadiness he won the race in most excellent time for the season of the year. At the mile out *Voltaire* was leading by some lengths and had his Jock, a native, taken a pull on him he must have won. *Soldan* in this race cut up badly, the pace from the Post was too fast for him—but Sherburne, it is said, could not hold him.

Time,—1 mile—1m. 54s.—1½ mile—3m. 25s.

4TH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., P. P. for all Arabs—8st. 7lb. each—1 mile. To close on the 15th Sept.

Mr Cunnyingham's	g. a. g.	<i>Sir Hugh,</i>	..	Barnes	..	1
Mr De Vaux's	b. a. h.	<i>Flübertigibbet,</i>	..	Native	..	2

Time,—½ mile, 55s.—1 mile, 1m. 59s.

#### SECOND DAY, Saturday, 31st October, 1846.

1ST RACE.—Co's Rs. 200 presented by Raj Coomar Sing, Zemindar of Cherand, for all *bona fide* untrained Horses. Catch weights—1 mile. Gentlemen Riders. Entrance 50 Rs.

Mr Foster's	..	b. c. m.	<i>Madge Wildfire,</i>	..	walked over
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2D RACE.—The Chumparun Cup 500 Rs. in specie, presented by Maharajah Newul Kishwr Sing, Bahadoor, Rajah of Bettiah, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. for all Horses 8st. 7lb. R. C. and a distance. Maidens allowed 7lb. The Winner of the Moodenarain Cup 4lb. extra. To close and name on the 15th September.

Mr Cunnyingham's	b. a. h.	<i>Problem,</i>	..	8st. 0lb. Barnes	1
Mr De Vaux's	g. c. b. h.	<i>Vanguard,</i>	..	8st. 7lb. Native	2
Mr Fulton's	g. a. h.	<i>Soldan,</i>	..	8st. 7lb. Sherburne	3
Mr Cunnyingham's	b. a. h.	<i>Glennmore,</i>	..	..	dr.

Time over this heavy Course again very good. *Soldan* the Calcutta nag came to the Post looking well and the favorite, but again cut up badly—he cannot apparently travel in fast company. *Problem* off with the lead—*Vanguard* bringing up the rear—at the half mile in the C. B. came well to the front and lead for some short distance, but was beaten by a neck after a good struggle.

Time,—R. C. 3m. 7s.—R. C. and a distance, 3m. 21s.

3D RACE.—A Cup 500 Rs. in specie, presented to the Sonopore Turf, by the Doomraon Rajah, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. H. F. for all Horses—

weight for age and inches. Calcutta Standard. R. C. Winners previous to the meeting once 3lb., twice or oftener 5lb. extra. To close and name on the 15th September.

Mr De Vaux's	b. c.	b.	a.	<i>Alice</i> ,	.. 8st. 0lb. 6oz.	Native	1
Mr Cunnynggham's	bl.	a.	h.	<i>Napoleon</i> ,	.. 9st. 7lb. 3oz.	Barnes.	2
Mr Fulton's	l.	s.	h.	<i>Master Henry</i> ,	8st. 8lb. 6oz.	Sherburne	3

The Race was supposed to lie between *Master Henry* and *Napoleon*—the former the favorite. The Filly after a very pretty race won by a neck to the astonishment of all, the public imagining she had not the ghost of a chance.

Time,—R. C. 3m. 9s.

4TH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., P. P. for all Horses, 8st. 7lb. each, one and a half mile. To close on the 15th September.

Mr De Vaux's	.. bl. c.	h.	<i>Voltaire</i> ,	.. Sherburne	.. 1
Mr Cunnynggham's	.. b. a.	h.	<i>Glenmore</i> ,	.. Barnes	.. 2
Mr Fulton's	c. n. s. w.	h.	<i>Problem</i> ,	.. Native	.. 3

*Voltaire* showed well, steadily ridden by Sherburne—this Black Horse will prove an ugly customer should his owner send him to Calcutta. There was a Hack Stakes, for untrained Horses (run off between the Races)—won by Mr Forester's B. Arab *The Devil to Pay*, ridden by his owner—beating three others.

Time,—mile out 1m. 55s.—1½ mile—2m. 55s.

### THIRD DAY, Monday, 2d November, 1846.

1ST RACE.—Sonepore Subscription Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each; half forfeit if declared by 2 P. M. the day before the Race, for all Horses, 2 miles, weight for age as specified at foot. To close and name by 15th September. Maidens allowed 5lb.; none but subscribers to the amount of 50 Rs. to be allowed to start.

Arabs and Country-breds.						Cape and N. S. Wales	
3 years old,	..	..	7st.	4lb.	..	..	7st. 11lb.
4 "	..	..	8st.	4lb.	..	..	8st. 11lb.
5 "	..	..	8st.	12lb.	..	..	9st. 5lb.
6 "	..	..	9st.	1lb.	..	..	9st. 8lb.
Aged,	..	..	2st.	3lb.	..	..	9st. 10lb.
Mr Cunnynggham's	b. a. h.	<i>Glenmore</i> ,	..	Barnes	..	0	1
Mr De Vaux's	.. g. c. b. h.	<i>Vanguard</i> ,	..	Sherburne	..	0	2
..	.. c. n. s. w. m.	<i>Queen Bee</i> ,	..	Native	..	3	3

*Glenmore's* rider could not hold him—the C. B. ran an excellent race which ended in a dead heat. The second heat *Glenmore* again went away—the Grey gave up the distance after running well and honestly.

Time,—1st heat, 2 miles, 3m. 58s.—2d heat, 4m. 2½s.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each H. F. for all Horses: weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 8st. R. C. and a distance, Winner of the Doomraon Cup 5lb. extra.

Mr Grey's	g. a. h.	<i>Satrap</i> ,	7st. 7lb. 0oz.	Native	1
Mr Cunnyingham's	bl. a. h.	<i>Napoleon</i> ,	8st. 4lb. 6oz.	Barnes	2
Mr Fulton's	g. a. h.	<i>Master Henry</i> ,	7st. 8lb. 12oz.	Sherburne	3
Mr De Vaux's	b. c. b.			..	did not start

*Napoleon* the favorite—but none fancied *Satrap* from the light weight he carried—his rider (a Native) rode him well and deserved to win, which he did by about a length and a half.

Time,—R. C. 3m. 11s.—R. C. and  $\frac{1}{2}$  distance, 3m. 26s.

3<sup>D</sup> RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., P. P. for all Arabs, 8st. 7lb. each, 2 miles. To close on the 15th September.

Mr Cunnyingham's	g. a. h.	<i>Sir Hugh</i> ,	Barnes	1
Mr Fulton's	g. n. h.	<i>Soldan</i> ,	Sherburne	2
Mr De Vaux's	b. a. h.	<i>Flibbertigibbet</i> ,	Native	3

*Soldan* is running a cur this year—it is hinted abroad that he runs well to the watch and can even beat the excellent time of 3m. 56½s. when going alone—the race was won by *Sir Hugh* by some lengths—*Flib* having no chance after the first mile cut.

Time,—2 miles, 3m. 56½s.

4<sup>TH</sup> RACE.—A Purse of 100 Rs. from the Fund for all *bona fide* Hacks, half mile heats. Entrance 50 Rs. 11st. 7lb. each. Gentlemen Riders. The winner to be claimed for 600 Rs.

Mr Foster's	b. e. m.	<i>Madge Wildfire</i> ,	..	won the heat easy.
		<i>Rosa</i>		drawn for the second.

#### FOURTH DAY, Wednesday, 4th November, 1846.

1<sup>ST</sup> RACE.—The Civilians' Cup, value Rs.—added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each H. F. for all Horses. Maidens allowed 7lb. Byculla Weight for age. One and three quarters of a mile heats. To close and name on the 15th September.

Mr De Vaux's	bl. c. h.	<i>Voltaire</i> ,	8st. 5lb. 0oz.	Native	1
Mr Cunnyingham's	b. a. h.	<i>Glenmore</i> ,	9st. 0lb. 0oz.	Barnes	2
Mr Fulton's	g. a. h.	<i>Soldan</i> ,	8st. 5lb. 0oz.	Sherburne	3

*Voltaire* was decidedly the favorite in this Race but doubts existed as to whether he would run well for heats, which caused some speculation. *Glenmore* notwithstanding the heavy weight rated it well with *Voltaire* all the way, but at the finish the Cape had it pretty easy. *Soldan* holding and on the look out for the heats, on coming to the Post for the 2d heat. *Voltaire* off with the lead with *Soldan* at his heels, but the Cape proved too much for the Arabs. *Soldan* ran better this morning and is improving.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 26s.—2d heat, 3m. 24½s.

2<sup>D</sup> RACE.—A Cup 500 Rs. in specie, given by Ram Bhurose Sing, Zemindar of Soorojpoora, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. H. F. for all Horses—9st. Two and a half miles. Maidens allowed 10lb. To close on the 1st November, and name by 12 o'clock the day before the race.

Mr Cunnyingham's	g. a. g.	<i>Sir Hugh</i> ,	Barnes	1
Mr De Vaux's	g. c. b. h.	<i>Vanguard</i> ,	Sherburne	2

The distance being supposed to be too much for the C. B. the Arab had the choice: the pace out was slow but afterwards became good, as the running shews.

Time,— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile out, 1m. 7s.—2 miles, 3m. 56s.—Total, 5m. 3s.

3D RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., P. P. for all Cape, C. B., and Australian Horses—1 mile, 8st. 7lb. each. To close on the 15th September.

Mr De Vaux's	bl. c. h.	<i>Voltaire</i> ,	.. Native	.. 1
Mr Fulton's	g. c. b. h.	<i>Young Emblem</i>	.. Sherburne	.. 2

For the Sweepstakes *Voltaire* again made his appearance and did wonders: he must be a right good horse and this morning's performances warrant his being placed amongst the foremost of the present season.

Time,— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 55s.—1 mile, 1m. 52s.

#### FIFTH DAY, Friday, 6th November, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Hutwa Cup, 500 Rs. in specie, presented by Maharaj Chuttur-darce Sahee Bahadoor, Rajah of Hutwa, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. for all Maiden Arabs—8st. 7lb. 1 Mile heats. The winner of the Maiden Arab Race 1st day to carry 2lb. extra. To close and name on the 5th September.

Mr Cunnyngan's	b. a. b.	<i>Problem</i> ,	.. Barnes	.. 1 1
Mr De Vaux's	g. a. b.	<i>Exile</i> ,	.. Natives	3 2
Mr Fulton's	g. a. b.	<i>Master Henry</i> ,	.. Sherburne	2 dr.

There is little to be said regarding the sport this morning—two walks over do not afford the Public much amusement. *Problem* came out in the mile race and won without much difficulty. The 2nd heat *Master Henry* was drawn, thus leaving the heat between the grey and the bay. The latter won with ease.

Time,—1st heat— $\frac{1}{2}$ m. 55s.—1mile, 1m. 55s.—2d heat,  $\frac{1}{2}$ m. 56s.—1mile, 1m. 58s.

2D RACE.—Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse, value Rs.—added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. for all Horses—Craven weights and distance—Heats. To close on the 15th September.

Mr De Vaux's bl. ca. h. *Voltaire* walked over.

3D RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for all Arabs, 8st. 7lb. each, 3 miles. To close on the 15th September.

Mr Cunnyngan's g. a. g. *Sir Henry* walked over.

#### SIXTH DAY, Monday 9th November, 1846.

1ST RACE.—Winners' Handicap with 10 G. M. from the Fund, for which all horses that have won public money during the meeting must enter, optional to Winners of Sweepstakes, Matches and Hack Stakes. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P. One and three quarters of a mile.

Mr De Vaux's	.. bl. c. h.	<i>Voltaire</i> ,	9st. 7lb.	Native	.. 1
Mr Cunnyngan's	b. a. h.	<i>Problem</i> ,	8st. 11lb.	Barnes	.. 2



Mr Fulton's	.. b. n. s. w. p.	<i>Bellona</i> ,	7st. 9lb.	Sherburne	.. 3
Mr Grey's	.. g. a. h.	<i>Satrap</i> ,	7st. 0lb.	Native	.. 4
Mr De Vaux's	.. b. c. p.	<i>Alice</i> ,	7st. 9lb.	Native	.. 5

The time with reference to the winner's handicap speaks for itself with the weights up.

Time,—1½ mile,—3m. 26s.

2D RACE.—Losers' Handicap with 20 G. M. from the Fund, for all beaten Horses, (optional to all losers). Entrance 10 G. M., P. P. One and three quarters of a mile.

Mr Cunyngham's	.. b. g. h.	<i>Postmaster</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	Barnes	.. 1
Mr De Vaux's	.. g. c. b. h.	<i>Vanguard</i> ,	8st. 12lb.	Sherburne	.. 2
Mr Fulton's	.. g. c. b. h.	<i>Young Emblem</i> ,	8st. 12lb.	Native	.. 3

Time—1m. ¾—3m. 24s.

3D RACE.—Consolation Cup of 20 G. M. 5 G. M. Entrance, for all Horses to be valued by their owners, and the Winner to be sold if claimed at that price; to carry weight as under—One mile Heats.

Valued at 1,000 Rs.	..	..	..	0st. 0lb.
„ 900	..	..	..	9st. 8lb.
„ 800	..	..	..	9st. 3lb.
„ 700	..	..	..	8st. 12lb.
„ 600	..	..	..	8st. 7lb.
„ 500	..	..	..	8st. 0lb.
„ 400	..	..	..	7st. 9lb.
Mr Cunyngham's	.. bl. a. h.	<i>Napoleon</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	Barnes.. 1 1
Mr Forester's	.. b. a. g.	<i>Devil to pay</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	.. 2 2
Mr De Vaux's	.. g. a. h.	<i>Exile</i> ,	8st. 7lb.	Native.. 3 3
Mr Fulton's	.. g. a. h.	<i>Primate</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	distanced.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 58s.—2nd heat, 1m. 56s.

A match was run off between Mr —'s c. a. h. *Mordecai*, and Mr Grey's b. a. h. *Abdi Kadir*—the former winning easily. The wind up of the meeting a Hurdle Race—a most miserable affair.

## UMBALLA RACES.

*Length of Course*  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles and 186 yards.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, 10th November, 1846.

1st RACE.—Match for 100 G. M. half forfeit,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile 8st. 7lb. each.

Mr Francis'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Holdfast</i> ,	..	..	(William)	1
Capt. Percy's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Revenge</i> ,	..	..	(Newton)	2

Won easy by three or four lengths. *Holdfast* was the favorite at 5 to 4. Both horses went off together at a good pace, after going  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile *Holdfast* shewed a little in front, and kept up the running throughout.

Time,—3m. 2s.

2d RACE.—Sirhind Cup for Maiden Arabs, the property of Officers in the Sirhind Division, given by the Staff of the Division. Weight 10st. 7lb. C. R. 2 miles, 5 G. M. entrance, and 5 more to be paid for all horses that start.

Mr Walter's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Lall Singh</i> , late <i>Creepers</i> ,	..	(Owner)	1
Capt. Doherty's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Hermit</i> ,	..	(Capt. Chambre)	2
Mr Randal's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Sir Walter</i> ,	..	(Owner)	3

*Lall Singh* won without any difficulty. All appear astonished that the *sporting* Staff of the Sirhind Division have excluded the stables from Deyrah and Meerut. Had this race not been an exclusive one, the result probably would have been different; they all got well off, and after going  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile—*Hermit* and *Lall Singh* commenced running: they went together to the half from home, when *Lall Singh* showed in front, and came in an easy winner by 3 or 4 lengths.

Time,—4m. 22s.

3d RACE.—Selling Stakes of 5 G. M. each with 10 G. M. added, for all horses, 10st. Heats 1 mile. The winner to be sold for 900 Rs. if demanded.

Capt. Doherty's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Squeaker</i> ,	..	(Capt. Chambre)	1	1
Mr Francis'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Phantom</i> ,	..	(William)	2	2
Mr Goodridge's	g.	h.		<i>Paymaster</i> ,	..	(Jones)	3	3

This was also an easy race, though *Phantom* was backed at 6 to 5. Both heats won in a common canter.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 10s.—2d heat, 2m. 15s.

SECOND DAY, Thursday, 12th November.

1st RACE.—The Moodkee Cup given by the Officers of the 3d or "King's Own" Regt. of Dragoons on its terms,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats.

Sir Walter's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Sham Singh</i> , 10st 2lb.....	(Owner)	1	1
Mr Francis'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Swordsman</i> , 11st 0lb.	(Mr Rumley)	2	3
Capt. Percy's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Revoke</i> , 11st 0lb.	(Capt. Pitt)	3	2
Mr Hunter's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Vanguard</i> , 9st 8lb.....	(Owner)	4	4

*First Heat*.—All off at score, but *Vanguard* who never had a chance, *Sham Singh* beating *Swordsman* by a length.

*Second Heat*.—The three off at score and coming all the way together, *Sham Singh* beating *Revoke* by half a length. The timing considering the weights up, together with a heavy course was first rate. The betting was as follows: 2 to 1 on *Swordsman*, 2 to 1 against *Revoke*, (3 to 1 taken,) 4 to 1 against *Sham Singh* (taken in tens).

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 6s.—2d heat, 3m. 8s.

**2D RACE.**—Pony Race for all Ponies. Weight for inches,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

Mr Francis'	c.	p.	<i>Peter Priggins,</i>	..	..	..	1	1
The Corporal's	c.	p.	<i>Backgammon,</i>	..	..	..	2	dr.
Mr Buggins'	g.	p.	<i>Grey Momus,</i>	..	..	..	3	dr.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, 14th November.

**1ST RACE.**—The Umballah Welter of 10 G. M. each, with 30 G. M. added, for Arabs, 11st. Gentlemen riders. Maidens on the day of naming allowed 6lb. Maidens on the day of running allowed 10lb. (one allowance) Race Course.

Sir Walter's	g.	h.	<i>Sham Singh,</i>	10st. 8lb.	(Owner)	
Capt. Percy's	b.	h.	<i>Revoke,</i>	11st. 0lb.	(Capt. Pitt)	
Mr Francis'	g.	h.	<i>Protégé,</i>	10st. 4lb.	(Mr Fairlie)	
Mr Francis'	g.	h.	<i>Swordsman,</i>	11st. 0lb.	(Owner)	
Capt. Doherty's	g.		<i>Hermit,</i>	10st. 4lb.	(Capt. Chambre)	5

— *Sham Singh* and *Swordsman* off at score; after going a hundred yards *Sham Singh* gave place to *Swordsman* who made the running to the mile post at a tremendous pace, *Revoke* and *Protégé* some lengths behind and *Hermit* no where. They ran on in this order to the turn when *Sham Singh* showed in front, and at the distance *Swordsman* was passed by *Revoke* and *Protégé* both going well, but they had lain too long from the leading horses and *Sham Singh* came in an easy winner.

Time,—5m. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

**2D RACE.**—The Open Stakes of 25 G. M. each, 10 forfeit with 25 G. M. added for all horses. Three years old f.st. 4lb., four 8st. 4lb., five 8st. 12lb., six and aged 9st. 2lb. Country bred 7lb. extra Cape and N. S. Wales 1 stone extra. English Horses 2 stone extra. Winners at this meeting, or previous winners, 6lb. extra, both 10lb. extra. Heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr Francis'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Holdfast,</i>	9st. 7lb.	(William)	1	1
Capt. Percy's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Revenge,</i>	9st. 7lb.	(Newson)	2	dr.

— *Revenge* was drawn for the second heat. *Holdfast* won the first heat in a canter by a length.

Time,—2m. 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

**3D RACE.**—Match for 25 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile 8st. 7lb.

Mr Montgomery's	g.	h.	<i>Kumbukht,</i>	..	..	(Newson)	1
Capt. Maling's	b.	h.	<i>Jack,</i>	..	..	(William)	2

*Kumbukht* took the lead and came in a winner by 8 or 9 lengths. *Jack* never had the slightest chance.

Time,—1m. 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

## FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, 17th November.

1st RACE.—The Umballah Cup, value Rs. 1,000, by subscription of 25 G. M. each, 5 G. M. forfeit, (the surplus in specie) for all Arabs 11st. Gentlemen Riders. 1½ mile. Maidens allowed 7lb., and horses that have left Bombay after the 1st February 1846 allowed 5lb. in addition.

Mr Walter's	c. a. h. <i>Lall Singh</i> ,	10st. 2lb. (Owner)	1
Mr Francis'	g. a. h. <i>Swordsman</i> ,	11st. „ (Owner)	2
Capt. Percy's	b. a. h. <i>Revoke</i> ,	11st. „ (Capt. Pitt)	3

A beautiful race. All got well off together *Revoke* on the inside and *Lall Singh* following in his wake to the ½ mile, when *Swordsman* took the lead to the turn. Here the weight began to tell. *Lall Singh* passed *Revoke*, ran a few lengths with *Swordsman*, shook him off at the distance, and came in a winner by a length and a half. The betting was on *Revoke* against the field even, (taken).

Time,—3m. 8s.

2d RACE.—A Give and Take, 14 hands to carry 9st. 1½ mile heats.

Mr Goodridge's ..	g. a. h. <i>Pluck</i> , late <i>Fusileer</i> ,	9st. (Native)	1
Capt. Doherty's ..	g. a. h. <i>Hermit</i>	9st. 2lb. (William)	2

*Pluck* had it all his own way and won by many lengths. *Hermit* was drawn for the 2d heat.

Time,—3m. 9s.

3d RACE.—A match for ½ mile (12st. 1)

Mr Goodridge's	g. h. <i>Paymaster</i> ,	.. (Capt. Burton)	
Capt. Doherty's	b. h. <i>Cast off</i> ,	.. (Owner)	

Won easy,—two cast Troopers and no mistake!

## FIFTH DAY, Thursday, 19th November.

1st RACE.—“The Sports,” a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, for all horses, 0st. 7lb., C. B., Cape and N. S. Wales—1 stone extra. English horses—2 stone extra. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb., G. R. Heats ½ mile.

Mr Francis'	a. h. <i>Holdfast</i> ,	10st. 7lb. (Owner)	1 1
Mr Goodridge's	a. h. <i>Pluck</i> ,	10st. 7lb. (Owner)	2 2
Capt. Percy's	a. h. <i>Revoke</i> ,	10st. 7lb. (Capt. Pitt)	3 3
Capt. Doherty's	b. a. h. <i>Squeaker</i>	10st. 7lb. (Capt. Chambre)	4 5
Mr McDonald's	b. n. s. h. <i>Convict</i> ,	11st. 7lb. (Mr Remby)	5 4
Mr Walter's	g. a. h. <i>Huc-na-Huc</i> ,	10st. 7lb. (Mr Fairlie)	6 2

The first Heat.—*Holdfast* and *Pluck* made the running, *Huc-na-Huc* not going for it. After going a quarter of a mile *Holdfast* went in front and won, hard held, by 3 lengths.

Second Heat.—The running was made by *Pluck*, *Huc-na-Huc* at speed, *Holdfast* holding to them a couple of lengths behind to the distance, when he went to the front and came in an easy winner by a couple of lengths. The time is first rate for so heavy a Course.

Time,—1st heat, 57s.—2d heat, 55s.

SIXTH DAY, *Saturday, 21st November.*

**1st RACE.**—The Pattialah Purse of 1,000 Rs. The gift of Maharajah Narenda Singh Bahadour, Rajah of Pattialah, for all Horses, 4 years old 10st., 5 years old 10st. 7lb., 6 and aged 10st. 10lb. Country Bred, Cape, and N. S. Wales Horses 7lb. extra, English Horses 2st. extra. The winner of either of the Cups, the Open or Welter Stakes to carry 3lb. extra, or of any two of them 7lb. extra. Horses that have started once and not won allowed 3lb., twice 7lb. Maidens on the day of running allowed 7lb., one allowance. Mares and Geldings allowed 5lb. Gentlemen Riders 3 miles. Entrance, 5 G. M., and 5 more for such as are declared to start the day before the Race. The second Horse to receive 500 Rs. out of the Stakes, and the surplus to be placed at the disposal of the Stewards for the purpose of making up any deficiency there may be in the different Races. 18 Subscribers.

Mr Walter's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Lall Singh,</i>	..	(Owner)	1
Mr Francis'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Protégé,</i>	..	(Owner)	2
Capt. Doherty's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Hermit,</i>	..	(Capt. Chambre)	3

A very good race, *Hermit* went off with the lead at a good pace followed by *Lall Singh* and *Protégé*, going out the 1st mile in 2m. 5s. They ran on in this order to the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  post when *Lall Singh* and *Protégé* went to the front and rated it together neck and neck to the turn. At the distance *Protégé* was about half a length ahead of *Lall Singh*, who, however, was not to be stopped by the weight, and he came in an easy winner by half a length.

Time,—6m. 25s.

**2d RACE.**—The Winners' Handicap of 20 G. M. by subscription. Entrance 5 G. M., for which all winners must enter, optional for losers,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr Francis'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Holdfast,</i>	10st.	..	(William)	1
Mr Goodridge's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Pluck,</i>	9st.	..	(Capt. Chambre)	2

*Holdfast* the favorite at 3 to 2. At starting he took the lead and won easy. *Pluck* having but little chance.

Time,—3m. 10s.

**3d RACE.**—The Losers' Handicap for all the beaten Horses of the Meeting. Entrance 5 G. M., with 16 G. M. added from the Fund. 1 mile.

Mr Hunter's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Vanguard,</i>	..	(William)	1
Capt. Doherty's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Squeaker,</i>	..	(Native)	2

This was anybody's race. *Squeaker* went away with the lead with *Vanguard* lying two lengths behind. At the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile *Vanguard* closed up (both horses were beat) and came in a winner by a length.

Time,—2m. 11s.

## KOLAPORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, 17th November, 1846.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 Rs. subscription, with 75 Rs. from the fund 9st. 5lb., heats 1½ mile.

The Confederates'	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Brien O' Linn.</i>
Mr George's	..	w.	a.	h.	<i>Florekin.</i>
Mr Crawford's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Na Bocklish.</i>

1st Heat.—*Na Bocklish* off with the lead, which he kept the best of the way round, but at the bottom of the Course all took a pull, and ran from the half mile post to the corner very slowly. At the turn in *Florekin* was let out, and came in an easy winner, *Na Bocklish* a good second. The rider of *Florekin* without waiting for orders jumped off his horse, consequently according to the rules in these matters, the heat was given to *Na Bocklish*, and *Florekin* distanced.

2d Heat.—*Na Bocklish* and *Brian O' Linn* rated away as hard as they could. *Brian* was too fat, so the *Bay* had it all to himself, the lucky dog.—Time we'll say nothing about.

2D RACE.—Hack Stakes, catch weights, round the Course, entrance 10 Rs. with 50 Rs. from the fund.

The Confederates'	b.	h.	<i>Paddy.</i>
Ditto ditto	g.	g.	<i>Pilot.</i>
The Captain's	b.	a.	<i>The Duck.</i>
Mr. Julian's	g.	h.	<i>Crab Legs.</i>
Captain Dick's	g.	h.	<i>The White Buck.</i>

Off at score with the exception of *Pilot*, who first shewed his heels, and then took a few capers by way of amusing the ladies: at last off he went. At the first turn, which is a sharp one, *Paddy* made straight for the paddy fields, followed by the *White Buck*; the latter was seen taking a diversion of his own by jumping the paddy bunds, and amusing himself greatly to the peril and danger of his jockey.

The Race was left to the three: the *Duck* led at his own pace, *Crab Legs* trying to catch him, and *Pilot* being in the right place at the helm, and so they ran in, making no race of it: the two horses that bolted had they kept the Course would have made the affair more interesting.

Next came the Poney Plate. Catch weights, half mile heats, 10 Rs. subscription, 35 Rs. from the fund.

The Captain's	..	b.	p.	<i>Clipper.</i>
Mr. George's	..	w.	p.	<i>Bijlee.</i>
The Ensign's	..	r.	p.	<i>Strawberry.</i>

The *Clipper* clipped along with the stride of a horse, had it all his own way in both heats, without being called upon. This was a matter of surprise, as *Strawberry* is considered a very speedy animal. *Bijlee* was over weighted, and had no chance.

Between the heats of the Poney Race, the Losing Race came off.

Round the Course, catch weights. The last horse to win, Jockies changed at starting by the Committee, 10 Rs. entrance, 35 Rs. from the fund. Three noted

slow ones came to the post, each owner boasting that there could not be a slower. The Jockies being duly changed the following splendid animals started:—

Mr George's	..	Rusty-red..	<i>No go.</i>
The Conferates'	..	Roan..	<i>Wont go.</i>
Mr Cloete's	..	Chesnut ..	<i>Eleepoo!</i>

*Eleepoo* had it easy. The spur, the stick, and all the urging that angry jock could give him, never disturbed his equanimity of pace: the only pity was that there was no horse to match him. The others ran a good race, *Wont Go* coming in first, closely followed by *No Go*, and the great invincible *Eleepoo*, half murdered with licks and blows, came in the last—Happy one, the winner.

#### SECOND DAY, Thursday, 19th November.

1ST RACE.—The Kolapore Welter, 100 Rupees from the fund, 30 subscription, —1½ mile. 10 stone.

Mr Mommaty names Mr George's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Florekin.</i>
Mr George's..	..	c.	a.	h. <i>Merlin.</i>
Mr Crawford's	..	b.	a.	h. <i>Na Bocklish.</i>

The rider of *Florekin* (the Nominator), under the impression that he had only to pass the winning post once, led off at an awful pace, passed the post the first time with a strong lead, and then pulled up. A lucky shout of "go on" set him to work again just as the others caught him. They ran pretty well together down the hill, but at the bottom of the Course *Na Bocklish* had his allowance, so pulled up—*Florekin* still leading. At the ¼ mile post *Merlin* crept up to within a length, made a hard struggle for the distance, but could not touch the grey. It was a good race.

2D RACE.—The Selling Stakes, 10 rupees subscription, 50 rupees from the fund.—Catch weights—round the Course. The winner to be sold for 350 rupees if claimed, &c.

Captain Howitzer's	h.	<i>Pilot.</i>
The Doctor's	h.	<i>Waxy.</i>

The sporting owner of *Waxy*, to save a walk over, and afford amusement to spectators, allowed a post entrance. A good start, *Pilot* taking the lead, *Waxy* close at his haunches. The tug up the hill pumped out *Waxy*: he however ran nonestly, doing his best to reach the *Pilot*—the latter coming past the post only a length and a half a head. This was a very fair race.

3D RACE.—The Cheroot Stakes, 35 rupees from the fund, 7 rupees entrance, ½ mile heats; 5 minutes between heats, and no dismounting. Cheroots to be kept lighted all the time, and so brought in.

Mr Albert's	..	b.	a.	h. <i>Jackass.</i>
The Confederates'	..	b.	a.	h. <i>Catawompous.</i>
Mr Mollison's	..	b.	a.	h. <i>Grouse.</i>

Both heats won by *Jackass*, with the other two close at his heels. Weeds all right, and no mistake.

A match for a gold mehar, round the Course.

The Captain's	..	b.	p.	<i>Clipper.</i>
Young England's	..	g.	p.	<i>Shaving Brush.</i>

A capital race, the little *Clipper* taking the lead and keeping it till close at home, but the long stride of the big 'un told in the finish, the little one being beat by about half a length. The distance was a trifle too much for *Clipper*: in half a mile he would lick the *Shaving Brush* into fits.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, 21st November.

1ST RACE.—The Ladies' Purse, 100 rupees from the fund, 30 entrance—Weight for inches—1½ mile heats—14 hands to carry 9st. The following came to the Post :—

Mr George's	..	<i>Florekin</i> , 10st. 3lb.	•
The Captain's	..	<i>Duck</i> , .. 8st. 7lb.	
Capt. Howitzer's	..	<i>Pilot</i> , .. 8st. 5lb.	•

No rider light enough for *Pilot*, who should have carried 7st. 12lb. only, which would have increased his chance considerably. *Florekin* had to carry 5lbs. extra, as winner of the Welter. This was a race, and a beautiful race too.

1st Heat.—*Florekin* and *Pilot* away at score, the former leading; the *Duck* held. Down the Course, at the bottom of the hill, *Pilot* gave in, and the *Duck* then ran up to *Florekin*; they came round the ½ mile post pretty close, but *Florekin* leading: the owner of *Duck* would not press his horse for this heat, but ran in close on the *Florekin's* quarter; he ought to have run his best for it, as the *Duck* was quite untrained, and the more taken out of *Florekin* with the heavy weight on him, the greater the chance for the *Duck*. This heat was run in 2-42.

2d Heat.—*Pilot* drawn. *Florekin* led from the starting post, closely pushed by the *Duck*; they closed at the hill, came round the ½ mile post together: from the distance up, both horses called upon to do their best. The little *Duck* answered nobly, collared the big horse within three strides of the chair, and passed, a gallant winner by a neck, greeted by a thousand cheers that made the welkin ring. Time—2-41 or 45, or thereabouts.

3d Heat.—Both together all round. The owner of *Duck* found that the two heats were enough for the untrained, and that he could not press *Florekin* to his best; however it ended in a fine struggle, the little horse doing wonders on the touch of the whip, the weight telling on *Florekin*, who for the last ten strides swerved awfully, and very nearly lost the race, but passed the chair a winner by a neck: a few strides further and the *Duck* would have had it. Right honestly did the little horse run, and so did *Florekin*. The time was bad, 2-51. Everybody sorry the *Duck* had not won, and everybody glad that the good tempered owner of *Florekin* had.

2D RACE.—The Beaten Plate, 25 rupees from the fund, 7 rupees entrance, 9 stone. Heats 1 mile.

Mr George's	..	c.	a.	h.	<i>Merlin</i> .		
The Confederates'	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Paddy</i> .		

No race.—*Paddy*, a noted runaway and bolter, entered only for sport, could find no rider of fair weight. A bold but heavy Cornet however volunteered to ride him, but by doing so gave *Merlin* three stone!!! So of course you can guess the end on't. This race ought to have been half mile heats, when every beaten horse would have showed at the post, and we should have had a good race: as it was, the race was made for *Merlin*, a trained nag.



## SUKKUR RACES.

First Day, Tuesday, 10th November, 1846.

1st RACE.—The Sukkur Derby, of 250 rupees from the fund, added to an entrance of 50 rupees each, for all Arabs who have never started for Purse, Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes. Distance one and a half miles, horses to be entered by 1st November, and named the day before the race.

Captain Hicks's..	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Shimarlek,</i>	..	1
Mr Legh's ..	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Will Watch,</i>	..	2
Captain Malet's..	..	w.	a.	h.	<i>Moobaruk,</i>	..	3
The Confederates'	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Fabric,</i>	..	4

Time,—3m. 13s.

2d RACE.—A Cup given by the Parsee Merchants of Sukkur, for all Arabs, added to an entrance of 50 rupees. Heats R. C., 9st. 7lb.

The Confederates'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Rocket,</i>	..	1	1
Mr Davison's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Badger,</i>		2	2
Mr Hill's ..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Rizzio,</i>		3	3

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 40s.—2d heat, 2m. 40s.

3d RACE.—A Purse for all Ponies, 13 hands and under, 50 rupees from the fund, 10 rupees entrance. Three quarters of a mile, C. W.

Captain Malet's	..	<i>Kabootur,</i>	..	..	1
Mr Henderson's	..	<i>Sally Beas,</i>	..	..	2

Time, something under three minutes.

Second Day, Thursday, 12th November, 1846.

1st RACE.—A Purse valued 500 rupees, presented by H. H. Meer Ali Morad Khan, for all horses, entrance 75 rupees. Heats R. C., Arabs to carry 9st. Country Breds, 9-7; Cape and English, 10-7; Maidens allowed 5lbs.

The Confederates'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Rocket</i>	..	1	1	
Mr Legh's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Will Watch</i>	..	2	2

Time—1st heat, 2m. 40s.—2d heat, 2m. 47½s.

2d RACE.—A Purse for all Arabs, 100 rupees from the fund, entrance 30 rupees, 1 mile, 9st. 7lbs.

Captain Hicks's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Shimarlek</i>
Mr Davidson's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Badge</i>
Mr H.'s	g.	a.	h.	<i>Marquis</i>
Captain Malet's	w.	a.	h.	<i>Moobaruk</i>

Time,—2m. 3s.

3D RACE.—A Hack Plate for all horses, 100 rupees from the fund, entrance 20 rupees, half mile heats, G R., 10st. 7lbs. The winner to be sold for 800 rupees if demanded.

Mr Davison's	..	t.	g.	a.	h.	<i>Greased Leg string</i>	1
Mr Henderson's	..		w.	a.	h.	<i>D. I. O.</i>	2 drawn.
Time—1m. 1½s.							

### THIRD DAY, *Saturday 14th November.*

1ST RACE.—A Welter Race, for all Arabs, 200 rupees from the fund, added to an entrance of 50 rupees, 11st. 7lbs., G. R., 1½ miles. Maidens allowed 7lbs.

Mr Davison's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Badger</i>	..	Toby	..	1
Mr H.'s	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Rizzio</i>	..	Capt. M.	..	2
Capt. Hicks's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Shimarlek</i>	..	Lt. Y.	..	3

The latter entered at the Post, in consequence of his nomination not having been received in time.

Time,—1st half mile, 1m. 4s.—2d, 1m. 5s.—3d, 1m. 2s.=3m. 11s.

2D RACE.—The Give and Take, for all horses, 14 hands to carry 9st., 150 rupees from the fund, added to an entrance of 30 rupees, 1½ mile heats.

The Confederates'	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Rocket</i>	..	1	1
Mr Davison's	..	c.	a.	h.	<i>Nameless</i>	..	2	drawn.
Time,—2m. 37s.								

### FOURTH DAY, *Tuesday, 17th November.*

1ST RACE.—The Winners' Handicap 200 rupees, for which all winning horses of the meeting must enter, optional to losers—two miles—to be handicapped by the Stewards.

Mr Davison's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Badger</i>	9st. 5lb.	..	1
Mr Hill's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Rizzio</i>	9st. 3lb.	..	2
Capt. Hicks's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Shimarlek</i>	8st. 13lb.	..	3
The Confederates'	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Rocket</i>	9st. 8lb.	..	4

A dead heat between *Badger* and *Shimarlek*; the whole could have been covered with a sheet: the second heat *Shimarlek* won easy.

Dead heat, 4m. 14s.—2d heat, 4m. 15s.

2D RACE.—The Beaten Plate, for all beaten horses, 100 rupees, once round the Course, to be handicapped by the Stewards.

Captain Malet's	..	w.	a.	h.	<i>Moobaruk</i>	9st. 0lb.	..	1
Mr Davison's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Nameless</i>	9st. 7lb.	..	2
Time,—2m. 45s.								

Won easy by *Moobaruk*, *Nameless* supposed to be out of sorts.

W. L. C.,  
Secretary.

## DACCA RACES.

## FIRST DAY, 21st November, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The second year of the Dacca Derby for Maiden Arabs. Two miles, weight for age, Calcutta Derby Standard, viz. :

Years	st.	lb.	Years	st.	lb.
3	6	12	6	8	12
4	7	12	Aged	9	0
5	8	7			

Horses that never started before the day of naming allowed 5lb., 20 G. M. from the Fund. To close and name on the 1st of October. Nomination entrance 5 G. M. P. P., and each Horse that starts to pay an additional entrance of 5 G. M.

Khajah Abdool Gunnee's	h.	Prince Albert,	6 years,
8st. 7lb.	..	..	Roostum .. 1
Ditto	..	h. Shah Jehan,	6 years,
8st. 7lb.	..	..	Noor Buksh .. 2
Mr Milford's	.. b. a. h.	Barabbas,	5 years,
8st. 5½lb.	..	..	D. Dall .. 3

*Barabbas* declared 3½lb. over weight.

Won very easy—The Calcutta Derby Horse had not the ghost of a chance at any part of the race.

Time,—4m. 22s.

2ND RACE.—All Horses ; heats, R. C. 8st. 7lb. Maidens allowed 5lb., 10 G. M. from the fund and 5 G. M. entrance.

Khajah Abdool Gunnee's	b. a. h.	Sir Henry,	8st. 7lb.,	Roostum	2 1 1
Mr Felix's	b. a. h.	Talisman,	8st. 7lb.,	D. Dall	1 2 2

The first heat won by half a length. The second both had to be called on, when *Sir Henry*, answering best, had it by a length and a half—or so. The third heat was a hollow thing—neither Horse appeared in last year's form as the timing (unrivalled for badness) proves.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 68s.—2d heat, 2m. 59s.—3d heat, 3m. 8s.

3D RACE.—Pony Race ½ mile heats. Catch weights, 3 G. M. from the Fund and 2 G. M. entrance, three *bond fide* Subscribers or no Race.

No entrance.

## SECOND DAY, 23d November, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The sixth renewal of the Dacca Welter for all Arabs. Gentlemen Riders, 11st., 7lb. Maidens allowed 4lb., one and a half miles, 20 G. M. from the Fund and 10 G. M. entrance.

Kajah Abdool Gunnee's .. g. a. h. *Scrooge*, .. .. walked over.

2<sup>D</sup> RACE —Weight for Inches, all Horses 14 hands and under to carry 9st, and to put up 5lb extra per inch in excess of 14 hands Heats R C 7 G. M. from the Fund and 3 G. M. entrance

Kajah Abdool Gunnee's b. a h *Sir Henry*, walked over.

3<sup>D</sup> RACE —All Hacks untrained 10st 7lb The Winner to be sold for Rs. 400 if claimed within a quarter of an hour after the Race One mile 5 G. M. from the fund and 2 G. M. entrance

Captain Barclay's g c b h *Pedestrian* walked over

### THIRD DAY, 25th November, 1846

1<sup>ST</sup> RACE —Cup presented by Kajah Alice Moolh on its terms, (say) heats R C for all Horses, 8st 4lb Maidens of the Meeting allowed 4lb A Winner once during the meeting to carry 1lb extra, twice 8lb extra, 3 times and oftener 1st extra 5 G. M. entrance

Kajah Abdool Gunnee's g a h *Prince Albert*, walked over

2<sup>ND</sup> RACE —All Horses, two miles, 9st 7lb The Winner of the Derby or Welter to put up 5lb extra, of both 10lb extra, 20 G. M. from the Fund and 10 G. M. entrance

No entrance

3<sup>RD</sup> RACE —Sweepstakes for all Arabs 8st 4lb One mile 10 G. M. from the Fund and 10 G. M. entrance

No entrances

### FOURTH DAY, 27th November, 1846

1<sup>ST</sup> RACE —Second Year of the Dacca Turf Cup in Specie, for all Horses, two round the Course and distance 8st 8lb Maidens of the meeting allowed 4lb Horses that never won previous to starting for this Race allowed 4lb By subscription of 10 G. M. each nomination P P with 20 G. M. added from the Fund To close and run on the 2d November 1846, and to declare by 12, the day before the Race each Horse that starts to pay an additional entrance of 5 G. M., which additional entrances are to go to the second horse Three subscriptions, each from bona fide different stables, or no Race

Kajah Abdool Gunnee's g a h *Sciooge*

There being only one entrance for the Turf Cup it was withheld according to the rules

2<sup>D</sup> RACE —The Little Welter for all Arabs 10st 7lb, Gentlemen Riders Maidens allowed 4lb The Winner of the Welter on the second day to carry 5lb. extra Heats R C 15 G. M. from the Fund and 7 G. M. entrance

Kajah Abdool Gunnee's g a h *Diamond*, walked over.

3<sup>D</sup> RACE —Handicap for all Horses, one mile and a half To close and name on the 2d of November, the Handicap to be made public by sunset of the third day's Races 10 G. M. from the Fund and 5 G. M. entrance 2 G. M. forfeit for not standing the Handicap and declaration to stand or pay to be made by noon the day before the Race

Kajah Abdool Gunnee's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Prince Albert,</i>	..	..	dr.
Ditto.	g.	a.	h.	<i>Shah Jehan,</i>	..	..	dr.
Mr Milford's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Barabbas,</i>	..	..	dr.
Mr Felix's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Tollman,</i>	..	..	dr.

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FIFTH DAY, 30th November, 1846.

1ST RACE.—Selling Purse for all Horses, 9st. Heat R. C. The Winner to be sold for Co.'s Rs. 800, if claimed within a quarter of an hour after the Race. 10 G. M. from the fund and 5 G. M. entrance.

No entrance.

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2D RACE.—Forced Handicap, for which all Winners during the meeting must enter. Optional to the Winners of Hack and Pony Stakes. Rs. 10 G. M. from the Fund and 5 G. M. entrance.

No entrance.

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3D RACE.—Purse for all Horses that have started for and not won public money during the meeting—to be handicapped by the Stewards. One and half miles, 10 G. M. from the Fund and 5 G. M. entrance.

No entrance.

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*Additional Race to be run two days after the Race—or 27th November, 1846.*

A Steeple Race across country—about 2 miles—the ground to be chosen by two persons hereafter to be named. Gentlemen Riders. All Horses—Arabs 10st. 7lb., Cape and New South Wales Horse, 11st. English Horse 12st. 7lb. To close on the 15th October, 10 G. M. given by private subscription. Entrance 1 G. M. for the present Subscribers, and 2 G. M. for gentlemen who have not already subscribed to this Race.

Off by consent.

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